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RECOLLECTIONS
OF
FIELD SERVICE

WITH THE

20th TWENTIETH IOWA INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS;

OR,

WHAT I SAW IN THE ARMY;

—EMBRACING ACCOUNTS OF—

MARCHES, BATTLES, SIEGES AND SKIRMISHES, IN
MISSOURI, ARKANSAS, MISSISSIPPI, LOUISIANA,
ALABAMA, FLORIDA, TEXAS, AND ALONG THE
NORTHERN BORDER OF MEXICO

BY CAPT. C. BARNEY

STATE OF IOWA

DAVENPORT

DAVENPORT:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR AT THE GAZETTE JOB ROOMS.

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Recollections of field service with
the Twentieth Iowa Infantry volunteers;
or, what I saw in the army; embracing
accounts of marches, battles, sieges
and skirmishes in Missouri, Arkansas,
Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Florida,
Texas, and along the northern border of
Mexico. By Capt. C. Barney. Davenport,
Printed for the author at the Gazette

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P R E F A C E.

THE war has ended! Pleasant words to all. Again as one Nation—one and inseparable—will we continue to flourish, growing in prosperity and strength, until all crowned nations, whether empires, kingdoms, principalities or dukedoms shall acknowledge that a Republican form of government, fostered by the great principles of Liberty, Equality and Justice, is ever destined to thrive until it can never, never be dissolved.

Now that the din of war has ceased and the smoke of battle cleared away, it is not inappropriate that brief sketches or histories of the doings and exploits of the various regimental organizations which formed the component parts of the Great Army of Freedom be given. The author of this small work having been a member of the TWENTIETH IOWA INFANTRY REGIMENT, and participated in most of the marches, travels, skirmishes, battles, sieges and charges in which it took part during three years of service, has deemed that a record of such would prove of interest not only to those who *were there*, but their friends, now and in the future. With this view he has carefully

prepared the "RECOLLECTIONS OF FIELD SERVICE," confining himself to actual occurrences and noteworthy incidents faithfully described, preferring solid facts and realities to embellished fiction.

While accomplishing what is chronicled in these pages the regiment naturally met with some sad losses. Many an honored member of its ranks at the organization now sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. They fell, martyrs for their country's sake, bravely sustaining the dear old flag that now again so proudly floats over every State in the Union. Dropping a sympathetic tear to their sacred memory, let us remember that "they live in Fame though not in life."

I now therefore give these pages to the public, trusting they will meet the approbation of all. Having been written in part amid the scenes they imperfectly describe, some faults may be observed, but as the writer disclaims all pretensions to a "high style" of authorship, he hopes his friends will overlook them.

INDEX.

PREFACE.....	8
--------------	---

CHAPTER I.

The War—Organization of the Regiment—Its Composition—Mustering In—"Red Tape"—Flag Presentation—Order to March—Arrival at Camp Herron—Bounty—Men on a "Rampage" in Davenport—Embarkation for St. Louis—Incidents on the way—Benton Barracks—Venders of "Pizan-Cakes"—Ordered to Rolla.....	9
---	---

CHAPTER II.

Missouri and the Rebellion—The Pacific Railroad—Rolla and its Surroundings—Catching Mules—Ordered to Springfield—On the March—Arrival at the Little Pinery—Confiscating Rebel Beef—Receive our Tents, and learn the mystery of making "Slap-Jacks"—Waynesville—Crossing the Gasconade River—March to Lebanon—Gen. F. J. Herron—Mill Springs—Arrival at Springfield.....	29
---	----

CHAPTER III.

General Appearance of Springfield—Brigade Formed—Gen. Totten—A Rough "Joke"—On the March—Camp "Mush"—"Fac Simile"—Currency—"Guss"—a Financier—March to Mt. Vernon—Exciting Rumors—A Night March—Battle of Newtonia—Arrive too Late—Incidents of the Battle—March to Gaddy and stick fast in the Mud—Incidents of a Rainy Night—Morning and Breakfast—March to Cassville.....	51
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

Cassville—The State Election—March to Pea Ridge—Excitement and a Night March—Turnips <i>vs.</i> Orders—Find the Rebel Camp but not the Rebels—Mysterious Movements—Another Night March—Stealing a Quilt—Gallantry of an Officer—Mudtown and Cross-Hollows—Osage Springs—Unofficial Account of the Campaign.....	65
---	----

CHAPTER V.

- Another Night March—Fayetteville Occupied—Disappointment—"Jayhawking"—a Necessity—Pillaging—Inexplicable Conduct of our Commanders—Sudden Evacuation of the Place—Our Sick Abandoned, who fall into the hands of the Rebels—Return to Missouri—Keithsville Burned—March to Marionsville. 83

CHAPTER VI.

- Marionsville—Its Characteristics—Hardships Endured by a Loyal Family—A Forced March—Battle Ground of Wilson's Creek—Continue the March—"Violation of Orders"—Men fall exhausted by the roadside—Arrive at Ozark—Why the March was made. 91

CHAPTER VII.

- Another Rumor and Another March—Go to Finley, when another Rumor brings us back—Bivouack in the Mud—The Chaplain turns "Jayhawker"—"Gus" gets Poisoned—March to Camp Lyon—A Change of Commanders—Thanksgiving Day—Ordered to Arkansas—A Forced March of One Hundred and Twelve Miles in Three Days. 101

CHAPTER VIII.

- The First Alarm—Approaching the Battle Field—Confusion of Wagon Trains—Panic among the Arkansas Cavalry—Getting into Position—Feeling the Enemy—BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE—Disasters on the Left—Charge of the 20th Iowa—Terrible Artillery Firing—Critical Situation—Arrival of Blunt—Night and Victory—The Day after the Battle—Rebel Hospitals—Wounded Men eaten by Hogs—Burying our Dead. 113

CHAPTER IX.

- Pursue the Enemy across Boston Mountains—Capture of Steamboats and Supplies—Van Buren—Property Destroyed—Arrival of Gen. Schofield—Return March—Withdrawal from Arkansas—On Recruiting Service—Journey Homeward—Battle of Springfield—Presentation of a new Flag by the Ladies of Davenport—Rejoin the Regiment at St. Louis—Promotions and Changes. 113

CHAPTER X.

Movements of the Regiment during the months of January, February, March and April—Arrival in St. Louis—The Army Reviewed by Gen. Curtis—Remove to Pilot Knob—Draw Shelter Tents—Dissatisfaction with them—March to St. Genevieve—Embark for Vicksburg—Condition of Troops on board a Transport—Voyage down the River and arrival at Young's Point.....	161
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Operations previous to our Arrival—Cross the river at Warrenton—Take our position with the Besieging Forces—On duty in the Rifle Pits—Unsuccessful Assault by the Seventeenth Corps—Capitulation of the Garrison—Terms of Surrender—Entering the Works—Appearance of the City—Mule Meat—Fourth of July Celebration—Hunting a Camp.....	181
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.

Embark on board Transports for Port Hudson—Order changed, and we go on an Expedition to Yazoo City—Capture of that place—Loss of the Gunboat De Kalb—Ordered to co-operate with Sherman against Jackson—March to Black River and Canton—Gen. Sherman's movements against Johnston, and capture of Jackson—Return to Yazoo City, and Voyage to Vicksburg—A great haul of Contrabands and Cotton.	209
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

Remove to Port Hudson—Increase of Sickness—Appearance of the Fortifications—The 19th Army Corps and the Negroes—Voyage to Carrollton—Beset by peddlers, and what we did about it—New Orleans—Salutary effects of Gen. Butler's rule in the city—How he administered Martial Law—Incident of the Slave Market—Major General N. P. Banks—The Labor System and the Negroes—Expedition to Morganza—Capture of Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Leake and his command by the Rebels—Return of the Division to New Orleans.....	227
---	-----

RECOLLECTIONS OF FIELD SERVICE.

CHAPTER I.

THE WAR—ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT—ITS COMPOSITION—MUSTERING IN—"RED TAPET"—FLAG PRESENTATION—ORDER TO MARCH—ARRIVAL AT CAMP HERRON—BOUNTY—MEN ON A "RAMPAGE" IN DAVENPORT—EMBARKATION FOR ST. LOUIS—INCIDENTS ON THE WAY—BENTON BARRACKS—VENDERS OF "PIZZA CAKES"—ORDERED TO ROLL.

Alternate fortune and disaster for more than a year had followed our arms, at points nearest the Capital. Hope seemed to die, and the loyal heart sicken, at the barrenness of those fields where our struggles were called victories. There were such evident glimmerings of distrust, not only among the people towards their commanders, but even among the commanders themselves, that the whole nation trembled for the perilousness of the condition. The erroneous belief entertained during the early part of the war by the people of the loyal States, that the struggle would be of brief duration, now gave way under disaster and defeat. But the bold front assumed by the insurgents, the magnitude of their preparations and resources, and the successive victories that crowned their arms, were well calculated to arouse the hitherto inactive North to an appreciation of their

danger, and to call forth exertions commensurate with the great principles at stake. They saw this was now no struggle for place and party power, no strife between a national brotherhood for victory on some measure of mere public policy, but a gigantic attempt to upheave the very foundation of our Union, and raze to the ground the fair fabric of the AMERICAN REPUBLIC. It was with no small interest the lovers of civil and religious liberty, both at home and abroad, gazed upon this opening struggle. Within the folds of our common flag were deeply hidden all the future hopes of freedom throughout the world. Free government was now called to pass through the crucible of internal strife to test her *moral* strength, and her very ashes destined to be blown away by the hostile breath of despots, or phoenix-like, rise rejuvenated to new duties and a new destiny. Many recreant sons of the Republic, educated at the military schools of the nation, now *parricides*, drew their swords to destroy that government whose protection they had enjoyed and whose benevolence had reared them. They found in the person of Jeff. Davis a fitting leader for their nefarious scheme, capable and willing to *repudiate* the fairest form of government that human wisdom ever reared, and become

"Not a murderer masked and cloaked with hidden knife,

"Whose owner owes the gallows' life for life,

"But *public* murderer!—that with premeditated

"And basest scorn of Justice walk abroad

"To wring more tears and blood than ever were wrung

"From all the culprits Justice ever hung."

that upon the ruins of the Union they might raise a new superstructure whose corner stone would be slavery. The issue between LIBERTY and SLAVERY was now for the first time in our National history fairly made; they had appealed to the sword, and upon the battle field alone the question could now be decided--and one *must* die--thanks to a gracious Providence and our brave soldiers--*slavery was slain*.

Vast rebel armies had been pushed forward to our Southern border, where they occupied strong lines of fortifications. At all points the Government was confronted by insurgent forces already clothed with the prestige of success, and the public mind agitated by vague rumors of "foreign intervention." But the stern determination of the rebels to disrupt the Government, the insidious efforts of northern sympathizers to tamper with the army, and induce mutiny, only served to fire anew the loyal heart of the West. Our broad prairies quickly teemed forth her thousands, who, gholly "rallying round the flag" of their beloved country, made themselves felt along the whole line of the insurgents' assumed territory. Displaying an unconquerable valor at Belmont, Forts Henry and Donelson, Pea Ridge, and Island No. 10, they inaugurated a series of victories which ultimately secured to the Government the possession of the Mississippi river to the Gulf of Mexico. These brilliant achievements seemed at once to infuse new life and vigor into the whole nation, and become a marked epoch in the war. The temporizing spirit of *con-*

ediction, the attempt to keep intact the State, and then peculiar institutions, and the still more suicidal policy of sending back to bondage a people loyal at heart, ever ready to favor by all the means in their power the Federal cause, at times the only means of gaining information of the condition and position of the enemy, which policy had well nigh paralyzed the Government, and had hampered every movement of our forces, began now to give way to a determination to meet the great issue forced upon us by the rebel States with a vigorous action, and an "unconditional surrender" was now demanded by the Government, the people and the army. Already throughout the entire North the masses were beginning to forsake their peaceful avocations of life, and prepare in earnest for a gigantic struggle to crush rebellion; and by practical demonstrations of physical power prove to traitors in time to come that "*this Union MUST and SHALL BE preserved!*" Accordingly when the President's call for 360,000 troops was issued in July, 1862, it met with an immediate and hearty response, notwithstanding the obstacles thrown in the way of volunteering by open enemies and secret sympathizers. Under this call our regiment was organized.

On the 15th of August five full companies from Scott, and five from Lincoln counties, reported in camp at Canton, Iowa, and were at once organized for the Fifty-sixth Regiment of Iowa Voluntary Militia. WILLIAM McE. DYE, formerly holding rank as Captain in the regular army, having already received the appoint-

ment of Colonel, assumed command of the regiment immediately after its organization. JOSEPH B. DEVIET, Esq., of Davenport, then State Senator, entered the service as a private in Company "G," which he had assisted in recruiting, and had been chosen its first Captain, was at once promoted to Lieut. Colonel. WILLIAM G. THOMPSON, Esq., of Cedar Rapids, a distinguished member of the legal profession, was chosen Major, and on the 20th of August the Regiment was duly mustered into the State service. Upon examination of the papers by the proper officer, preparatory to mustering in, a number of the minor boys in several companies found themselves without the written consent of their parents, or guardians, to enlist in the service, without which they could not be received. Here now was a dilemma, a sudden blighting of all their hopes. They had already become attached to their camp and their comrades; the pomp and circumstances of glorious war had filled their youthful hearts with bright hopes for the future. In the phrenzy of their imagination some saw the "*strop*," perhaps the "*leaf*," and some even imagined they saw in the dim distance a bright and twinkling "*star*." But now they contemplated with melting hearts the tumbling to atoms of those fair fabrics of their future greatness. The youthful spirits of some suok, and they yielded to their adverse fortunes. Not so with all, there were some "Young Americans" among them, whose characteristic is to *laugh at impossibilities*. They determined their present rejection should not prevent their departure

with the regiment. Hurrying away to their homes with a determined energy that gave ample token that they would make *live soldiers*, procured the proper consent and returned to camp in time to join the regiment before its departure. Others whose homes were at too great a distance to attempt to reach them and return, resorted to other means to accomplish their purpose. Whether they conjured up the spirits from the "vasty deep," or called expert autographers from the gloomy shades of the silent grave through some generous rapping medium, we do not know, but a few hours found each possessed of the needed document duly signed without leaving camp, and which passed the scrutinizing eye of the inspector. We are not here to moralize on their ingenuity and zeal in securing their position in the regiment, we only know they all made good and brave soldiers.

On the 24th, Capt. H. B. HENDERSHOTT, United States Mustering Officer, arrived in camp, and on the 25th proceeded to inspect and muster the regiment into the United States service. This duty was commenced by reading to us the *Articles of War*, which is the great statute book of the army. After we were inspected, mustered in and returned to our quarters, the boys expatiated with great freedom upon what they had heard, and what they had promised to perform. Some thought Uncle Sam a *little hard on them*; others declared it was the hardest "*Constitution and By-Laws*" of any society they had ever joined, while all agreed it

was a "difficult matter to be a good soldier, and a very dangerous thing to be a bad one." The same day each soldier in the regiment received one full month's pay, twenty-five dollars of his one hundred dollars bounty, and two dollars premium—total, forty dollars. A general cheerfulness now pervaded the whole camp, and amidst songs, and mirth, and bustle, each swore anew to prove faithful to the other, and fight to the last for "Uncle Sam, the Union and the Flag."

On the 26th we saw ourselves for the first time an organized regiment. Though we had been enlisted from two counties only, yet the men were comparatively strangers to each other, representing as they did every nationality, and speaking every known language.—Brought together, by one common motive and devoted alike to one common cause, a spirit of companionship at once filled every breast, and we soon found ourselves united in the bonds of a disinterested friendship that will sever alone with life. The greater portion of the regiment, however, were of American birth, coming from the rural districts, possessed of a hardy constitution and tempered with that vigorous spirit which has ever characterized the farmers of the West. There were also representatives from the "drooping city's pale abortions," who, under the invigorating effects of out-door exercise and "hard tack" soon rivalled their more robust comrades in feats of agility and strength, and the powers of endurance. None had entered the service from mercenary motives, but all were actuated by principles of the

truest loyalty, and a lofty devotion to their common country. They saw the Temple of Liberty whose every stone had been cemented by the blood of a patriot father—whose very foundation had been laid deep in the sufferings, the sacrifice and the treasure of the heroes of the Revolution—and they saw her lofty spire pointing upward, teaching them to put their trust in Heaven.—They saw beneath the shade of her walls the exile patriots gathering, and gathering from every land;—they saw the Goddess of Liberty weep as it were tears of blood over the degenerate sons of her once happy home, and they come—not as mercenaries—not as “*hirelings*,” but as patriot soldiers to offer their services, and *if need be their lives*, upon the altar of their country. They saw the walls of that Temple broken by the parracidal hand of the traitor, and her very foundation sapped by a treacherous sympathizer, and they come to the rescue. Now *their* record is a record of glory. No smell of treason is on their garments—their deeds they leave as a rich heritage to their offspring;—their children will never curse their memory, nor with crimsoned cheek ask them, “*Why, father, why did you fill my veins with a traitor’s blood?*” They felt that this liberty was only given them IN TRUST, that their children and their children’s children would yet demand it at their hands, and they would not prove unworthy to that trust. Now thoroughly organized, arms and equipments were issued, a regimental band was arranged, drums and files drawn, and under the inspiring strains of martial

music we hurried through the bustle of preparation and entered fully on the discharge of our military duties.—The officers at once organized a “school,” and commenced the study of “tactics” and the “regulations” to qualify themselves for their new duties. They employed as preceptor Lieut. BURLOOK, a graduate of West Point, who proved himself well qualified for the task, and under whose instruction most of the officers soon evinced a good degree of proficiency. Drill hours were established, and officers required to drill their companies. All seemed to enter upon their duties with a zeal and cheerfulness that promised well for the future. In a very few days, however, the novelty of camp life lost its charms, when a spirit of *ennui* seized both officers and men, and “homesick” began to prevail in its epidemic form throughout the camp. Applications for “leave of absence” were numerous and urgent. “Home”—with its loved ones—its business and its charms—could not be forgotten so soon. Many were successful in obtaining their furloughs, while those who unfortunately failed seemed to have ample satisfaction in freely pouring out their vituperation on what they termed “red tape.” The men abused their company officers for this “*unwarrantable abridgment of the liberties of an American citizen*,” while the officers, themselves chafing under like constraint, retaliated upon the Colonel; all parties using at the same time the utmost caution that the object of their censure should not become aware of it. This ludicrous restiveness on

the part of a few of the men was fully equalled by some of the officers in laughable exhibitions of the "*hifalutin*" accompanied by a few displays of the "*spread eagle*." What of that, said the boys, had they not been called to fill responsible positions, and why should they fail to demonstrate their importance—otherwise the distinction might fail to be observed. But these little episodes in the incipency of camp life soon gave way to a better and more harmonious feeling, and officers and men alike exhibited an increased attention to duty and obedience to orders.

The differences in rank were thus first brought to our notice, and imperceptibly began to supplant the first habits of familiarity between officers and men. Distinctions thus once acknowledged, were extended and enforced. Discipline, we were told, demanded it, and it was therefore cheerfully acquiesced in by the men who now considered themselves soldiers, enlisted in a common cause and were ready to make all reasonable sacrifices for the accomplishment of the object which had brought them together. The *morale* of the regiment seemed to undergo a radical change. Relieved from the restraints of home, many of the men for the first time in their lives, acquired habits of profanity and intemperance, while many heretofore intemperate and profane abandoned both. Strangely fluctuating, surging from one extreme to the other, the whole regiment in a few weeks settled down to a better state of morals than at

its organization, and would favorably compare with any other in the army.

One of the most pleasing incidents at Camp Clinton was the presentation of a flag to the regiment by a patriotic lady of Lyons. The presentation ceremonies were neat and appropriate; the Rev. G. F. MAGOUN addressing the soldiers in an eloquent and patriotic speech, which was responded to on behalf of the regiment, by Major Thompson, in a like able and eloquent manner. The remainder of our stay at Camp Clinton was devoted to arranging our Company business and to drilling.

On the 30th orders were issued to prepare to remove to Davenport on the following day, and we hailed the prospect of a change with delight.

The morning of the 31st found the regiment busy at an early hour breaking camp and making hasty preparations for our removal. The camp was now somewhat agitated by the startling intelligence that we were to *march the entire distance from Clinton to Davenport—forty miles*. The announcement of such a vast undertaking was received with dismay. Some pronounced the report false—some declared it was impossible to perform the journey in less than ten days, while others boldly maintained "*the thing couldn't be done at all.*" Some said they always knew that

"Man's inhumanity to man"

"Had made its countless millions weep,"

and now they too were to be made its victims. Some

censured the President of the United States—some the Governor—some the Adjutant General—but the greater portion of the grumblers contended that the company officers were to blame; but they, poor fellows, were as much averse to the undertaking as the men. Before the hour of departure, however, our anxiety was relieved by the information that we would be transported on boats. It was late in the afternoon before our arrangements for departure were complete, and at twilight we marched aboard the steamers *Bill Henderson*, *Add. Hine*, *Canada* and a barge, which had just arrived at the landing. I have since often travelled on a single boat, with an entire brigade, and the brigade and regimental quartermasters' transportation on board, which occupied less space than our regiment did at this their first embarkation on three. My sleeping apartment for the night was an old cheese box with my back against the wall—the only unappropriated spot I could find upon the boat. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," now cast her leaden sceptre o'er our weary limbs, and soon hushed our troubled minds to rest. No incident of importance occurred on this our first voyage, except that a great many small articles persisted in getting into the possession of the wrong men, occasioned by the confusion incident to a crowded boat.

We arrived at Davenport on the morning of September 1st, and disembarked a short distance above the Railroad bridge. After detailing guards for the baggage still remaining on the boats, until transportation for

it could be obtained, the regiment formed and marched to "Camp Herron," stopping a few minutes on the way at the Burtis House. The barracks then in process of erection, under direction of Mr. J. S. CONNER, A. Q. M. A., were completed the following day, when we took formal possession. Our sutler, W. K. SPEARING, was already established in camp, and prepared to supply our wants for camp life to a *limited* extent.

The following complimentary notice of our regiment appeared in one of the daily papers on the morning after our arrival:

"TWENTIETH REGIMENT.—This splendid body of men arrived from Clinton yesterday morning. They were under command of Major THOMPSON, Col. DYE having gone to his home in Marion. They landed at East Davenport and marched down town and out to Camp Herron, which is just being fitted up. After arriving at camp most of the boys got furloughs to go to their homes, and the livery stables were well patronized by them. During the day their quarters were visited by immense numbers of our citizens who are more deeply interested in this regiment than in any other which has left the State. They will probably remain here a day or two, if not longer."

Those of the regiment who had enlisted from Scott county were here paid the bounty due them from the county, viz: \$75 to married and \$50 to unmarried men. This bounty was very gratefully received by the men, as it enabled them to provide for their families—render

them comfortable, and lessen their regret at parting. Lines were established around the camp, but no particular regard was paid to an order for confining the men within them. Every indulgence was allowed that they might have ample opportunity to arrange such home matters as was necessary before finally leaving for the field. From a continued expression of kindness on the part of the citizens, and particularly the ladies, our stay at Camp Herron was rendered exceedingly pleasant; it imparted a cheerfulness to the men and kept them in the best of spirits.

The monotony of the camp was occasionally relieved by a couple of "unruly members" of the regiment who, having ventured too far within the precincts of "*tangle foot*," and indulged somewhat freely in "*that which inebriates*," manifested a strong desire to enter at once on their new profession—fighting. One of them, after figuring as principal in a general fight on the levee, and receiving a severe gash on the head from the fragment of an iron pot, was finally captured and brought to camp lashed down on a dray. The other, after a general engagement with the citizens of East Davenport, and a skirmish with the squad sent to arrest him—who finally captured him without the loss of a single man—was brought triumphantly into camp.

Many of the Linn county men who had obtained leave of absence at Camp Clinton to visit their homes, again rejoined the regiment here. The officers prepared themselves with mess chests and made such re-arrange-

ment of their wardrobes and baggage as was deemed necessary for future comfort and convenience.

On the evening of Sept. 4th orders were issued to prepare for moving, and on the following morning we broke camp at half past eight o'clock, and marched to the landing where the steamer Metropolitan waited to receive us on board. Notwithstanding the disagreeable condition of the weather and roads, the landing was crowded by a concourse of friends who had assembled to take their final leave of the regiment. I will not attempt to describe the tender leave taking scenes which there came under my own observation—the parting of husbands and wives—mothers and sons—brothers and sisters—of sweethearts—of friends and associates—for they were of such frequent occurrence during the early part of the war, that the reader has often seen and doubtless *felt* that which it is impossible for me to describe. The daily papers thus chronicled our departure :

“DEPARTURE OF THE TWENTIETH.—This noble body of men left our city yesterday afternoon for Benton Barracks, St. Louis, on the steamer Metropolitan. The soldiers were first apprised of their departure by the announcement that the boat had come which was to take them down the river, and they immediately commenced their preparation for moving. By 3 o'clock the entire regiment was at the river ready to go. Then came the parting, and oh ! it was sad. Parents bidding adieu to their sons, many of them having previously sent other

dear boys to the field of battle. Widowed mothers giving up their only sons to their country, with hearts bursting with grief. Wives with their little children gathering around them, parting from their husbands, bowed down with the desolating thought that they might never again see on earth the loved face of husband and father. Sisters bidding farewell to brothers, lovers to their betrothed, friend parting from friend, all combined to make the scene most impressive and affecting. When the bell sounded and the boat moved off with the loved ones on board, tearful eyes watched them till they were out of sight, and heavy hearts wended their sorrowing way to their desolate homes once more. And yet this scene is only one of hundreds now being enacted all over the country."

Capt. BATES attempted to address, from the boat, the multitude on shore, but from the confusion could not be heard. Adj. Gen. BAKER coming on board at 3 o'clock, the cables were loosed and the boat rounded out amidst waiving of handkerchiefs and cheers from the people on shore, which received a hearty response from those on the boat. Moving down the river to the point below Rock Island, the boat neared the shore to permit Gen. Baker to land. Again pushing off the boys bravely brushed away the tear that was dropped at parting from friends, and talked freely of the future. The shade of evening soon began to gather around us, accompanied by a severe gale, compelling us to again land. But during that short passage Mr. JOHN C. MAGILL,

who had been sleeping on the boat, attempted to pass to the barge, then in tow, and accidentally fell between them and was drowned; the darkness of the night and the continuance of the storm rendering every effort to rescue him unavailing. His body was afterwards recovered near Muscatine, and decently interred. This was the first casualty in the regiment since its organization, and cast quite a gloom over it. We deeply regretted the loss of one who bid so fair to become a brave soldier and who had won the confidence and esteem of all his comrades. But this loss was partially forgotten when on first roll-call we found that we were relieved of two of our boys—John Bray and Benj. W. Clark, who, perhaps, under the treasonable influence of copperhead teaching, had deserted us at the landing.

We arrived at Montrose on the morning of the 6th and were transferred to barges, on which we were floated over the Rapids. Amusements of various kinds now began to be introduced to while away the tedious hours of our passage; some engaged in aquatic sports—one man swimming nearly the entire distance from Montrose to Keokuk—officers practiced at target shooting with revolvers, but most sat gazing upon the beautiful scenery along this grand river, and responding to the hearty cheering and waving of flags and handkerchiefs, which greeted us as we passed, by fair hands and smiling faces, who were ever foremost in those tokens of encouragement. Again at Keokuk the regiment re-embarked on board the steamer and proceeded to St. Louis. Arriving

on the morning of the 8th, after making the necessary arrangements about our baggage, &c., we were marched to Benton Barracks. Along our march we were greeted at every point by the waiving of flags from windows on either side of the streets, and by many other demonstrations of welcome. Iowa troops, who have all made a short stay in St. Louis, have ever met with a hearty reception from the citizens of that city. The uniform good behavior of the soldiers have won their confidence and respect, and frequently received the warmest tokens of approval. We felt encouraged and proud of the complimentary notices, in the daily papers of St. Louis, of our advent into that boiling cauldron where disloyalty and treason had raised its guilty head, and where the wicked hand of the assassin had already crimsoned her soil by the blood of the patriot.

Benton Barracks are situated in the suburbs of the city, about three miles from the landing, being erected on the grounds formerly occupied by the County Fair, and the buildings erected for their use being generally occupied as hospitals. We were here placed under Gen. McKEAN, who was then in command of the forces collected at this camp. Gen. FREMONT had superintended the erection of these barracks, which were ample for the accommodation of 30,000 troops. All the arrangements were complete, but from their long use without a proper police, which had been sadly neglected, they were unfit, till thoroughly cleansed, for our reception.

From the beginning of the war until this time, no

well digested general system of sanitary discipline had been adopted in the army. But the increasing prevalence of those diseases peculiar to the camp now demanded the attention of the commanders, and for the future, both in camp and in the field, a rigid system of sanitary regulations were inaugurated, which contributed largely to the comfort and health of the soldier.

We found in this camp a large number of Missouri and Illinois regiments, together with those who had been captured and paroled belonging to the 8th Iowa Infantry—the latter awaiting their exchange. Here was a new field for the men of the 20th—presenting new, varied and strange scenes. For the first time in our lives we were in the *presence of an army*. Here we received our first lessons of strict obedience, and learned the duties, the dangers and the glory of a soldier. Mingling freely with our companions in arms from our sister States, who had, like us, *voluntarily* rushed to the defence of our common country, there soon prevailed a cordial friendship between us and them which is and will be long cherished by the regiment in our fondest remembrance.

Our men here encountered their first enemy. These were the little bare-legged, dirty-faced boys and girls who constantly prowled around camps contiguous to large cities, with baskets filled with what they appropriately called "*Pi-zan-cakes*," which were eagerly bought by the soldiers, and which produced diseases as fatal as did the swamps and bayous of the Mississippi. It has been said

that these little urchins have slain more Iowa soldiers than were killed in all the battles with rebel armies in Missouri. Some of our men were induced to buy and eat this trash, but the majority had not sufficiently forgotten the dainty food of their homes to be induced to partake of it. Much sickness prevailed in some of the companies at the time of our arrival at St. Louis, and it soon increased. We here lost by death two of our brave boys, before our departure.

Lieut. Col. LEAKE having received his commission now took command of the regiment. Company and battalion drills were performed daily—dress parade and guard-mounting regularly observed—officers and men improved rapidly, and as everything now indicated an early departure to a field of active operations, we all felt the importance of making every preparation our limited time would allow. Many articles necessary for a field campaign which had been heretofore unknown or neglected, were now procured. By the experience, however, of a short march into the interior of Missouri we learned that we had encumbered ourselves with a large amount of useless and burthensome baggage, and as transportation became difficult and limited, the "force of circumstances," soon divested us of everything superfluous.

Orders were received on the 12th of September to prepare to move to Rolla. This materially increased the bustle and hurry of the camp, and on the evening of the 13th we received our final orders to march the following day.

CHAPTER II.

MISSOURI AND THE REBELLION—THE PACIFIC RAILROAD—
ROLLA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS—CATCHING MULES—
ORDERED TO SPRINGFIELD—ON THE MARCH—ARRIVAL
AT THE LITTLE PINEY—CONFISCATING REBEL BEEF—
RECEIVE OUR TENTS, AND LEARN THE MYSTERY OF
MAKING "SLAP-JACKS"—WAYNESVILLE—CROSSING THE
GASCONADE RIVER—MARCH TO LEBANON—GEN. F. J.
HERRON—MILL SPRINGS—ARRIVAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

Notwithstanding the intimate commercial and social relations subsisting between Missouri and the north, and the loyal Free State element in her population largely predominating, yet the *desperate spirit* of a rabid pro-slavery, copperhead faction—a spirit which was the legitimate offspring of their accursed institution—had by fraud, usurpation and brute violence, forced the State into the great vortex of rebellion. It was here that that barbarous relic of *guerrilla* warfare was first inaugurated which has stamped infamy on its instigators, and tinged every American cheek with shame. The nineteenth century blushed as she looked upon the degenerate sons of noble sires, enjoying all the blessings of a republican form of government, whose land teemed with prosperity, and whose peace was like a river, happy at home and honored abroad—professedly a christian nation—violently attempting to stifle the spirit of liberty, to crush out every feeling of humanity, and reduce to despotism or

anarchy that government in which alone were concentrated all the future hopes of freedom throughout the world. Here *desperate* men with *desperate* purposes seemed at once to cut themselves loose from every moral, social and political obligation, and madly vent their malignant feelings in horrid deeds of outrage and of murder. None who were loyal to their country were safe either day or night in their person, their family or their property. Thousands of her best citizens, driven night after night for weeks and months to the woods or wide prairies for safety—every hour in danger of being shot down in their fields while at labor—assassinated in the highways if they ventured abroad, or inhumanly slaughtered before their wives and children at their own firesides—now abandoned the State to find safety and peace for themselves and families elsewhere, from those unnatural and brutish outrages. Nor was even St. Louis wanting in monsters who could not only countenance and aid all this murder and treason throughout the State, but who could labor with a fiendish zeal to introduce a like state of society within their own prosperous city. And to the firmness, the loyalty and the bravery of the officers and men of *other States* she is this day largely indebted that her citizens were not slaughtered and her city reduced to ashes. It is not to be supposed that our men, loyal at heart—reared in a purer and healthier moral atmosphere—now ready and prepared to avenge treason to their Government—would look upon these scenes but with feelings of abhorrence, and a determination to cor-

rect them. It was under these circumstances that our regiment received orders to prepare to march to Rolla.

On the morning of the 14th of September we left our barracks and marched to the Pacific Railroad Depot. On that short march I discovered that I had forgotten to supply myself and mess with provisions for the journey, and hastened to a restaurant to procure such supplies as I deemed sufficient. But to our surprise we soon found that our colored servant had already exhausted "*the pile*." Biting appetite never was intended to smooth the asperities of temper, nor was this case an exception. "Guss," however, excused himself on the plea that he thought "all dat stuff war fur me," and readily promised that he "would steal enough for us on de fuss chance." Although our supply was exhausted at the beginning of our journey, yet at Rolla we could not but call to mind the promise of "Guss," and "the widow's cruse of oil."

Arriving at the depot, we were forthwith hustled into a train of cattle cars which were found *just sufficient to hold us*. The calculation had been so nicely made we concluded that it must have been done after we had buried our two comrades, for there would have been no room for them had they been yet with us. We left at 2 o'clock P. M., and a very short ride convinced us of the wisdom in selecting *cattle cars* instead of *passenger cars* for our transportation, for had there been such things as windows or doors, or any other large openings, we certainly should have been sifted through before we reached

our destination. The motion of that road is peculiar to itself—neither perpendicular nor horizontal—neither a jolt nor jerk—but all these together, accompanied with a quick sidelong oblique movement with an occasional up and down thumping, creating a sensation which I suppose one would feel in being rolled down hill over rough ground in a barrel, minus half its staves, and pushed by a lame copperhead.

The greater portion of the country through which we passed was sparsely settled—the land hilly, rocky and sterile. The only indications visible of business were a few dilapidated lime-kilns. We encountered a few citizens at one or two points dressed in the style then peculiar to Missouri—"butternut"—being of home-made jeans, colored brown with walnut bark. Men, women and children were all dressed in the same kind of material, and from the entire absence of skill and taste in manufacturing the garments, one would readily suppose each had manufactured his own. A stranger would at once conclude that the ladies in the rural districts were ignorant of crinoline, and had not yet become the victims or slaves of fashion. The style of costume of both sexes—the gored dress, the crown bonnet, the linen apron, the *wammy* and the hunting shirt were new to the younger men in our regiment, while the older ones saw again the style of costume away back in the time of their boyhood, before the days of newspapers, railroads, steamboats, telegraphs or fashions. We passed some fine farms and a few neat villages, but all presented a

deserted and desolate aspect; not more than one-third of the houses, either in town or county, were inhabited. Here we began to see some of the first fruits of that harvest of folly which the rebels had sown in their ignorance and madness, but were now reaping in tears and in blood.

We arrived at Rolla after nightfall on the 14th, and after some delay, and considerable marching and counter-marching, finally halted upon a hill about half a mile from the town. We were then informed that we could have the temporary use of tents by sending to the railroad depot for them, which we did, but owing to fatigue used them to sleep upon rather than under, notwithstanding the rain which fell during the latter part of the night. We were up early on the morning of the 15th, and after hastily partaking with good appetite of the food provided by our "reliable contraband" pitched our tents and set our camp in order. The night previous guards had been detailed, but notwithstanding this precaution many of our boys were at an early hour strolling through the village, enjoying free life in a western town.

Having obtained permission to visit the town, in company with some of the officers of our regiment, we found G. W. SMITH, Esq., of Davenport, established there as post sutler, and doing the principal business of the place, and whose many acts of kindness and attention then and subsequently, placed us under lasting obliga-

tions to him. The population, aside from those temporarily there on duty in the Commissary and Quartermaster's Departments, did not, perhaps, exceed two hundred. They were a poor, dejected, ignorant looking class of human beings—more like escaped convicts than intelligent American citizens—listlessly wandering around from place to place without energy, and without any apparent object in view. We looked upon these uncultivated specimens of humanity with pity, and wondered to what useful purpose they could be appropriated. The suggestion of "Guss," however, that "dis was whar de stuff fur makin' norden *simplethuzers* comes from," relieved our minds on the subject, but created a fear that "Guss" was giving politics more attention than our exhausted mess-chest.

There were in this place a few mansions formerly occupied by a rancid codfish aristocracy, but they were surrounded by shanties, temporarily built regardless of streets or order, and just large enough for three persons—the occupants no doubt apprehending, in case our forces were withdrawn, that their town would be again sacked by the roving bands of guerrillas who then infested the country. We did no duty here aside from that pertaining to our own regiment, as the post was garrisoned, and the town only held as a depot and fitting out point for supplies going to posts in the interior. From this point supplies were transported by wagon, except to Sedalia, with which we had connection by rail.

Our teamsters were now informed that they could

select their teams from a large pen filled with mules a short distance from the camp, and they set about the work with a zeal, but the task was more difficult and dangerous than they had anticipated. The mules, fresh from the wilds, made all the resistance of which a mule is capable. When approached by the teamster the mule would suddenly "*change front*," causing the teamster to stand off, and "*re-organize*." But "standing off" was not a part of the teamster's tactics, for his reputation for handling mules was at stake, and he adopted the safer plan of the running-noose and threw it over the mule's neck, thus enabling him to hold on to the animal and steer clear of his *fighting end*. Assisted by two or three others they soon bridled, harnessed and triumphantly led away the captured beast and tied him to the wagon. Several of our men were severely injured before the trains were all secured, but the business was completed during that day, and we had the satisfaction of seeing our transportation train ready for a move.

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Two wagons were allowed for each company, each drawn by six mules, and such loads piled on as would secure against a "runaway." The wives of several of the soldiers having accompanied us, some with small children, provision had to be made for their accommodation on the wagons. One small boy was sometime afterwards killed by the overturning of a wagon, and the mother narrowly escaped a like fate. After having followed the army over five hundred miles, and finding their garments were not as those furnished by Moses to

the children of Israel, these patriotic ladies left us and returned to their peaceful homes.

Orders were received late in the evening on the 15th to prepare to march at 6 o'clock in the morning, with one day's ration. Our sick were disposed of in the post hospital, and our tents left standing for an Illinois regiment just arrived. Some difficulty occurred in the Quartermaster's arrangements, and we were detained five hours in line before marching. The time of our stay, however, was not tiresome, for we were highly entertained, not by a circus, or puppet show, or concert—there was no lecturer there whose eloquence “thrilled the audience through,” no rich repast spread by dainty hands to satisfy our craving hunger, but there was a feast, if not of “reason and flow of soul,” there surely was of shattered harness and flying heels; it was a contention which had arisen between the mules and their drivers upon the mooted question of starting. The former having been captured from some secesh pasturc-fields had early imbibed their masters' doctrine of “let us alone,” while the latter persistently urged the propriety of *their* standing motto, “*go-ahead*.” The mules got into every possible position but the right one, some laid down, and persisted in being “*let alone*,” some, like the copperheads, had the harness on but had kicked themselves outside the traces, and the swearing, kicking and cracking of whips by the drivers, created a ludicrous scene of confusion which might be imagined but cannot be described. As all things else, this scene had an end and the mules, utterly disgusted with the place,

dashed off with a speed that would have confounded Jehu or Gilpin. "Fall in" was now heard, and our regiment started on its *first march*.

Our route the first few miles was over a rough and hilly country, heavily timbered, but we soon reached a more fertile and better cultivated region, though poorly watered. We passed many well improved farms, but their cultivation had been suspended on account of the frequent visits of guerrilla parties—and strange to tell—most of their owners were then absent in the rebel army. It was humiliating to our American pride to contemplate the pitiable condition of the unfortunate inhabitants of that forlorn country. These farms, forsaken by fathers, husbands and brothers, to join the rebel cause, were left to the cultivation of women and children alone, who by care and toil had secured a scanty harvest only to be seized or destroyed by the rude guerrilla, professedly engaged in the same cause. To what strange depths of degradation and shame can fallen humanity sink! We could only account for such barbarity on the ground that men who had enjoyed the blessings of such a government as that of the United States, and the happiness it secured to them all their lives, and yet could raise against it the arm of treason, or *sympathise with those who did*, were lost to all moral sense and capable of any deed however degraded or mean. The men, owing to our long delay in starting soon become fatigued, and the heavy clouds of dust, together with their heavy knapsacks, under a scorching sun, ren-

dered our march slow and unpleasant. While passing through a deep ravine where clouds of dust rose in suffocating volumes to our faces, rendering breathing difficult, I began to doubt my ability to proceed, when suddenly the stillness of the scene was broken by Corporal N. B. Graham, of Company E, in a loud clear voice singing

"Let the wide world wag as it will,
I'll be gay and happy still."

The sentiments of the song contrasted so strangely with our feelings and circumstances that we gained a momentary relief in a hearty laugh. Soon reaching the new made grade of a railroad track we were relieved of the dust, and invigorated by the cool breeze of the evening. Once in the afternoon we halted and filled our canteens from a large cool spring, the water being so abundant that quite a creek was formed from it alone. With this exception we found no good water till we arrived at Little Piney, a tributary of the Gasconade river. We descended to the low bottom lands of this stream just after dark, which being heavily timbered and much cut up by small creeks, caused our companies to become scattered, and we did not get together until next morning. For myself not being able to find the remainder of the regiment, I halted my company, camped for the night, went to bed, was awakened next morning by a rain which had commenced falling, and by receiving orders to move into camp. Arriving, we found our regiment, with the remainder of the brigade, consisting of the 94th

Illinois, 19th and 20th Iowa and 20th Wisconsin, encamped in an old field on the banks of the Little Piney, with brigade and regimental lines established, and I was immediately detailed as regimental officer of the day. This brigade had been temporarily formed until the regiments composing it reached Springfield, Missouri, and was under command of Col. WM. McE. DYE. One of my men brought me a fine piece of fresh beef, and while I was discussing a nice steak, received instructions to arrest a number of men in Company K, who were charged with killing cattle. This produced a sudden decline in my appetite, as I felt assured that the steak I was then relishing was contraband. On my way to the quarters of the designated culprits, I saw numerous pieces of fresh meat being concealed by men of other companies. On arriving at the headquarters of Company K, I found a sergeant with a squad of men busily engaged in skinning a beef, a calf and a hog, and issuing meat with great liberality to all who made application—the grounds presenting the appearance of a division butchering establishment. The first intimation these men received of this proceeding being discountenanced at headquarters, was their arrest. I made some arrests from other regiments, but my rich steak at breakfast had been so well relished that I felt little disposed to make very rigid search, as most of the men seemed to think it was no crime to confiscate rebel beef to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Some of them seemed now to have frail memories, for they had forgotten

not only the names of their regiments and officers, but even their own names. Strange freaks memory will play sometimes. After administering as severe a reproof as my well satisfied appetite with the same beef would allow, I ordered them to *report to their company officers under arrest*. Our own men were kept under arrest, but on being told that prisoners were not subject to duty, nor allowed to carry guns, they bore their misfortune with cheerfulness. At one o'clock we broke camp and resumed our march for Springfield, passing, three miles from camp, the residence of Mrs. JAMES BARCLAY, whose husband had been murdered by guerrillas five months previously. The deed was perpetrated a short distance from the house and in the presence of his family. The scoundrels then robbed the house, taking all they could find, not even sparing the clothing of his wife and children. A few days subsequently they returned, burned a part of the premises, and drove away all the cattle they could find, leaving the family destitute and occupying the quarters formerly used by the negroes. Such occurrences, however, were not rare, and in our extensive travels through the State, we became acquainted with facts in relation to the operations of these guerrillas, which would shame a fiend!—and these outrages were frequently perpetrated by persons who had been former neighbors! Near this we passed the spot where a government train of seven wagons loaded with supplies for Springfield had been burned by guerrillas during the preceding winter. Arriving at “Big Piney,”

we were told the water was shallow, and that it was unnecessary to take off our boots, but some of us looking at the stream doubted its shallowness, and took the precaution to remove our boots before entering, and it was well we did, as those who did not had wet feet and boots the balance of the day. While one of our officers who was accustomed to wear shoes of unusual length was sitting on the bank putting them on, "Guss" passed, whose feet were *wringing wet*, and looking at the shoes with surprise remarked "dat had he known dar war a ferry boat so near he would have crossed on dat." The last we saw of "Guss" he was getting out of reach of the owner of the "ferry-boats." We encamped on the banks of this stream, having marched only about ten miles, and felt elated at the prospect of having tents on our arrival in camp, as they had passed us during the day. We received our tents soon after arriving in camp, and pitched them in an old field among high weeds. I will here remark that during all our travels through Missouri we seldom camped on smooth pleasant ground—preference always being given to that spot where the weeds grew highest and where briars grew thickest. We never could see the military advantage in choosing such ground, unless it was that some of the rebels were barefoot and thinly clad, and such places were deemed safe from their approach.

The process of putting up tents being new to most of our men, it was late before the work was completed, and no cooking was done that night, but next morning the

boys made their first attempt at baking, and produced, after much labor and some hard sw— grumbling, what was popularly called “slap-jacks,” which was done by mixing flour and cold water together and frying the dough in grease. After becoming cold this bread might well be manufactured into mallets, as it possessed the two qualities requisite—hardness and toughness—and produced much sickness. Our marches being long and the men often fatigued, but little attention was paid to baking bread, as we depended chiefly on our half rations of “hard tack,” which was daily issued and carried in our haversacks.

Our march on the 18th brought us to Waynesville, a small village containing fourteen houses, making a distance of fourteen miles to-day. This town was remarkable for having in it a “school house,” the only institution of the kind we had yet met with in the State. The enterprising projector of such a novel scheme in that region of country must have found it rather an unprofitable investment, for from its appearance it was then mortgaged to a flock of sheep, which had evidently occupied it unmolested for a long time. There was a post-office too, in that flourishing business place, or rather had been, but as mails were like “angels visits,” the enterprising postmaster had now converted it into a whisky shop and tavern, and was doing a thriving business. On the morning of the 19th we had reveille at 3 o’clock, but did not commence our march till six. The men now began to show evident symptoms of fatigue from our

continuous marching, and many of the companies hired or confiscated teams to haul their knapsacks, which was a great relief and enabled some who would otherwise have been unable to proceed, to keep in the ranks. We marched about sixteen miles this day and camped at two o'clock on the banks of the Gasconade. This is a very pretty stream, about forty yards in width, the shores lined with smooth boulder stones, and on the west side a steep hill, with a narrow wagon track winding through large crevices in the rocks, half a mile to the summit. Camping here for the night we resumed our march at six in the morning. On the 20th we had a pleasant day's march, except that we suffered much from the want of water, which we were told could be procured at Lebanon, and hurrying along to that place in hopes of obtaining this necessary beverage, we camped two and a half miles beyond—as usual, in *tall weeds*. Breaking ranks, men scarcely waited to disencumber themselves of their knapsacks, and complete their stacking arms, before hurrying to the place where we were told water could be obtained. But when we arrived at the spot what a sight met our eyes! the long hoped for cool refreshing spring of clear water, which the heat and fatigue of a hard march had conjured up in our imaginations vanished, and we beheld before us a large pond of stagnant water—the surface covered with a green scum—the margin lined with the decaying carcasses of mules and horses, and emitting a sickening stench. Many turned away with disgust to seek water from cisterns two and three miles from camp.

General HERRON, who had arrived at Lebanon in advance, ordered rations of whisky to be issued and mixed with the water in order to destroy its sickening taste and render it palatable. Through the politeness of a member of the 3d Iowa Cavalry, who were doing guard duty at this post, I was furnished with a horse to return to Lebanon in search of water. The citizens here provide their families with this necessary beverage by carting from a small creek about six miles distant, and it was with difficulty, after a long search, I obtained enough to satisfy my thirst. This village is a small unthrifty place, contains about forty log houses, many unfinished and few occupied. Appetite too admonished me that the inner man could not always be neglected with impunity. But there was only one place in the whole town where food of any kind could be obtained, and that a widowed lady's house, then occupied by General HERRON and his staff. Hunger and fatigue are great levelers of rank, and I determined to make an effort to obtain my dinner at the risk of the General's displeasure at my intrusion, but upon entering, and finding myself in his presence, I at once perceived that the *hauteur* not unfrequently assumed by officers of inferior grade only served to brighten the lustre of that suavity of manner which has characterized him as a man and an officer. Those who are from business or necessity thrown into his presence are not less favorably impressed with his native modesty, than are those acquainted with his labors in the field with his gallantry, devotion to his country, and sympathy with his

men. Through the hospitality of our hostess we were promised a hasty repast, and we then felt that our many hours fasting would impart to it a relish an epicure would envy. After relieving our face and clothes from the dust of a long and weary march we sat down contentedly to await our refreshments—nor were we idle. The easy manners of the General making us perfectly at home, and feeling proud of the lofty eminence a noble son of our own State had reached by his valor, we scanned, to the utmost of our power the general appearance and features of this young but distinguished officer. About twenty-seven years of age, standing five feet eleven inches, with brown hair approaching to the *red*, of pleasing countenance, and his whole contour denoting that indomitable energy of body and mind for which he was already so remarkable, we regarded him as our ideal of a soldier and an officer—noble, generous and brave. The regiment having been the greater portion of its time of service under his command, his history becomes a part of theirs. Early devoting himself to the cause of his country, Iowa boasts that he was the *first* to tender the services of a company to the government from any State in the Union, thus casting a halo of glory alike upon his State, his company and himself. Having aided in leading our brave soldiers victoriously through many hard campaigns from Missouri to the Rio Grande, he won for himself laurels by his daring bravery and consummate military skill, lasting as the principles for which he was fighting, secured the admiration and approval of his

government, and buried himself deep in the memory and affections of his army. The following authentic sketch of his military career will not, we presume, be uninteresting to the reader :

General HERRON was captain of a military company at Dubuque, Iowa, known as the "Governor's Greys." In December, 1860, he tendered the services of this company to the Hon. JOSEPH HOLT, then Secretary of War, and in reply, received a letter accepting the company, conditionally, with the further statement that it was the first offer of troops to the government. On April 18th, 1861, upon the issue of the President's proclamation, calling for 75,000 volunteers, the company was again tendered to the Governor of Iowa and accepted, and at once mustered into the State service. On April 22nd, 1861, the company, 101 strong, left Dubuque for the rendezvous at Keokuk, and was mustered into the United States service as Company I, 1st Iowa volunteers, May 14th, 1861, by Lieut. ALEX. CHAMBERS, U. S. A. By order of Brig. Gen. A. LYON, the 1st Iowa volunteers left Keokuk on June 13th for Hannibal, Mo., to aid in opening the Hannibal & St. Joseph R. R., then held by the rebels under Gov. JACKSON. From Hannibal the regiment proceeded to Macon City, thence on the North Missouri R. R. to Renrick, and thence by marches to Booneville on the Missouri river, where it joined the forces of Gen. LYON from St. Louis. On July 3rd, left Booneville with the column under Lyon, for Springfield, in pursuit of the rebel troops under Gen. STERLING

PRICE. He was in command of his company during the entire campaign under LYON, through the skirmishes at Dug Springs, McCullough's Store, Forsythe, and at the battle of Wilson Creek, August 10th, 1861, losing of his company in the latter fight 19 killed and wounded. He was mustered out of service at St. Louis, August 23d, 1861, and on September 17th was commissioned and mustered in as Lieutenant Colonel of the 9th Iowa Volunteers. He joined his regiment at once, accompanying it to St. Louis, thence to Franklin, Mo., and on January 6th, 1862, to Rolla, Mo., where it was attached to the 1st brigade, 4th division, "Army of the South West," Brig. Gen. S. R. CURTIS commanding; was in command of his regiment from November 20th, 1861—Colonel WM. VANDEVER, being a Member of Congress, and absent at Washington, and on his return being assigned to command the 1st brigade, 4th division. He remained in command of the regiment during the Curtis campaign, and during the fight at Sugar Creek, Arkansas, February 17th, 1862, and the battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, March 7th and 8th. Lost of his regiment 251 men killed and wounded, including 13 officers, out of 512 men engaged in the latter battle. Had his horse killed and was severely wounded and taken prisoner. Was carried by Gen. VAN DORN to Fort Smith in his retreat, and at the expiration of thirty days was exchanged for Col. LOUIS HIBBERD, of the 3rd Louisiana. Reached St. Louis about May 1st, 1862, after having been carried sixteen days in an ambulance. On July

16th, 1862, he was commissioned and confirmed as Brigadier General of Volunteers, and ordered to report to Brig. Gen. J. M. SCHOFIELD, at St. Louis, for duty. Reported without delay, and was assigned to command of a brigade at Rolla, Mo., with orders to march it to Springfield, Mo., which service he was performing at the time we met him at this place—Lebanon—whither he had preceded the brigade, arriving the day previous. His subsequent military services will be found in connection with our own up to August, 1864, when he was assigned to command of the District of Baton Rouge and Port Hudson, Louisiana. Gen. HERRON concluded his military career at the close of the war by receiving the surrender of Gen. DICK TAYLOR'S army at Shreveport—the last large rebel force in the field.

Our march on the 21st was through a more thickly settled and better improved country; fruits, such as peaches and wild grapes were abundant, but we still suffered greatly from the want of water. Having marched about thirteen miles, we arrived at camp early in the afternoon, and rested until morning.

We left camp on the morning of the 22nd at sunrise, in good spirits, but many of the men who were foot sore from our previous long marches, began to show evidence of fatigue, falling out of ranks soon after starting, and with much difficulty could be kept with the regiment under the promise of a short day's march. At 2 o'clock P. M. we passed the Block House at Sand Springs where some rebel prisoners were confined, guarded by a com-

pany of State Militia. This we had hoped would be the end of our day's march, but were sadly mistaken, as not even a halt was made. By this time nearly one-third of the brigade were in the rear, and groups of stragglers from the advance regiments were scattered all along the line of march. We did not camp until we reached Mill Springs, a distance of twenty-four miles, which brought us within twelve miles of Springfield.

We remained in this camp during the 23d, and as there was a fine clear stream of water running through it, the men availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded to wash their clothing, and bathe. There was a large saw-mill standing on the banks of the stream—the first building of the kind we had yet seen since leaving St. Louis, but it showed no indications of having been worked for some time. Many evidences of the sharp skirmish which had taken place here between Gen. LYON's forces and the rebels under Gen. PRIOR, were still visible in the shattered trunks of trees and nearly demolished mill.

On the morning of the 24th we were on the march at 6 o'clock, feeling much refreshed from our day's rest, and although annoyed by the dust, were less fatigued than on our previous marches. As we approached Springfield the country presented a much better appearance, being more thickly settled—finer buildings, and the land under a much better state of cultivation.

Passing a fine mansion near Springfield we were greeted from its balcony by the waiving of a Union flag

by a little boy, whose father, a fearless supporter of the Union, had been murdered early in the war, by the sanction, if not the order, of Gen. PRICE, for having displayed the same flag from his house top while the rebel army were passing. His patriotic lady, however, was permitted by PRICE to retain the flag, on her positive refusal to give it up, and since the occurrence of the tragedy which had deprived her of her husband, she never failed to fling its glorious folds to the breeze in the presence of friend or foe. This little patriot's shrill voice, then at its highest key, could hardly be heard by the passing regiment, but he still uttered his gladsome shout, which seemed to fill his whole soul with patriotic fire, till the brigade—company after company, coming to a shoulder, as we passed—uttered responsive cheer upon cheer, till the welkin rang again. We were here joined by our Assistant Surgeon, Dr. A. O. BLANDING, and marched through the city to Fort No. 4, where we encamped for the present.

CHAPTER III.

GENERAL APPEARANCE OF SPRINGFIELD—BRIGADE FORMED—GEN. TOTTEN—A ROUGH "JOKE"—ON THE MARCH—CAMP "MUSH"—"FAC SIMILE" CURRENCY—"GUSS" A FINANCIER—MARCH TO MT. VERNON—EXCITING RUMORS—A NIGHT MARCH—BATTLE OF NEWTONIA—ARRIVE TOO LATE—INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE—MARCH TO GADSDY AND STICK FAST IN THE MUD—INCIDENTS OF A RAINY NIGHT—MORNING AND BREAKFAST—MARCH TO CASSVILLE.

Springfield contains about two hundred houses of a decidedly better class than those of Rolla, with many beautiful suburban residences. The town gave strong evidence of the many and severe conflicts which had taken place in its vicinity, being the base of operations alternately for the contending armies, and therefore had acquired some historic interest. The streets were wide and pleasant, the sidewalks paved with brick on those bordering on the public square. In a ravine on the east side of the city, and near the stone fence over which Gen. FREMONT's gallant body guard passed in their desperate charge, was the famous spring of which we had so often heard, and which on visiting we found to be fully equal to its reputation. It issued clear and cold from a large rock some eight feet under the hill, the sides of the rock forming a substantial arch. Immediately in front of this arch from a deep rock basin

flowed continually water sufficient to supply the army—men, mules and horses—without diminishing the supply—and the best we ever had the satisfaction of drinking. Being the principal depot for army supplies in this section of the State the streets presented quite a lively appearance, but the business aside from that which pertained to the army was very little. There was one printing office in this place, but no paper regularly issued, as the materials were constantly used for army purposes. During our stay I became acquainted with the proprietor, Mr. JOHN D. SMILEY, and was gratified to find him a staunch supporter of the Union cause. He had, previous to the war, published a weekly and tri-weekly paper, succeeded in acquiring a valuable property, but from the vicissitudes of war had now been deprived of all but a small portion of his printing office. I was in Springfield, and saw him on the day he was killed during Gen. MARMADUKE's attack on that place the following winter. He fell while gallantly fighting side by side with his fellow-citizens, who had been hastily called out and armed in defence of their homes, their firesides and their families.

A brigade was here formed, consisting of the 37th Illinois, 26th Indiana, 18th and 20th Iowa, 1st Iowa Cavalry, and one section of the 1st Missouri Light Artillery—Col. WM. McE. DYE, of our regiment, being assigned to the command. The division of which our brigade formed part, was commanded by Brig. Gen. TOTTEN, who unfortunately, although a very efficient

officer, soon gained the ill-will of a large portion of his command by what was considered unnecessary rigor in the enforcement of discipline, and by long and sudden forced marches, which appeared altogether without aim, as they were immediately followed by retrograde movements. Many absurd stories were told of his recklessness and inattention to the comfort and welfare of the men under his command, but we found them totally untrue; yet we frequently lost much personal property from our frequent forced night marches.

On one occasion, while the General and his staff were examining the fort, and had reined his horse near the edge of the ditch, a private belonging to the 37th Illinois, being slightly intoxicated and desiring some *fun*, suddenly threw himself violently against the side of the horse on which the General sat, and forced both horse and rider into it, but doing neither of them any serious injury. The man was put to work on the fort, by way of punishment, with ball and chain to his foot, and had ample time to meditate on the General's want of appreciation of what he intended as a "*good joke*."

On the morning of the 29th we received marching orders, and left Springfield about 3 o'clock in the afternoon—taking the road to Little York—and reached "*Camp Mush*" at 7 o'clock the same evening. This camp was memorable to those of our men who had served with the First Iowa as the spot where that regiment at one time lay, subsisting on "*mush*" made of corn meal, which was the only rations they received. The

place was known as " Pond Springs," three miles distant from the town of Little York, the ground on the east being that occupied by the right of Gen. LYON's army during the battle of Wilson's Creek. The ground is broken by abrupt hills and ravines, with little timber, except upon the west, in the vicinity of the creek. It was here I first learned that many of our men had commenced a large business in Confederate currency, or what seemed just as good, the *fac simile* money, which was then deemed by the rebel sympathizers better and safer than greenbacks. Having learned of this weakness of our "Southern brethren" before leaving Rolla, many of them had bought large amounts of this spurious trash, which *only purported* to be an imitation of the Confederate note, and were now passing it off freely in the way of trade, but always in such amounts as required at least *some change* in return. We here met many who were willing to exchange " Lincoln greenbacks " for this *fac simile* stuff, dollar for dollar, and as the boys had purchased it at Rolla for about the original cost of the paper, they made quite a handsome profit in the transaction. Nor was " Guss " behind in this new speculation, for meeting with a secesh who thought *larnen was of no use*, offered to trade a large bill which the native thought a little suspicious ; but " Guss " soon convinced him all was right by declaring, " dat war a new style Confederate note," which afterwards proved to be a patent medicine label. The Bank of " Fac Simile " will have a large

run if it redeems all its notes our boys put in circulation in Missouri and Arkansas.

The camp was highly excited on the night of the 30th by various rumors of a battle said to be in progress at or near Mt. Vernon, between Gen. BLUNT's forces and the rebel army under Gen. RAINS. Gen. BLUNT, the report informed us, had been defeated and was then in full retreat. Orders came to company commanders to have three days' rations cooked and be ready to march at a moment's notice, which was immediately followed by another to extinguish all fires in camp—rendering obedience to the first impossible—and still again followed by another for the men to sleep upon their arms. The night passed, however, without further alarms, and we left on the following day at noon, taking the Mt. Vernon road, with one day's cooked rations, and after marching about eighteen miles encamped—as usual, in a field of *thrifty weeds*.

Next morning, October 2nd, we were again on the march at 7 o'clock. Rumor the night previous had located the battle ground eighteen miles beyond Mt. Vernon, and we accordingly passed through that town without halting, bivouacking for the night at a place called "Camp Sassafraz." The citizens along our line of march during the day were evidently in a high state of excitement, and rumors multiplied as we advanced, but arriving in camp we learned from an "*intelligent contraband*" that the fighting was still *thirty miles distant*! and later still that there had yet been but little fighting

done. Rumor also now informed us that the enemy were concentrating large forces at Newtonia, where they were strongly entrenched behind stone breastworks. Resting in camp until the 4th, we were ordered to prepare to march at 7 o'clock same evening, and leaving our transportation train under guard, that hour found us on our way to Newtonia. Orders were given that no loud talking or noise should be heard in the ranks. During the early part of the night we had clear moonlight and pleasant marching over high prairie land, but about midnight heavy clouds obscured the moon and soon after rain commenced falling, and leaving the prairie we entered a heavily timbered tract of country which rendered the darkness intense. While crossing this prairie we were at one time ordered to halt, and while lying on the grass, had an opportunity of seeing an Indian regiment pass. They were mounted on horses, some of which had neither saddle nor bridle—the warriors painted, their waists bare—and as they trooped past in silence, except the pattering of the muffled feet of their horses on the soft prairie grass, resembled a troop of hideous spectres—with the 1st Iowa Cavalry they formed our advance.

The rain which continued to fall during the greater part of the night, had swelled all the creeks and rivulets on our way, and we frequently found ourselves floundering through water which often came over our boot tops. Continuing our march rapidly until near 11 o'clock, A. M., we suddenly heard in advance the heavy booming of artillery which told us the fight had commenced, and

with renewed energy and a loud cheer we dashed forward at "double-quick." Owing to long fatigue and the incumbrance of heavy knapsacks, our pace had settled down to a walk, when some one in advance, as the sounds of battle increased, shouted, "Throw away your knapsacks, men,"—when knapsacks, haversacks and blankets were thrown off, and thus lightened, we were but a few minutes passing over the intervening distance to the edge of the prairie, where the battle-field was in view. To the right and left, as far as the vision could extend, was a seemingly boundless prairie; in front, and about two miles distant, was the town of Newtonia, with its tall court-house cupola glistening in the sun; just to the left of it was the famous stone wall and barn, around which seemed to be several regiments drawn up in line of battle. Immediately in rear of the town rose a long line of abrupt hills, crowned with timber, and along the base of which, just entering the timber, were groups of flying horsemen, which we were afterwards informed was the "Texan Rangers," who composed the rear of the rebel army, and were now being hotly pursued by the Indians of Gen. BLUNT'S command, who kept up an irregular *fire in their rear*. We were immediately formed in line of battle—rifles loaded—and advanced. Our one and a half mile march in line was somewhat varied by an oblique, a half-wheel, and a few manœuvres not laid down in the tactics—one of which consisted in the regiment first opening into wide gaps, and again suddenly closing, thus forcing the center companies into innumerable ranks.

When within half a mile of the supposed enemy, we discovered that there was no fighting for us to do, and halted, feeling somewhat chagrined that all these war-like manifestations had been made in the presence, not of enemies, but a large number of our friends who were quietly sitting on the fences and watching our manœuvres with much apparent interest.

After stacking our arms those of the men who had thrown off their clothing, &c., returned to seek their property, but found that the Indians and stragglers from other regiments had already appropriated it. A rail fence near by furnished us abundant fuel, and large fires were soon blazing in our camp. A flock of sheep, quietly grazing on the prairie not far away, a *few* geese, and *many* chickens was then seized upon, and slaughtered, and secesh mutton-chops and poultry were soon breiling on coals, but the absence of salt rendered our repast unpalatable.

Many amusing occurrences took place during our advance, which will now be remembered with a smile by the actors themselves. I will only relate two, however, as too much space would be required for giving all.

We had just arrived where the artillery and musketry firing seemed to be but a short distance in advance, and every man was putting forth his best endeavors to reach the scene of strife as quickly as possible—when all at once we were startled by Lieut. D——’s shouting at the top of his voice—“*Throw away your knapsacks, my bully boys! remember old Linn!!*” and then, from ex-

haustion, there followed a kind of indescribable howl, similar to what is called a "tiger," in cheering. Just at this instant some one in advance called out, "hold on to your knapsacks, men." Hearing this, the Lieutenant shouted again—"Hold on to your knapsacks, my *bully* boys! remember *old* Linn!" and closed with another howl.

Capt. BYRAM by this time had his war spirit aroused, and determined that Scott county should be heard from also. Turning to his men, as he with difficulty kept pace with them in their rapid progress, he called out—"Soldiers, remember where *you come from*—" then having lost distance, he ran forward a few moments, and again turned to finish his patriotic appeal—"and *do as I do!!*"—but unfortunately at this moment the Captain stepped into a mud-puddle, and falling was almost lost from view beneath the mud. However, he was unearthed and overtook us before we reached the prairie.

While we were forming line and getting our rifles loaded, an old darkey who had stolen himself from his master and followed us some days, was observed by the Chaplain making a movement as for retreat. He accosted him—"Well, Sam, now this war is all gotten up for your benefit, you ought to take a gun and help fight these rebels."

"Massa, I'se afeard them big guns—I is, sho'."

"But you must put your trust in God, and you will not be hurt."

"Ise dunno 'bout dat—but if you tinks I orter do it,

why I'll jis trus de Lord dis time an' do it, anyhow"—and getting an old gun he organized himself into a distinct force, and with "Guss," gallantly supported our rear.

The rebel fortifications consisted of a large three-story stone barn surrounded by a stone wall four feet in height, with a ditch inside running close along under the wall, being doubtless intended as a rifle-pit. If these works, however, were constructed as fortifications this idea was probably drawn from a like brilliant conception of Gen. PILLOW's in Mexico, viz : *putting the ditch inside the fort*. Their force occupying these works was estimated at 7,000. On the preceding Tuesday, they had been attacked by a Union force of State Militia, but after a short action the Militia were defeated with a loss of forty in killed and wounded, when they retreated, leaving a few prisoners in the hands of the rebels. In our plan of attack, the place was to be approached on three sides ; by our brigade on the east, and by two brigades of Gen. BLUNT's army—one on the north and the other on the west. Owing to the rain which rendered the roads almost impassable for artillery, and difficulty of finding our way through the woods on the preceding night, we arrived after Gen. BLUNT made his attack, and the rebels retreating at once gave us no opportunity of participating in the battle, although we captured two prisoners on our arrival. Our wagons came in on the evening of the 6th and we immediately moved about two miles north from the town, and went into camp near the timber. Having

salt now, and bread also, we relished our meat much better.

On the morning of the 7th we were suddenly called into line—camp broken up, and wagons loaded. After a rapid march of one mile we halted—the wagons were “parked” and the brigade formed in line of battle—cavalry on both flanks, and artillery in the centre; a skirmish line was then thrown forward towards some timber in our front, and we advanced on an imaginary enemy, through high weeds, frog-ponds, and corn-fields—over ditches and fences—creating great commotion among the rabbits, and carrying panic and death among the frogs. After some three hours hard work at this, an imaginary victory perched upon our banners, the rabbits were driven successfully from the field, the frogs annihilated, when we returned triumphantly to camp and slept on our arms, with orders to be prepared to resume our march at any moment. On the morning of the 8th, however, we again pitched our tents, and during the day received orders to march the following morning at daybreak.

We left camp at Newtonia at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 9th, and took the road leading to Cassville. We had proceeded only about four miles when a heavy rain commenced falling, which continued without intermission until next morning, rendering the roads impassable for our wagons. Just at dark we filed off to the right from the main road a short distance, and bivouacked for the night in the woods. As usual, a rail fence

furnished us excellent fuel, but as the rain still continued falling in torrents some trouble was experienced in getting fires to burn. But little effort was made to dry our clothing, in consequence of the continuance of the rain. My boots were filled with water, and not being able to pull them off, I lay down beside a tree and elevated my feet in order to allow the water to run out. I then determined to seek shelter at a log house I had observed a short distance back on the road, and accordingly started. After many unfortunate mishaps in getting over brush piles and logs in the darkness, I at length reached the house, but was informed at the door that it had been "appropriated for hospital purposes, and was filled with sick men and nurses." On entering, I was somewhat astonished at the great number and apparent activity of the nurses, but *unable to see the sick men*. A number of officers were present, who manifested a concern for the sick which I had failed to observe on any previous occasion. Whisky-toddies, and stewed chickens were being prepared and disposed of for the benefit of the sick *by the nurses* with a liberality which was astonishing. Finding the room uncomfortably crowded, after partaking the hospitality of the chief nurse, (Lt. S.) I repaired to a large barn on the opposite side of the road, and after forcing my way through the 37th Illinois, which seemed to have encamped bodily on the lower floor, climbed to the second story, where I found Surgeons RISTINE and BLANDING, Major THOMPSON, Captain BATES, and others of our own, with a few officers from

other regiments, lying in the dirty chaff and straw with which the floor was covered. After lying down a few minutes, the great annoyance from fleas and coldness of the night, compelled me to get up and seek a fire. Not being able to find accommodations at any that were burning on the lower floor, I determined to inaugurate a general conflagration where *all* could be accommodated. I accordingly collected all the dry rubbish convenient, and piled it up in a remote corner; then procured a brand, and, after getting the establishment well on fire, gave the alarm. There was soon a commotion which showed that *all* in that barn were not sleeping, but some inconsiderate person defeated the enterprise before much benefit was derived from my labor.

The rain having now somewhat abated, I returned to camp, lay down on the ground and experienced a new feature in hydropathy—a *sleeping-bath*. At daybreak, being quite hungry, I concluded to make an effort to procure breakfast at the little town of Gadfly, which stood only a short distance from camp. In company with two other officers we proceeded to the most promising looking house in the cluster of half dozen log huts that composed the village. On entering we found the room already occupied by a number of soldiers, and the lady of the house busily engaged in cooking corn-bread for them. However we determined to remain and await *our turn* for breakfast. While doing so we were informed "that if we wanted anything beside corn-bread we would have to furnish it ourselves," as she had no provisions beside

corn-meal, and no salt to season that." We were furnished, however, by a soldier present, with a ration of tea and sugar from his haversack, and as the men had now discovered hogs in a pen near by, and were butchering them, we also added a pork-steak to our scanty bill of fare.

While preparing breakfast the lady informed us that her husband was a soldier in the Confederate army, and would, she hoped, "shoot some of youens" for killing her hogs and cow, which were at that moment being slaughtered in the front yard. During breakfast we were much annoyed by chickens which in their endeavor to escape from the soldiers who were pursuing them, sometimes flew on the table and spilled our tea. When we offered pay for our breakfast, the lady informed us that "Lincoln money" would not be received—and as we had no Confederate money, we were indebted to a soldier for the loan of a \$5 bill on the "Fae Simile" bank, which she received very thankfully.

We remained in camp here until the morning of the 12th, when we resumed our march for Cassville, where we arrived at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day.

CHAPTER IV.

CASSVILLE — THE STATE ELECTION — MARCH TO PEA RIDGE—EXCITEMENT AND A NIGHT MARCH—TURNIPS *vs.* ORDERS—FIND THE REBEL CAMP BUT NOT THE REBELS—MYSTERIOUS MOVEMENTS—ANOTHER NIGHT MARCH—STEALING A QUILT—GALLANTRY OF AN OFFICER—MUDTOWN AND CROSS-HOLLOWS—OSAGE SPRINGS —UNOFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE CAMPAIGN.

We pitched our tents on a high level piece of ground nearly half a mile due north of the town, with Silver Creek running between. This is quite a handsome place with a population, I should suppose, of about 250 inhabitants, and is the county-seat of Barry county. There were about thirty houses remaining in the place, many having been burned—and of the remaining thirty, *seven* were occupied by families at the time we arrived. It is *sixty* miles distant from Springfield, and an equal distance from Fayetteville, Arkansas, on the direct road from the former to the latter place. The houses, both in the town and on the farms in the vicinity, were of a much better class than any we had before seen since leaving Springfield. Like most other cities and towns in the South, there was a large public square, in the centre of which stood the Court House, and on the four sides, facing it, were all the business establishments of the place. In various parts of the town chimneys were

standing alone, marking the spot where houses had once stood—silent mementos of the war.

It often occurred to me while contemplating these, and the desolation which surrounded them, that an epitaph would not be inappropriate—as that would complete their grave-yard look. The epitaph might appropriately read—

IN MEMORY
OF THE
FORMER RESIDENCE OF THE HON. JUDGE SMITH,
BEING A BURNED OFFERING
ON THE ALTAR OF
State Treason and Civil War.

The election commissioner from Iowa, J. L. DAVIES, Esq., of Davenport, arrived on the 13th, and we were notified that an election would be held for State officers on the following day. Opposition to soldiers voting was a new subject now thrown into the great boiling cauldron of politics in the northern States. Enemies of the Union and sympathizers with the rebellion urged stoutly that as United States soldiers in the regular army were not allowed the right of suffrage, it would be a "violation of the Constitution" for our citizens while in the army to participate in the election of officers. Not so, however, with the loyal Legislature and people of Iowa, who declared that those who had voluntarily perilled their lives for their country, and who were then en

during the hardships of war and the dangers of an open enemy in the field, should not be denied the right of freemen in fighting at the ballot-box those whom they regarded as an equally dangerous enemy at home. But after the polls were opened it was found there had been only one kind of tickets furnished, and the men not belonging to the political party which the tickets represented, were somewhat indignant that *their friends at home*, had not sent *them* tickets also. However, the election passed off quietly and speedily, and free from all kinds of wire-working usual on such occasions.

On the evening of the 13th four houses in the town took fire and were burned down, notwithstanding the efforts of a large concourse of soldiers to extinguish the fire by *throwing stones* at it; an extraordinary display of Gen. TOTTEN's energy was also witnessed on this occasion, in kicking a Missouri Lieutenant through the crowd because he threw stones at the wrong house.

The "Army of the Frontier" was here organized, the 1st Division under Gen. BLUNT, the 2nd under Gen. TOTTEN, and the 3rd under Gen. HERRON—Gen. SCHOFIELD commanding the whole. The 1st Iowa Cavalry was transferred to the 3rd Division, and one battallion of the 6th Missouri Cavalry, under Major MONTGOMERY, took its place in the 2nd Division.

On the morning of the 17th we left Cassville at 7 o'clock, in the direction of Fayetteville, Arkansas, on the Telegraph Road. We passed during the forenoon better looking farms than on any previous day's march.

Few of the farm houses were occupied, and we saw but few fields under cultivation. We passed one or two fields of cotton, but there was no appearance of care on the part of the owner to keep the weeds out—in fact they were in a more flourishing condition than the crop.

We passed through the town of Keithsville about noon without halting. This was a very pretty village—containing some half dozen houses, and as many chimneys standing alone in various parts of the town.

One brigade of Gen. BLUNT'S army was encamped here when we passed through the town, consisting of one regiment of Kansas mounted infantry, and two regiments of Indians, also mounted, with a few pieces of light artillery. I noticed a few of the Indians very well clothed, but the greater portion of them had on no other garments than a profuse covering of paint, which was put on for the double purpose of ornament and to designate the tribe to which they belonged. I observed one fine athletic fellow whose only clothing consisted of a huge *spur*, fastened on his heel by a piece of rope, and a small bell hanging to his nose.

After leaving this place our road lay through a very hilly country, and more thinly settled. Reaching a ravine, before ascending the hill on which the battle of Pea Ridge was fought, we were somewhat astonished at the amount of labor which had been expended in felling trees. The entire space of ground embraced between the hills on either side, was covered with fallen timber, which had been so arranged as to form an abattis.

Since the battle, however, a road had been cut through, along which we passed, and ascended an abrupt hill, which brought us at once on the battle-field. The first object of interest which presented itself, was the ground on which the dead of our own army were buried—and many men from the 37th Illinois regiment, who had participated in the action, hastened to visit the graves of their comrades who had there fallen. Next, our attention was attracted to the trees, which bore evidence to the terrible artillery firing on the part of the rebels—and were also perforated with rifle balls; but the object of chief interest was the house in which the rebel Gen. McCULLOCH had died, which was the headquarters of the rebel army—where Gen. PRICE issued his orders during the battle, confidently expecting to entertain his antagonist after a short decisive battle and victory. It was a large two story frame house, standing on the right of the road as we reached the field, and half a mile beyond the grave yard. There was a large old fashioned sign swinging on the top of a pole, in front, ornamented with a pair of Elk's horns, and underneath the word "Tavern"—which we interpreted to mean "Elkhorn Tavern." There were fields beyond, but the house was almost entirely surrounded by timber, being not over an acre of cleared ground surrounding it, and no fences of any kind—we here bivouacked for the night.

Next morning at 4 o'clock, marched two miles south, where we pitched our tents, being much fatigued by our twenty-eight mile march of the previous day.

The men were enabled while here to procure abundance of wild game—deer, and wild turkeys—which could be constantly seen in the woods.

Much excitement existed in camp on the night of the 18th. Rumors were prevalent that a large rebel army in two columns, was advancing to drive us back—one from Fayetteville, and another from Huntsville, and that the former had arrived and taken up its position at a place called "Cross-Hollows," only eighteen miles distant.

Orders were issued to have three day's rations in our haversacks, and be prepared to move at a moment's notice. We slept on our arms that night, and confidently expected that our long hoped for meeting with the rebels would take place on the next day. Much care was taken that each man should have his forty rounds of ammunition, and an inspection by company commanders ordered. But on examination the men were found not only to have their "forty rounds," but *extra ammunition in their pockets*. However, the night passed off quietly till about 2 o'clock in the morning, when a rifle shot rung out clear and distinct from our picket post on the road, which brought some of us to our feet suddenly, and seizing our swords we listened breathlessly for the volley which would follow, if the enemy were approaching. But as there was no further demonstrations we again fell asleep, and did not awake till daybreak.

The following day (20th) we received orders to be prepared to march the same evening at 5 o'clock with

three days' rations in haversacks—leaving our tents, knapsacks, and wagons behind—carrying only our blankets, arms, ammunition, and haversacks. We accordingly started at that hour in the direction of Huntsville, which was distant forty miles. We passed over a very rough mountainous country, and had a disagreeable and hard night march. The night was cool, and there was no moon-light to guide us over the rough stony road, and many of the men whose shoes had been almost worn out on our previous marches, were soon entirely barefoot; yet, with a fortitude not often seen in any other regiment, they kept on, with bleeding, lacerated feet, determined to share in the expected battle.

About 2 o'clock in the morning we suddenly descended an abrupt hill, and found by the sounds in front that our artillery were fording a considerable stream of water. But as no time was allowed us for reflection as to its probable depth—whether we would have to wade or swim—we soon found ourselves nearly waist deep, in a swift current of cold water—the monotony of a chilly sensation and the uncertainty as to whether we were *crossing* or had adopted the bed of the stream as a road to travel on, was relieved occasionally by a sudden tumbling over a huge boulder stone, thus completing our bath. But by some, I regret to say, this blessing was not appreciated, and the second commandment (thou shalt not take the name, &c.,) was violated. We afterwards learned this was the War Eagle, a tributary of White River.

Just before daybreak we halted for a short time, as we supposed for a few minutes rest, but afterwards learned that some doubt was entertained at headquarters as to whether we were on the right road. When day dawned we found ourselves in a narrow ravine, with high precipitous hills, in which were imbedded huge overhanging rocks, rising on either side, and a large saw mill just in front of us. The march was then resumed, and after passing the mill a turnip patch was seen in advance ; but as strict orders had been given that no one should leave the ranks for the purpose of procuring provisions, or "*on any pretext whatever,*" our inventive genius at once commenced devising ways and means by which to get some of the tempting esculent. Capt. H., however, was the only one who succeeded in that enterprise, and I will venture to give his mode of doing so. Selecting a few of his men on whom he could rely in such an undertaking, he instructed them to get in advance, and secure as many of the turnips as possible, before Col. LEAKE came up, and if the Colonel said anything, he (Capt. H.) would immediately order them back to the company, and they should take no offence if he swore pretty hard at them—but by all means *be sure to get the turnips*. Accordingly when the Colonel discovered them he at once rode up to the fence, but the hungry Captain was watching the proceedings closely, and at once shouted "never mind, Colonel, they are my men—d——d if I don't buck and gag every one of them!—Get out of that, you thieving scoundrels, and come into your places! I'll

teach you to leave your company and "jayhawk" turnips, you villains"—and then, as they fell into their places with their pockets full of the coveted luxury, he joined them and received his share.

About noon for some distance our road lay near the brink of a precipitous hill, and some three hundred feet beneath us we caught a glimpse for the first time of White River. But as we were on a forced march, and very much exhausted, no object of interest could be enjoyed, and we only gave it a passing glance as we hurried forward and were soon again in the pine woods, and among the cotton fields which lie in the low lands bordering on that stream. As the sun was just sinking from view, there came sounds of the heavy rapid galloping of cavalry in our rear, and in a few moments a column dashed past—the jaded horses covered with foam—and were lost to view in the gloom of the thick forest beyond. Then came a few pieces of light artillery, and as that thundered past at the utmost speed of the horses, our pace was quickened, and all the fatigue of our past twenty-seven hours hard marching vanished. On we went—past farm houses whose bright cheerful lights sometimes for a moment flashed upon us, and then again left us in a deeper gloom—anon a slight deviation from the beaten road, and we were precipitated into a ditch, or scrambling through a brush pile—but the assurance we felt that the long sought enemy were now almost in our grasp, gave us an energy that would have overcome any obstacle. We now passed a farm house, and as we

emerged from the cleared ground and re-entered the forest, came upon a large number of camp fires, and heard far in advance an irregular discharge of rifle shots. We were ordered to halt, and bivouacked for the night in the camp occupied a few minutes before by the rebels. As usual, they had been notified of our approach in time to retreat. Our cavalry skirmished with them as far as Huntsville, six miles distant—killing two and capturing seven prisoners. No regular order in encamping was observed—each company selecting its own ground, and in some instances several companies occupying the same ground. Companies E, K and H, occupied a level space between the end of a large barn and creek, with an abundance of good straw for bedding. However, we were a little annoyed by a disagreeable smell during the night which, as we discovered next morning, was caused by the half decayed heads of cattle lying around us—the spot having been used by the rebels as a slaughter-yard.

At 9 o'clock on the following morning, (Oct. 22nd) we moved one mile and again halted—this time in an open field, where we remained during the day; various and conflicting rumors as to movements of the rebels being in the meantime actively circulated. They were said to be in large force at Huntsville, and prepared to give us battle; and the opinion was prevalent that we were awaiting the arrival of Gen. HERRON'S division (the 3rd) before making an attack.

At 4 o'clock P. M., October 22nd, we were ordered

to be prepared to march at a moment's notice, and a few minutes later all were ready for a move. The few wagons and ambulances which had accompanied us were sent forward to the head of the division, and our regiment left to act as rear guard.

Just at dark we fell into line, and moved forward in strict silence, for about half a mile—then halted. After standing a few minutes, we observed large fires burning some distance in advance, and on either side of us, but the men were prohibited from leaving the ranks to warm themselves at them, and becoming chilled from standing in the night air, some enterprising individuals attempted to get up small fires, but the attempt met with disfavor from the commanding officer, who positively forbid that anything should be done which would attract the attention of the enemy. After the lapse of some fifteen minutes, we again moved forward, but after proceeding a few rods, again halted—and other attempts at getting up fires made, with a like result; another short forward movement, brought us into a corn-field, and mysterious little fires sprung up all along the line, but being in such close proximity to the larger ones on either side of us, they were probably not detected, as no objection was made to them. We were perplexed to know what all the mystery of our movements meant—whether we were retreating, or advancing on Huntsville. Huge fires were constantly springing up in every direction—fences and stacks of grain were blazing, as well as timber in the woods, and we knew by some of the lights in the distance,

that houses were also being burned. If our movements in the early part of the night were intended to bewilder the enemy, and succeeded as well in that quarter as they did with us, it was a complete success. After about three hours spent in this description of successive marches and halts we had only advanced a distance of one mile, and our patience was nearly exhausted.

During one of these halts, which happened immediately in front of a large frame house, I had taken a seat on the fence opposite the door, when a lady came out in her night dress and informed me that one of the men had come into her room through a window and taken the clothing off her bed, and she had just awoke as he was leaving the room. She added that she was a "Union woman"—that she had previously lost the greater portion of her household goods by Missouri guerrillas, and the clothing now stolen was all that remained for her bed. Lt. O—h, who was sitting near by, on hearing the case, at once volunteered to institute a search for the lost bedding, and after escorting the lady to her room, proceeded on his undertaking with a zeal that would have done credit to a "detective." His first question, "*who stole a quilt?*" delivered in a loud indignant tone elicited a general laugh, and perhaps caused a little anxiety on the part of some of the men to know if any more "quilts" could be found in that neighborhood, as the article happened to be precisely what was most in demand. However, he afterwards adopted a more quiet mode of procedure, and after a search of about fifteen minutes re-

turned in triumph, having found the "quilt" secreted in a corner of the fence. He restored it to the owner through a hole in the window, receiving her thanks with becoming modesty—little supposing that the lady entertained any suspicions that he had been the purloiner himself.

Just at daylight on the following morning, having only passed over the distance of five miles during the night, our pace was quickened, and we marched rapidly until near 5 o'clock in the evening, when we reached "Mudtown," where we bivouacked for the night.

"Mudtown" was a village of some fifteen small log houses, situated on the direct road leading from Springfield to Fayetteville, and the population, so far as I was able to judge, did not exceed ten or twelve individuals. There were by-paths leading to the western entrance to Cross-Hollows, seven miles distant, a favorite resort for guerrilla bands, from its being situated at the intersection of a number of deep ravines, and well shut in by an almost perpendicular wall of rocks and precipitous hills, with innumerable pathways leading to the summit through crevices in the rocks—which enabled sentinels to descend and give timely notice of the approach of danger to parties in the valley beneath. The main road leading from Springfield to Fayetteville, passed directly through it, and on account of its natural strength, and the abundance of good spring water which issued from its rocky sides, the place was much used as a camping ground.

Having marched a distance of thirty-seven miles since the previous evening, we were much fatigued, and slept soundly that night.

On the following morning we received orders to march at 9 o'clock A. M., and as we had no rations to cook, or tents to strike, mechanically got out of our blankets and started at the appointed hour, with no particular ceremony.

After passing through Mudtown, we struck off to the left and had an easy march of thirteen miles, over a less hilly country than that of the previous day, arriving in camp at Ozark Springs at half past three o'clock P. M.

Soon after going into camp a cool north wind set in, and our tents not yet having overtaken us from Pea Ridge, the men at once commenced gathering brush and heaping it up near their fires in such a manner as to shield themselves from the cold. Having so arranged my *brush pile* as to allow sufficient room to lie down between that and the fire, I drew the cape of my overcoat around my head, and was soon sleeping soundly. I was awakened a short time before daybreak by the ravings of a private belonging to company K, who was delirious from fever. On rising I found that a heavy snow-storm had set in, which had extinguished the fires, and the snow already covered the ground to the depth of two inches. Soon afterwards the whole camp was stirring, and large fires burning—the fuel, as usual, consisting of rails taken from fences.

Our wagons came up during the day, bringing our

tents and provisions—the latter much needed, as the rations we had carried with us were exhausted. The sun came out warm, and the snow soon disappeared, but left the ground cold and wet. We found a few sweet potatoes in a field near camp, which were well relished after our long diet on government rations. By means of “jayhawking,” a necessary accomplishment, and by this time well understood in our regiment, we were also sometimes so fortunate as to have chickens, and other delicacies on our tables. Apples were abundant, but having been frozen, they were not much sought after.

Reports came to us on the 25th that Gen. HERRON had defeated the rebels, capturing six pieces of artillery, a number of prisoners, and a train of salt wagons on their way to Fayetteville. This report induced me to make some inquiries as to the object of our late mysterious movements, when the following *unofficial* information was obtained :

Gen. BLUNT's command was composed of mounted Kansas infantry and Indians, with a few cavalry regiments ; being thus enabled to move with greater celerity than either of the other divisions, he of course always took the advance, striking the first blow, and if he found himself unable to cope successfully with a superior force of the enemy, simply held him in check until the other two divisions could come to his assistance. We were thus kept almost continually on the move, and occasionally, as at Newtonia, after making a forced march

arrived on the ground just in time to see Gen. BLUNT win a victory which our arrival secured to him, but for which we received no credit.

When we left Pea Ridge for Huntsville, Gen. HERRON advanced on Cross-Hollows, driving a small rebel force back to Fayetteville. Gen. BLUNT broke camp at Keithsville, and took up his line of march towards Fayetteville. After passing Mudtown, however, he suddenly wheeled off to the right towards Bentonville, thus placing himself directly between the two rebel forces at Huntsville and Fayetteville, with the other two divisions of our own army on either flank.

In the meantime the rebels at Huntsville, unaware of the changed disposition of the forces under Gens. BLUNT and HERRON—doubtless supposing our division the only one in the vicinity—likewise determined on a “flank” movement, by which they would pass our left, capture our trains in the rear, and by uniting with their other force in the vicinity of Fayetteville, make a combined attack on HERRON and defeat him before either of the other divisions could come to his assistance.

They accordingly left Huntsville simultaneously with our arrival, and by making a detour to the left passed us. But some hesitation in their movements now ensued, and they bivouacked that night midway between Huntsville and Bentonville. In the meantime HERRON had been warily observing the movements of events, and after the departure of our division towards Huntsville, with a corresponding advance of BLUNT in the direction of Ben-

tonville, he determined not to remain an idle spectator, but add another link in the chain of these already complicated "strategic" movements. The distance intervening, however, between him and the field of operations was sixty miles. The sun had already gone down—the night was dark, and the roads, from their obscurity, impracticable for artillery. Nothing daunted by these obstacles, his resolution was at once formed. Hastily ordering out his cavalry, he put himself at its head with trusty guides, and dashed off. His knowledge of the movements of Gen. MARMADUKE, (commanding the rebels) obtained from scouts, proved more accurate than that possessed by BLUNT, who was now, notwithstanding his thorough knowledge of border warfare—aided by two regiments of Indian scouts—about to have his well laid plans thwarted by the indomitable energy of this young Iowa tactician, who performed his sixty mile ride in the short space of *eight hours*. The first intimation of coming danger in the rebel camp was heralded by the clash of sabres and pistol shots in their midst. The surprise was complete, and no resistance made. In the confusion each man thought alone of his own safety, and many were so fortunate as to secure horses and escape, leaving their entire camp equipage, artillery and trains, with a large number of prisoners in the hands of our cavalry.

MARMADUKE succeeded in rallying a small portion of his command, with which he retreated towards Bentonville. But another disagreeable surprise yet awaited him, as BLUNT'S forces lay directly on his route. On

arriving at Bentonville, therefore, instead of meeting the expected support of his co-operating forces, he found himself suddenly confronted by that officer, who continued the pursuit to Fayetteville. Gen. BLUNT's chagrin at being thus outwitted, and having a victory almost within his grasp unexpectedly snatched from him, was, no doubt, equal to MARMADUKE's surprise. The flight of the rebels continued beyond Boston Mountains, whither they were followed by the Indians, who ceased their pursuit and annoyance only when the Arkansas River placed the panic stricken fugitives beyond their reach.

The immediate results growing out of this brief campaign, were of vast importance to the inhabitants in the region of country lying along the southwestern border of Missouri, as they were now relieved from the presence of this formidable body of marauders under command of Gen. MARMADUKE, who had long infested it—and whose depredations had been a source of continual annoyance. Having their headquarters at Huntsville, with lines south to Fort Smith, they were enabled to make frequent incursions into Missouri—penetrating at times almost as far north as Springfield. It was the main body of this same force under Col. COFFEE which we encountered at Newtonia early in October, and who fell back from that place, followed as far as Keithsville by Gen. BLUNT.

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER NIGHT MARCH—FAYETTEVILLE OCCUPIED—DIS-
APPOINTMENT—"JAYHAWKING" A NECESSITY—PILLAG-
ING—INEXPLICABLE CONDUCT OF OUR COMMANDERS—
SUDDEN EVACUATION OF THE PLACE—OUR SICK ABAN-
DONED, WHO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE REBELS—
RETURN TO MISSOURI—KEITHSVILLE BURNED—MARCH
TO MARIONSVILLE.

A deep anxiety prevailed in regard to the movements of Generals BLUNT and HERRON who were still in the neighborhood of Fayetteville. Rumors were current that the former had met with a slight reverse and had been compelled to fall back from Bentonville. Consequently when we received orders at 8 o'clock P. M., October 27th, to march immediately, no surprise was felt and we at once concluded that we were to hasten to his assistance to take part in another combination of "strategical movements" by which, as usual, we were destined to perform the labor while the other divisions would reap the honor. We accordingly, after a hasty preparation, set out in a southwest direction.

The fall season was well advanced and the nights were cold and chilling; but the 37th Illinois being in the advance we were well supplied with fires, as that regiment were proverbial for frequent rests and a vague idea as to the utility of leaving fences or other combustible matter

in their rear. The country over which we passed during the night was much broken, but at the approach of day we intersected the direct road from Springfield to Fayetteville, which was bordered by fine farms, the land less rugged but still presenting some of the desolating effects of war in the smouldering ruins of mills, dwellings, and deserted farms. At daybreak our march was quickened, the battery was hurried to the front, regiments began closing up, and we were convinced a crisis was at hand. Continuing our march without hearing the report of artillery we began to hope that the 2nd division had out-maneuvered or out-marched the 1st and 3rd, and if fighting was to be done, we would have the glory of participating in it. But, alas, our hopes were again doomed to disappointment. When within two miles of Fayetteville, we heard the heavy booming of those twelve pounders, which so animated us at Newtonia, but which told us plainly enough we were again too late. Halting when we had arrived nearly in the suburbs of the town, weary and disappointed, we flung ourselves down by the roadside, listening to the sounds of battle as it gradually died away in the distance towards Boston Mountain.

Remaining here till 2 o'clock P. M., we were marched through the village, bivouacking in a ravine on the west side. The first objects of interest that here caught our attention on halting, were a number of swine, which had failed to imitate their owners in running away, and as we had been disappointed in smelling rebel gunpowder, were amply compensated in feasting on rebel pork, and

the rich abundance of vegetables from gardens in the vicinity. Calling upon the inhabitants generally for contributions of milk, butter, corn-bread, preserves, jellies, &c., they were promptly furnished, as a refusal to comply would probably have been followed by greater loss. The dainties thus provided through the fears of our secesh friends, notwithstanding they were the productions of rebel soil, and gathered from rebel cellars and cupboards, were found well adapted to loyal palates after a weary march and long fast. The sumptuous repast thus furnished us by the intensely disloyal citizens of this town, will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the 20th regiment.

By our frequent long and hasty marches, our commissary department had become nearly exhausted, and as sufficient rations could not be regularly drawn from that quarter, "jayhawking" had become a part of every man's duty for his own preservation for the time being. Each man, therefore, provided his own commissariat. By this course we were relieved from the necessity of making "provision returns," and the services of an issuing clerk were entirely dispensed with. We drew from the inhabitants by their fears—*from hen-roosts by the tail*—and thus made amends for the quartermaster's neglect in not giving us beef.

While some of the soldiers of the brigade were thus engaged in providing for the culinary department, there were many others busily employed in examining into the affairs of merchants and dealers who had carelessly

abandoned their places of business without locking the doors. This, some of our men thought, indicated an unwarrantable recklessness on the part of dry goods and grocery merchants and they at once proceeded to act as executors *de son tort*, and I will do them the justice to say that their work was thoroughly done. In some of the stores bolts of muslin, silks, ribbons and fancy goods were lying indiscriminately about the floor, among shovels, pitchforks, nails, and crockery-ware, over which large numbers of soldiers were constantly passing and re-passing in search of articles more useful for camp purposes. In the postoffice, which had been hastily abandoned on our approach, many "relio-hunters" were assembled, eagerly examining the letters which had been left—and when an epistle from some gushing "moon-struck" secesh lover to his sympathetic female friend was found and read aloud to the crowd of eager listeners, shouts of applause followed, and as the articles were being disposed of by auction, the letter was bought by the highest bidder, who paid for it with "Fayetteville scrip," a local currency which was found in abundance in all the stores.

A few private dwellings were also entered by men of other regiments, and acts of a disgraceful character perpetrated. The citizens who remained after our entry into the place, all claimed to be "good Union men," but in our journeyings through the south we never encountered one who did not disclaim all sympathy with the rebellion, but whom his neighbors, in their zeal to prove their own loyalty, would assure us was a "persecutor of

Union men." We soon came to the conclusion that all southern men who were not in our own or the rebel army were true to neither, but changed their professions in accordance with circumstances. This indiscriminate plundering, therefore, although against the strict orders of our commanding general, and deprecated by all the order-loving men of our own regiment, we never felt any inclination to check, unless on duty for that purpose.

After enjoying the hospitalities of our kind friends at Fayetteville until 8 o'clock on the morning of the 30th, we were suddenly ordered to prepare for marching immediately. Accordingly within an hour from the reception of the order, after placing several of our men who were sick in hospital, we hastily departed, and after a rapid march of eight hours arrived at the camp we occupied before going to Fayetteville.

Why we moved back in such haste, leaving our sick to fall into the hands of the rebels, who entered the town on the south-west while we were leaving it on the southeast, is still a mystery to me. At the time some of us supposed it to be a brilliant "strategical" move! but as no corresponding brilliant results were developed from it, I now believe that it may be classed with other of somebody's pleasantries—or blunders—which kept us continually on meaningless hard service.

The position of the other two divisions of our army at the time of our departure was a matter of some speculation. We learned, however, that in his engagement on the morning of our arrival at Fayetteville, Gen. BLUNT

had killed thirteen rebels, and captured a number of prisoners, with a loss on his part of one horse only.

The 2nd and 3rd divisions of the "Army of the Frontier," was now placed in position extending on a line from Huntsville to Cross-Hollows, and the 1st temporarily at Prairie Creek, some distance west of Bentonville—where we awaited future movements of the enemy.

We remained in camp at Osage Springs until November 2nd. Nothing occurred during our stay worthy of note, except that the monotonous routine of camp duties was sometimes relieved by startling rumors of bold exploits by BLUNT's command, and great activity on the part of our indefatigable wide-awake "jayhawkers," to whose perseverance our tables bore unmistakable evidence.

In the latter part of October orders were received from Gen. CURTIS at St. Louis, by which the 2nd and 3rd divisions were recalled from Arkansas. Accordingly on the morning of November 2nd, our regiment broke camp at Osage Springs at 10 o'clock A. M., and set out in the direction of Keithsville. We had an easy march of thirteen miles, and bivouacked at the junction of the Fayetteville and Huntsville roads, in an old cotton field at 4 o'clock in the afternoon—our place of encampment being called "Ford's Farm."

We remained in camp here until 1 o'clock P. M., on the following day, when our march was resumed on the road leading to Keithsville. After a rapid march of seventeen miles, over a dusty road we arrived at that

place at 8 o'clock the same evening, where we bivouacked for the night.

Keithsville, since our previous visit, had been the scene of much commotion, and was now a mass of ruins. By information received from one of the residents, still remaining in the locality, we learned that a party of guerrillas had attacked a mail carrier while passing through the town a few days previous to our arrival, on his way from our army to Cassville, severely wounding him. The carrier, however, succeeded in escaping to Cassville, pursued almost to the picket line at that place by the guerrillas, where he reported the outrage to Maj. MONTGOMERY, commanding the post. The Major at once despatched a squad of the 6th Missouri Cavalry to punish the offenders, who, not finding the guerrillas, retaliated on the citizens, by reducing the town to ashes.

Resuming our march from Keithsville at 7 o'clock on the following morning we found many of the fine farm houses which we had passed on our previous march from Cassville, now in ashes. The hand of desolating war had by this time begun to press heavily on this region of country, and its effects were now becoming visible. We passed Cassville without halting, but did not fail to observe, however, that the Court House, whose walls had so often reverberated with the voice of eloquence and the decrees of justice, and where each oppressive wrong received its just retribution, had now been converted to the double use of a stable and military prison—being occupied jointly by Confederate prisoners and mules. A

distinction had been made in favor of the mules, who occupied the ground floor, while a few guerrillas and desperadoes were closely guarded in the upper rooms. Strange association, but perhaps not inappropriate. Leaving this village, we followed the direct road to Springfield—wading Silver Creek, which we found “navigable for boots,” *seven times* in a march of four miles—and at 3 o’clock in the afternoon bivouacked at Camp “*Three Widows*.” This camp is twelve miles north of Cassville, and derived its name from its being located on part of three farms occupied by three widows of rebel officers. Our men were much fatigued on this twenty miles march, as the day was warm and few halts made to rest, yet the cheering anticipations of soon reaching Springfield—the hope of meeting the “paymaster”—and the bright visions of greenbacks, crinoline and civilization, measurably overcame our fatigue. But the following morning, shortly after resuming the march, our course was suddenly changed to the northwest, and all these bright visions of rest, civilization and money vanished into thin air.

We marched on the 5th about twenty miles over a good road, with many well improved farms on either side, and water more abundant—encamping at Marionville at half past four o’clock P. M.

CHAPTER VI.

MARIONSVILLE — ITS CHARACTERISTICS — HARDSHIPS ENDURED BY A LOYAL FAMILY—A FORCED MARCH—BATTLE GROUND OF WILSON'S CREEK — CONTINUE THE MARCH—"VIOLATION OF ORDERS" — MEN FALL EXHAUSTED BY THE ROADSIDE—ARRIVE AT OZARK—WHY THE MARCH WAS MADE.

Marionsville is a village of humble proportions, composed entirely of log houses, and situated on a hill near Honey Creek, about twenty-six miles from Springfield. Being almost entirely hid from view by a heavy growth of timber, the traveller, if unacquainted with the country, could not find it except on a close search. The rough, uncouth, irregular appearance of the whole village would almost make one think it had grown up with the forest and formed part of it. We only became aware of its existence, although camped for two days within four hundred yards of it, by seeing women peddling corn bread and ginger-cakes in camp. On enquiring where they lived, they answered "in that town over *thar*," pointing to the forest beyond the creek, and I was amply compensated for my visit to the place the same evening, by a view, for the first time in my life, of an entire village built of unhewn logs. If any of our readers desire a quiet residence, perfectly secluded from all the cares or annoyances of civilized society, this place

has greater claims on their consideration than any we have ever met. Women, children and dogs occupied the houses promiscuously, and their furniture, formed with an eye to utility and durability, had been manufactured alone by the *axe* and the *maul*. Honey was furnished us in abundance from carts made entirely of wood and drawn not unfrequently by teams consisting of a *cow and mule yoked together*!! The wheels of these carts were manufactured from a section of a tree sawed eight inches long, and being uneven in their thickness gave a peculiar motion to the vehicle not unlike that of a small boat in rough water, and an unmusical screeching most harrowing to the feelings. A brisk trade was carried on by the natives with our camp, giving it quite a market appearance. We have been thus particular in describing the manners, customs and appearance of this village as it may serve in a great measure for many other of the villages through which we passed.

While encamped here I became acquainted with a young man named Phillip Allen, a soldier belonging to the 6th Missouri Cavalry, who gave me the following account of the hardships suffered by his family since the breaking out of the war :

The family owned a well improved farm of three hundred acres three miles southeast from Cassville, and were living in very comfortable circumstances. His father, on the breaking out of the war, took an active part in opposition to the rebellion, and his less wealthy neighbors at once made this a pretext for robbing him. A

company had been organized in the neighborhood for home service in the Confederate cause, and his horses were first seized by them on the plea that they were needed in the service, and the act justified by asserting that he "was a d——d Yankee sympathizer, and had no right to stay in the country, any how." On the following day his cattle were taken and sold to the Confederate quartermaster at Springfield, and his elder brothers notified that unless they enlisted in the Confederate army they should be hanged. They, however, declined doing so, and taking their rifles at night fled to the adjoining county, where they became connected with a small band of young men who like themselves had been driven from their homes, and were compelled in self-defence to adopt a "bushwhacking" life. As their numbers increased they were enabled sometimes to assume the offensive, and inflict summary vengeance on their oppressors.

The guerrillas now charged the father with aiding the Yankees, and ordered him to leave the country in three days, on penalty of death. On the second day after serving this notice, they returned and shot him dead while sitting on the porch in front of his house. They then robbed the premises, and after setting the house on fire decamped. By the exertions of the mother and daughters some of the outbuildings were saved, and also a small portion of the household goods. On the next day these facts were communicated to the absent sons, who returned at once with a number of their comrades, and proceeded late at night to inflict summary vengeance on the villains

who had perpetrated the outrage. They succeeded the same night in capturing eighteen of the guilty party, who resided in the neighborhood, and hanged them. This prompt retaliation had the effect of frightening the remainder into leaving the county, but as they subsequently attempted to revisit their families, they were nearly all either hanged or shot by the brothers and their friends. But his mother had died from the effects of the shock experienced at the violent death of her husband, and the subsequent hardships and exposures endured by the family. The farm had been stripped of stock, fences and farming implements, and with the exception of one or two small log huts, formerly used as negro quarters, but now occupied by the family, was destitute of any indications of its former high state of cultivation and beauty.

This is only one instance among hundreds which might be enumerated showing the effects of the "reign of terror" in Missouri, when men seemed to delight in shedding their neighbors' blood on the slightest pretext, and robbery and murder was of such frequent occurrence as to create no surprise, or little comment.

We received marching orders on the morning of October 10th, and left Marionville to its enterprising vendors of "corn dodgers" and ginger-bread, at 7 o'clock A. M., taking the road leading to Springfield, which we followed as far as Wilson's Creek, over as fine prairie land as I had yet seen since leaving Iowa. As we neared Springfield high hopes were again excited that our

destination was that place, and a degree of satisfaction was felt which rendered the march as far as Wilson's Creek not only easy but pleasant. We arrived on the battle ground of Wilson's Creek at noon, where we made a halt of about an hour. The time was improved by some in washing the dust from our faces and filling canteens at the creek, and by others in strolling over the ground made memorable by the death of the brave and gallant LYON, and where Iowa valor first became prominent in the war. The objects of particular interest relating to the battle were pointed out by Captains ALTMAN and COULTER, and Adjutant C. S. LAKE, who were members of the 1st Iowa, and present at the battle. The ground was much broken by hills, and covered with a heavy growth of timber, but on ascending a lofty barren ridge we obtained a good view of the whole ground. Below, on the level ground, was the site of the rebel camp previous to the battle, and beyond was the cornfield in which was placed the well served battery of Gen. TOTTEN, which hurled its death-dealing shot and shell into the rebel ranks; and a little further to the east the ground over which the 1st Iowa was led by Gen. LYON, and where that brave officer fell. All around was to be seen the evidences of a hard fought battle. The bleaching bones of horses, and fragments of shell, were scattered over the ground, and the scarred trunks of trees bore evidence to the efficient manner in which the battery was served.

At half past one o'clock we prepared to resume the

march—the opinion that Springfield was our destination having now become so prevalent that a “disbeliever” would have been scouted for any expression of doubt on the subject. We had proceeded but a few hundred yards, however, when having entered upon the Springfield road, our course was suddenly altered to the south-east, and with depressed spirits we saw the telegraph wires, which had called up recollections of home, disappear as we turned off into a more obscure thoroughfare. The gloom of disappointment was not only seen in the countenances of the men, but was visible in our motions—and instead of the former light buoyant step, our march now assumed a sort of funeral tramp. Every one was impatient and out of humor, and expression to the general discontent found vent in various ways. One of our men had died in an ambulance, and in order to accommodate others who were sick, the body was placed on one of the quartermaster’s wagons. Orders had been given that the men should not be permitted to ride on the wagons, and in passing this one our quartermaster discovered the foot of the dead man hanging over the side of the wagon. Dashing up and seizing the foot, he demanded in an angry tone, “what he was doing there”—and ordered him, with an oath, to get down and walk or he would have him placed under arrest for “violation of orders.” His chagrin on learning that the man was dead, and therefore no longer amenable to “orders” fully atoned for his rudeness—and during the remainder of this long march his forbearance was so remarkable

that I noticed some of the wagons well filled by live men. We had now marched twenty-four miles since morning, and becoming exceedingly fatigued looked anxiously for indications of going into camp. Groups of men from the advance regiments could be seen sitting in the corners of fences or lying prostrate on the ground, unable to proceed. Mr. CLARK, our Drum Major, who had on no former march shown symptoms of fatigue, here fell exhausted by the wayside. He was sent to the hospital at Springfield where he received his discharge.

Cavalry had been detailed as a rear guard, with instructions to arrest any of the men who were found absent from their regiments, but their prisoners soon became so numerous that the position of the parties was reversed, and the stragglers placed the cavalry under arrest—taking possession of their horses. There were squads of men bivouacking that night at short intervals the whole distance from Wilson's Creek to Ozark—twelve miles.

After nightfall the whole command appeared as if disorganized. Regimental distinctions were lost sight of for the time being, and men marched where and in whatsoever manner was most convenient—cavalry, artillery and infantry—and all uniting in abuse of Gen. TOTTEN, who it was asserted had made a bet of five hundred dollars that his infantry would out-march his cavalry! This report becoming widely circulated and believed, the previous feeling of animosity toward the General was intensified, and men belonging to another regiment in our bri-

gade made open threats of assassinating him—a few actually concealing themselves behind trees on the roadside to await an opportunity to do so as he rode past. Being at the head of the division, however, these would-be assassins were spared the commission of a crime so foul.

Marching through heavy timber, over an obscure road, but little advantage was derived from the feeble star-light, and our only guide at times was the rumbling of the artillery wheels in advance. We were therefore under the necessity of hurrying forward that this guide might not be lost, gaining a few moments of rest occasionally when a caisson became entangled among the timber. At one of these halts Lieut. C—r, commanding Company I, becoming impatient at the delay, declared his belief that the Army of the Frontier was “played out,” and determined before proceeding further to *take a nap*. He accordingly with his company lay down in the road and was soon sleeping soundly. In the meantime the left wing moved forward, leaving all the companies in rear of “I” waiting as usual on the advance to move; but the lieutenant was now resting calmly from all his fatigues, and perfectly oblivious to the angry impatience of Capt. H., who finally resolved to go forward and ascertain what was detaining the regiment. Finding Company “I” asleep in the road and the left wing of the regiment gone forward, his “wrath was kindled,” and after administering to the delinquents a reproof in such good English invective as put further sleeping out of the question, he hurried past, and by “quick” and “double-quick” overtook us before we

reached Ozark. On joining the regiment he preferred a request that Lt. Col. LEAKE would put the lieutenant and his company under arrest, but the colonel disregarded the suggestion and dismissed the affair with a reproof to the lieutenant.

We reached Ozark late at night, with less than one hundred men, and encamped near the town on the banks of Finley Creek. After halting Lieut. Col. LEAKE passed along in front of the regiment to ascertain if there were men enough present to fill a detail for division guard called for by Gen. TOTTEN; finding the whole number present too small for the purpose they were allowed to "break ranks" and go in search of fuel; our search resulted as usual in finding a *rail fence* which was appropriated, and fires were soon blazing, around which we soon fell asleep—forgetting in our excessive fatigue the gnawings of hunger. Our men who had been unable to reach camp with the regiment came up early on the following morning, as also our tents and camp equipage.

We had made a march of *thirty-five miles* in less than *twelve hours*—the powers of endurance of the division had been taxed to its utmost capacity to meet the requirements of the case—and now we naturally looked about us to ascertain the necessity for this most extraordinary movement. After some inquiry, I must confess considerable astonishment at learning it had originated in a simple *rumor* to the effect that the post at "Clark's Mills," on the road leading from Springfield to Forsythe,

had been surrendered to a force of the enemy, who were *reported* to be advancing on Springfield! Notwithstanding the merited censure due the perpetrators of this outrage, no murmurs were heard from our men who had patiently endured it, but we felt that while subject to such useless service, the subjugation of the South, so far as our assistance went, lay very far in the future.

On our march to this place the attention of Gen. TOTTEN was attracted to the fact that many of our men were without shoes, and as he seldom "did things by halves," he now *issued an order* that every man in the division should be immediately supplied with *two pairs* of shoes! But as the quartermasters had none to issue the order was regarded by them as a "pretty good joke," and no further attention paid to it.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER RUMOR AND ANOTHER MARCH—GO TO FINLEY,
WHEN ANOTHER RUMOR BRINGS US BACK—BIVOUACK IN
THE MUD—THE CHAPLAIN TURNS “JAYHAWKER”—
“GUSS” GETS POISONED—MARCH TO CAMP LYON—A
CHANGE OF COMMANDERS—THANKSGIVING DAY—OR-
DERED TO ARKANSAS—A FORCED MARCH OF ONE HUN-
DRED AND TWELVE MILES IN THREE DAYS.

We were encamped on the north side of the town, our brigade (the 2nd) occupying grounds near the centre of the division. A large force of Missouri troops were also assembled here—their camps being situated in rear and west of the line formed by our division. The Block House stood on the summit of an abrupt hill, facing us, on the east, with the town adjoining it on the south. The position of our regiment enabled us to have a good view of all the various objects of interest by which we were surrounded. The camps, with their long lines of white tents whose bright frost-covered cones glistened in the morning sun, stretching away in undulating lines to the east and west, while the air was vocal with strains of martial music swelling up from brigade and regimental bands at *reveille*—accompanied by the report from a small howitzer at the block house—ushered in our first morning at the post. The only serious drawback on the scene, and one which invariably accompanied our *reveille*,

was the unharmonious sounds proceeding from the throats of six hundred hungry mules, who knew by instinct that the hour for feeding was at hand, and determined that a neglect on the part of the drivers to attend to their wants should not arise from an omission on theirs to make them known.

The town itself was small—containing perhaps twenty houses of the smallest dimensions, which were for the most part occupied by the families of men doing duty at the block house and post.

As marching orders were daily expected, our sick men were sent to Springfield, and Lt. Col. LEAKE made another ineffectual effort to procure shoes for those of the men who were barefoot. We had now marched since leaving Rolla, over roads of the worst character, five hundred and twenty miles, and the only shoes which had been furnished us were those drawn at Clinton before leaving Iowa.

On the morning of November 14th, in consequence of a rumor that Hartsville was threatened, we left Ozark—going in a northwest direction. We bivouacked at 7 o'clock the same evening in a newly cleared field, nine miles from Ozark, and resumed our march on the following morning; but after arriving at Finley, five miles further on, the rumor was found to be without foundation and we went into camp. No further alarms occurring to frighten Gen. BROWN at Springfield, we remained in this camp during the 16th, and were victimized by a rumor originating among ourselves, to the effect that we were

here to pass the winter. We at once set about constructing "winter quarters," and after a laborious day spent in carrying stones and building chimneys in our tents—working in the rain to accomplish the work—were ordered the same night to prepare to march on the following morning.

We left camp at Finley and commenced our return march in a drenching rain—the roads being in the worst possible condition. Passing through Ozark at half past 3 o'clock P. M., without halting, we pushed on—splashing through mud and wading innumerable small creeks, now much swollen from the rain, which fell faster as night approached. About 9 o'clock at night our progress was suddenly checked by coming upon the wagon train of the first brigade, which we found stuck fast in the mud and blocking our way. As the rain still continued, with no probability of the wagons being immediately extricated, we made preparations to bivouack for the night. There being rail fences on either side of us, and several stacks of unthreshed wheat straw close by, our preparations were soon completed. The straw furnished us excellent bedding, and by expending some little "Yankee" skill the same material provided shelter, while the rails served to keep up large fires during the night. We slept soundly until near daybreak, when we arose from our "wheaten couches" and prepared again to breast the sea of mud which the wagon trains and rain had left in advance of us. Our rations having been

consumed during the previous day, hunger was now added to the other disagreeable features of the march.

On the preceding day, being out of rations, the Chaplain (Rev. U. EBERHART,) and Lt. CAVENDISH determined to avail themselves of the policy recommended by Gen. BURNSIDE, and "*subsist off the enemy.*" The Chaplain being mounted was enabled to leave the main road and forage on the inhabitants some distance from our line of march, but his conscientious scruples had heretofore been a great drawback on the business. Starting off on this occasion, however, early in the morning, with the solemn declaration that "jayhawking from rebels was preferable to starvation," that he "believed it would be no sin," and "that he intended in the future to show less leniency to the families of those in arms against our government," we expected to see him return in the evening with an abundant supply of rations, and in case he should be unable to carry it all, we despatched "Guss" to assist him. After "jayhawking" all day he returned in the evening with one canteen filled with "buttermilk," for which he had *paid* twenty cents, "to an excellent old sister." We decided to reserve this until next day, hoping in the meantime some interposition of "good luck" would provide us bread also. The milk was left in care of "Guss," who was charged by the Chaplain to be "vigilant lest some of the men should take it from him;" but "Guss" becoming hungry during the night, allowed his appetite, as usual, to overcome his honesty, and he drank the milk. It proved an unlucky affair for him, as

the milk was poisoned, and he narrowly escaped death from its effects. I never knew "Guss" to steal milk after this occurrence, nor the Chaplain "jayhawk" it from "excellent old sisters" at the rate of *twenty cents per pint*!

Resuming our march we reached "Slippery Bottom Creek" at 8 o'clock A. M.—the most appropriately named creek I had ever met with. A temporary bridge had been constructed by boards laid across, the ends joining and resting on large smooth boulder stones; in crossing on these, which many attempted to do, they were found better adapted for the purpose of a "plunge bath" than bridge. Those who waded were no more fortunate, as the bottom of the creek was covered with large smooth stones on which we slipped, and were treated to as good a bath, but with less *plunge*. After crossing we found the first brigade resting at Robinson's Mill, on the opposite side, from whom Lt. Col. LEAKE procured a few boxes of army crackers, which were distributed. We rested here an hour and then resumed our march, feeling much refreshed from our frugal repast of tea and crackers. Some of the men remained, however, and after the army had passed set the mill in motion, grinding a quantity of meal, which was brought to camp on the following day.

We reached "Camp Lyon" at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, much fatigued, and encamped on the side of a hill among heavy timber—the rain still continuing. The wagons containing our rations and camp equipment were

still far in the rear, and entertaining faint hopes of their reaching us that night, the men immediately dispersed over the neighborhood in search of provisions, which were "drawn" in the usual way. An attempt, however, to procure rails for fuel from a fence in front of our camp, proved unsuccessful—the men being notified when they attempted to remove them that "they were reserved for the use of head-quarters." This, in view of the fact that our axes were all on the absent wagons, was justly regarded by the men as an outrage, and they at once adopted the only alternative left, which was to take them clandestinely. So effectually was this done, that on the following morning there was none of the fence remaining except the section beside which the guard was stationed.

Having now performed another fatiguing forced-march, under circumstances of peculiar hardship, the question naturally sprung up in our minds—"what had occasioned it?" I must confess to feeling somewhat indignant on learning that no further cause for it existed than a rumor to the effect that "cannonading was heard coming from the direction of Fayetteville" by persons at Cassville, or Elkhorn, which was supposed to indicate a battle in progress between BLUNT and the enemy. We were consequently on this rumor hurried into a position where we would again interpose between Springfield and an imaginary danger—this time, however, on the south.

Our camp was situated two miles east of the telegraph road running south from Springfield, and twenty-three miles south of that place, while the third division were

encamped at Wilson's Creek, nine miles north of us. Gen. BLUNT in the meantime was still operating south of Cassville, but no reliable information as to his movements had for some time reached us.

Col. I. M. GIFFORD arrived in camp on the 20th Nov. bringing many of the regiment kind tokens of remembrance from home, consisting of articles of clothing and delicacies for the table, which were received with a thankfulness it would be impossible to describe. Messrs. A. P. & D. KELLY, who had received the contract for supplying the army with fresh meat, now also joined us, and a marked improvement was immediately perceptible in this department.

Generals SCHOFIELD and TOTTEN left us on the 22nd November, and the command of the army devolved on Gen. HERRON. Col. D. HUSTON, of the 7th Missouri Cavalry, being the oldest Colonel in rank, assumed command of the second division. Col. W. McE. DYE still retained command of our brigade, (the 2d,) leaving Lieut. Col. J. B. LEAKE also still in command of our regiment.

Our grounds were immediately cleared off, and the weather, after a few days, becoming pleasant, we passed two hours each day in drilling. Many of us were without shoes, and, in fact, in great measure, destitute of many other articles of clothing—some, however, had resorted to the expedient of cutting up old overcoats, using the material for the purpose of manufacturing the more necessary article—*pantaloons*. Others had come in pos-

session of "butternut" uniforms. Some were wearing straw hats, some the "regulation"—some had on the old fashioned "bell-crown," but a large portion were as destitute of hats of any kind as they were of pantaloons and shirts. We were fast approaching a state of complete *nudity*, when on the 24th of November a partial supply of clothing was received, and issued to those most in need of it. The clothing received was of a poor quality, and the shoes fitted the men so illy that but little advantage was derived from them.

"Thanksgiving" Day, (Nov. 27th) was fine and clear, and the luxuries received from home enabled us to observe it in an appropriate manner—feeling perhaps more true thankfulness than we had ever previously felt under more favorable circumstances.

Many of our men being sick in Springfield, I procured permission on the 2nd of December to visit them. Setting out early on the morning of that day, I passed the camps of the 3rd division at 11 o'clock, and observed the men busily engaged in fitting up winter-quarters. I arrived at Springfield at 2 o'clock P. M., and after seeing a few of our men in hospital, repaired to a tin-shop for the purpose of purchasing a stove. While there a citizen came in and in an excited manner announced that **HINDMAN** had crossed the Arkansas River with a large army, had defeated **BLUNT**, and was advancing towards Springfield. This information brought my preparations for "going into winter quarters" suddenly to an end,

and mounting my horse at once set out for camp in haste. By hard riding at 5 o'clock I reached the grounds occupied by the camps of the 3rd division a few hours previously. The place was now deserted. Pushing on to the summit of a hill beyond I came in sight of their rear guard and wagon train moving rapidly south on the Cassville road. Overtaking the guard, I learned from them that our whole command was ordered to Gen. BLUNT'S support in Arkansas with the greatest haste.

I reached camp about 10 o'clock P. M., and found active preparations going forward for moving at 1 o'clock on the following morning.

We left Camp Lyon at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 4th of December, and took the road leading towards Cassville, marching rapidly until daybreak, when we came upon the 3rd division which had bivouacked the previous night on a beautiful piece of level bottom land, near the banks of Crane Creek. We halted here, and gathering some sticks kindled small fires on which we boiled our coffee in tin cups. The 3rd division moved off as we came upon the ground, and after an hours' rest we followed. No other halt was made until we reached our old camp at "Three Widows," twelve miles north of Cassville, where we encamped at dark—having marched twenty-five miles.

Many of our men who had drawn new shoes, and now wearing them for the first time, were compelled, after marching a few miles, to take them off, as their feet had

become badly blistered. Having been for some time previously without shoes, and marching in bare feet, they now felt uncomfortable, and I observed more of them suspended across rifle barrels, and hanging to the knapsacks, than were worn.

We resumed the march at 4 o'clock on the following morning, and arrived at Cassville, at 12 o'clock M.—where we again halted a sufficient length of time to prepare coffee in the usual way. While busily engaged blowing the fire on which my tin cup was placed, a private belonging to the 6th Missouri Cavalry came up and asked me to give him a cracker, stating that he had ridden from Fayetteville in such haste that he had had no time to get his rations. I enquired, after supplying his wants, whether there was any probability of a fight in that direction, to which he replied, “that HINDMAN had surrounded BLUNT at Cane Hill, and if your divisions don't get there pretty soon, BLUNT'S gone up, sure.” He also stated that his squad had brought dispatches from BLUNT to HERRON, and that the latter had gone forward in great haste.

After passing through Cassville, which we did by “column of companies,” a perceptible acceleration was visible in our movements, and very few halts made for rest. The supply of water was limited on the route, and strict orders given that men should not be permitted to leave the ranks to search for it at the farm houses.

We bivouacked late in the evening of the 5th at

"Camp Sigel," three miles south of the former site of Keithsville, and, notwithstanding our fatigue after another twenty-five mile march, searched for water until a late hour, and finding none, finally fell asleep under the combined effects of hunger, thirst and fatigue, and wandered, in imagination, "through green fields, along the margin of clear running brooks," and "feasted in palaces."

At the sound of the drums, we arose next morning at daybreak from our dusty couches and feverish dreams, and renewed the march. As no tents were now pitched at night our preparations for moving consisted simply in waking up and "falling in"—our rations of fat pork and army crackers requiring no cooking.

We left camp on the morning of the 6th at daybreak, and after passing over Pea Ridge halted at Sugar Creek about noon, where we remained a sufficient length of time to boil our coffee, but were again hurried forward before drinking it. But little doubt now remained in our minds that an engagement was imminent, and we therefore called up our wasted energies and set forward with renewed vigor and a determination to overcome obstacles.

Descending to the camping ground at Cross-Hollows at twilight, a halt was ordered. Our wagons arriving a few minutes later, rations of salt pork, crackers and coffee were procured, when we availed ourselves of a few hours sleep. We were awakened at midnight by bugle-notes and hastily resumed the march, feeling but little refreshed by our brief rest, and little expecting the day would

close with our first and hardest fought battle. We had now made an almost continuous march of seventy-six miles since leaving Camp Lyon two days previously, and many of the men were sinking exhausted by the wayside, while others were compelled to fall behind from lame feet.

We passed through Fayetteville at half past 8 o'clock, A. M., halting one mile beyond, where we prepared to cook breakfast.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST ALARM — APPROACHING THE BATTLE FIELD—
CONFUSION OF WAGON TRAINS—PANIC AMONG THE AR-
KANSAS CAVALRY—GETTING INTO POSITION—"FEELING
THE ENEMY"—BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE--
DISASTERS ON THE LEFT—CHARGE OF THE 20TH IOWA
—TERRIBLE ARTILLERY FIRING--CRITICAL SITUATION
—ARRIVAL OF BLUNT — NIGHT AND VICTORY — THE
DAY AFTER THE BATTLE—REBEL HOSPITALS—WOUNDED
MEN EATEN BY HOGS—BURYING OUR DEAD.

It will be remembered that when we hastily retired from Fayetteville on the morning of October 30th, Gen BLUNT with his division was left in vicinity of that place. Our information as to his subsequent movements, up to November 20th, was derived altogether from current reports at the time, and therefore shrouded in too much obscurity to admit of being accurately traced out. His forces being composed almost exclusively of cavalry and mounted infantry, his movements were consequently rapid, and in order still further to facilitate them over a rough mountainous country, he had procured a number of small howitzers which were drawn by mules, and attached to his Indian brigade. This was known at the time as the "Mule Battery," and while it inspired confidence with his Indian allies gave to his reconnaissances an appearance of strength which sometimes secured advantages over a greatly superior force of the enemy.

After the withdrawal of HERRON and TOTTEN from Fayetteville BLUNT also moved back to Prairie Creek with the main body of his forces, leaving, however, a detachment of scouts to observe the movements of the rebels south of Boston Mountains.

MARMADUKE was then concentrating his forces at Fort Smith and Van Buren, on the Arkansas river, to be in readiness to join Gens. HINDMAN, FROST and PARSONS, who, with a portion of the rebel army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, was preparing in the vicinity of Little Rock for a gigantic invasion of Missouri. Accurate knowledge of the movements of the rebels at Fort Smith was constantly transmitted to BLUNT through his Indian scouts, who penetrated sometimes as far south as the Arkansas river. But he seems to have been entirely ignorant of the movements in progress at Little Rock, where the more formidable force of rebels was being organized. On the morning of November 24th a portion of the rebel army under Gen. MARMADUKE crossed the river at Van Buren. Gen. BLUNT received information of this on the 26th, and at once broke camp at Prairie Creek, moving south to Fayetteville. After forwarding information of the movements of the rebels to headquarters at St. Louis, he halted at Fayetteville until the intention of the enemy would become more fully developed by their movements. His tarry at this place, however, was brief, as information came in during the afternoon of the same day of his arrival, that MARMADUKE had left Van Buren and taken up his line of march on the road

leading to Cane Hill. This being a strong natural position, and a good strategic point for military operations, Gen. BLUNT at once determined to contest its possession. Accordingly after sending couriers to HERRON apprising him of the movements in progress, he immediately broke camp, and moved rapidly in the direction of Cane Hill, with a portion of his mounted infantry and "mule battery." On arriving at Cane Hill he found MARMADUKE with a part of his forces, had preceded him and was taking up his position. Nothing daunted, however, by this, Gen. BLUNT at once made a furious attack, and by the advantage derived from his peculiar artillery arrangement, notwithstanding the superior numbers of the enemy, succeeded in driving him off and securing the position, which he at once made dispositions to hold. Information now reached him of the advance of HINDMAN, who had already arrived at Fort Smith, and was preparing to cross the river. His situation was becoming critical, but he determined to remain and trust the same good fortune which had thus far attended his hazardous undertakings, to bring HERRON to his assistance. The probability of this assistance reaching him in time, however, was extremely problematical, as the distance between him and HINDMAN was only sixty miles, while HERRON was *one hundred and eighteen miles away*, and with only a very small cavalry force to co-operate with his infantry. He immediately sent swift couriers to HERRON, and then forwarded the following despatch

to Gen. CURTIS at St. Louis, which is copied from a St. Louis paper :

CANE HILL, ARK., Dec. 1, 1862.

GENERAL—My division arrived here on the 28th of November. Gen. HINDMAN is advancing with a large army. I have sent orders to Gen. HERRON to hurry to my assistance. Before this reaches you there will have taken place the d——dest fight or foot race on record.

BLUNT.

This was the position of affairs at the time Gen. HERRON was apprized of the movement of the rebels from Little Rock and Van Buren, and danger of BLUNT. The information reached him at Wilson's Creek late in the afternoon of December 3rd, when he immediately broke camp and set out on this unprecedented forced march—accomplishing the feat of moving his infantry the distance of *one hundred and eighteen miles in three days*, and his cavalry one hundred and thirty-two miles in two and a half days—his latter forces being sent immediately to BLUNT, at Cane Hill.

Gen. HINDMAN, aware of the approach of Gen. HERRON, after arriving within a short distance of Cane Hill, halted and formed the determination of whipping the Army of the Frontier in detail. He therefore detached a small portion of his army to engage the attention of BLUNT at Cane Hill, while with the main body he made a detour to the northeast, and took up his position at Prairie Grove, where he could await Gen. HERRON's ar-

rival, and, from his greatly superior numbers, no doubt anticipated an easy victory.

After passing through Fayetteville, we halted and stacked our arms near the roadside. Our wagons coming up at the same time, after kindling fires on which to boil our coffee, we repaired to our mess-chests on the wagons for the purpose of procuring rations. The road on which we were halted was a branch of the one leading to Van Buren, but running due south from Fayetteville to Cane Hill—nineteen miles distant. In front of us on the east, and some two miles away, was a spur of Boston Mountains, running nearly north and south—at the base of which was Illinois Creek. On the summit of the hill in our front large numbers of cavalry were seen, quietly sitting on their horses, who seemed to be observing us. At the time no particular attention was paid to them, as we supposed they were men of our own command; but subsequently we ascertained they were a detachment from HINDMAN'S army, holding our movements under observation. No intimations of the approaching battle had as yet been received. The morning was calm and beautiful; not a cloud obscured the sun, which had already risen above the tree-tops, and the day promised to be one peculiar to this section of the south, where at that season of the year the weather is a compromise between winter and summer.

While in the act of searching our mess-boxes, we were suddenly startled by heavy discharges of artillery apparently but a short distance from us on the Cane Hill road.

For a moment our motions were suspended in amazement, and men looked in their comrades' faces with blank astonishment. This surprise, however, passed almost as soon as felt, and each man throwing down whatever rations were in his hand, sprang to his rifle. Orders were then given to "load at will," "right-face," and I presume "forward march" followed, as we found ourselves immediately moving in "quick time" on the road leading to Cane Hill, and listening intently to the roar of artillery, mingled with small arms, some distance in advance. Occasionally, as the sounds increased, our pace was accelerated to "double-quick." After going some six miles our progress was somewhat impeded by a confusion of wagon trains, caused by a portion of the train belonging to the Arkansas loyal cavalry, which had escaped capture by the enemy, falling back and coming in contact with that of the 3rd division still advancing. These trains, owing to the panic of the teamsters, were so jammed together as to completely block up the road, and many of the drivers—despairing, perhaps, of extricating them—had abandoned the effort and were flying toward Fayetteville for safety.

After picking our way through this confused mass of kicking mules and frightened drivers, we again hurried forward a short distance when we met a large number of the cavalry themselves, minus hats and guns, and likewise going towards Fayetteville at the utmost speed of their horses. This exhibition of alarm was ludicrous in the extreme — exciting among our men much

laughter, as they passed us—and materially disparaged the valor of "*the man on the horse*" in our estimation. Shouts of "hold your hat!" and rude jests were showered on them as they passed by, but failed to check their progress, or even gain their attention. They were utterly panic-stricken—honor, glory, shame, duty, were alike forgotten, and their only thought now seemed centered in an ignoble desire to save their worthless carcasses. You might shout "dastard"—"coward"—in their ears—they admitted all and dashed on.

The sounds of the battle increased, but we seemed no nearer than when we first heard them. Many of our men, who had fallen out from sore feet, were constantly overtaking the regiment and getting into their proper places—determined to participate in the battle. Notwithstanding the excitement occasioned by our near approach to the battle-field, I could not avoid a feeling of pride that our regiment was made up of such material, and admiration of the heroism which enabled these brave boys to disregard the pain occasioned by lacerated and bleeding feet, and put forth such extraordinary efforts to join their comrades and share with them the dangers of the battle. Such an exhibition of idomitable bravery and determination was well calculated to inspire us with confidence, and gave ample assurance that such men were possessed of a spirit which was unconquerable, and which "*victory or death*" alone would satisfy.

After proceeding about nine miles from Fayetteville, we passed a number of ambulances standing near the

roadside, to which a few wounded men from the 3rd division, which had now engaged the enemy, were being brought. After passing these, we halted in a newly cleared field on the right of the road, and about half a mile from Illinois Creek. The battery of light artillery, commanded by Captain MURPHY, now passed us, when we resumed our march in rear of it. Arriving near the creek, we filed off the road to the right and halted. The 37th Illinois, which was in our rear, now came up, and on arriving parallel with our regiment, also halted, when we all sat down to await further orders. Immediately in front of us was Illinois Creek—the bank on the opposite side being high, and completely concealing objects beyond from view. Capt. MURPHY now, by order of Gen. HERRON, pushed his battery across the creek to the summit of the bank beyond, where he unlimbered and immediately commenced “feeling” the enemy, who were posted on the hill beyond a corn-field which here terminated on the creek. After a few shots had been fired from our battery, the enemy’s batteries seemed all at once inspired with a curiosity to ascertain the position of affairs in our locality, when they opened furiously—their shots doing great execution among the tree tops on either side of us. While the enemy’s attention was directed to MURPHY’S battery, Gen. HERRON, having ascertained their position, moved other batteries to positions on the left, when MURPHY’S was withdrawn, and moved further to the right.

After the batteries had all been placed in position we

were ordered forward, when we crossed the creek, marching by the flank, filed to the right past the battery, and found ourselves in a large cornfield which intervened between the creek and position held by the rebels on the hill. After crossing the creek the remainder of our brigade turned to the left and formed in line of battle on the right of the 3rd division. We continued our march by the flank through the cornfield—constantly annoyed by the rebel skirmishers and sharpshooters, who were concealed in the weeds and behind fences, until we had arrived in an open field beyond, where we halted in line behind a rail fence. In passing through the cornfield one of our men—private S. S. WOODS of Company I—was shot and fell dead in the ranks. This circumstance, with the constant whistling of bullets past us, gave unmistakable evidence that we were now actually on the battle-field, and left no fears that our participation in the battle could be frustrated by any strategy on the part of BLUNT. This feeling, however, changed a few minutes later, when the rebel strength became manifest in the discomfiture on our left, and the knowledge of BLUNT's absence was known. The question now uppermost in our minds was "will BLUNT come in time to help us?"

An unobstructed view of the battle-field was now before us. To the right and left were open fields, and in front, some quarter of a mile distant, running nearly east and west, was a high ridge of land—the space intervening being stubble-field, crossed by several rail fences. On the summit of the hill, at intervals of perhaps half

a mile, were farm houses, and beyond them a heavy forest of timber. The rebel army were posted on this high ground—their advance line occupying positions behind fences, and in the farm houses and outbuildings along the side of the hill. Lieut. MARR, with three pieces of Battery F, 1st Missouri Light Artillery, was posted on our left, and filled the gap between our regiment and the 37th Illinois. There were no forces of our own army posted on our right—and we therefore occupied the extreme right of the army.

Twenty men of Company A, under Lieut. C. L. DRAKE, were thrown out as skirmishers, to protect us from surprise in the rear, and operate on our right flank. Opposite the left of our regiment on the hill was a large farm house—an orchard on the north, with a strong stone fence intervening between that and the house. The house itself was occupied by rebel sharpshooters, who kept up a steady galling fire on us while we remained in our first position—their bullets striking the rails in our front, and falling among our men as they lay behind the fence. Lieut. MARR now advanced his battery, and we were ordered forward to its support. Our men promptly arose at the order, climbed the fence, fired a volley into the stubble-field, which sent the rebel skirmishers hastily back, and advanced. After moving forward a short distance the battery was ordered back, and at the same instant a cavalry force was discovered forming in the field on our right. By order of Col. McE. DYE, the regiment immediately faced about and changed front to

meet the expected charge on our right flank. In executing this movement, 1st Lieut. JOHN G. G. CAVENDISH, of Company E, a brave and gallant officer, fell badly wounded. The cavalry proving to be the advance of Gen. BLUNT's forces, we resumed our former position.

The firing by the other portion of our brigade, and the 3rd division was now heavy and continuous, and a charge by the 19th Iowa and 20th Wisconsin, was made. They advanced gallantly under a galling fire until the rebel battery was reached and captured, when the enemy rallied in overwhelming numbers and drove them back with heavy loss. The 26th Indiana and 37th Illinois of our brigade, now moved up and made a desperate attempt to break the rebel line, but after a sharp and almost hand to hand fight, were also driven back, followed by the rebels with deafening yells.

This was the most critical moment of the day. Under these successive disasters the *morale* of the troops composing our left wing was weakened, and had HINDMAN now availed himself of his overwhelming numbers to follow up the repulse by advancing his lines to the charge, our little army would have been pulverized. Nor did he seem ignorant of this fact, for, immediately following the repulse, his officers were seen riding furiously from point to point, vainly endeavoring to stimulate their men into falling on our discomfitted regiments as they retired.

Our turn now came. We had been spectators of the discomfiture which befell our comrades on the left, and perhaps a feeling akin to revenge sprung up in our breasts

as we witnessed their decimated ranks fall back broken and apparently disheartened. Forming in line of battle Lieut. Col. LEAKE gave the order, and the regiment moved forward at a charging step. Every man was in his place — every officer with his men. Gaps made in the ranks by rebel sharpshooters were promptly closed without confusion, and in silence. Col. LEAKE and Major THOMPSON sat upon their horses as cool and self-possessed as on ordinary batallion drill. Our fire was reserved until we had almost gained the foot of the hill on which the enemy were awaiting us, when we were deployed as skirmishers, and opened on them as rapidly as the men were able to load and fire—at the same time leaping the fence and charging up the hill. We now found ourselves confronted by a heavy force of rebels who had previously been concealed from view by the timber in rear of the house, who promptly came forward to meet us. Their charge on our left was prefaced as usual by a yell, but as this was our first fight we had not yet learned to fear demonstrations so harmless, and therefore coolly met it with a close well directed fire which not only spoiled the “yell” but *disorganized* the charge, when it was changed from a *forward* to *backward* movement. Companies H, E, G and K, being somewhat separated from the right wing by a ravine, were now compelled to give their attention to a large squad of rebels who had taken up their position in the house, and were doing much damage by firing on our flank, which was seperated from them but a short distance. After a few

minutes sharp fighting, however, we gained the house, driving the rebels back with heavy loss. Just at this moment a regiment of rebels were seen moving down from the right, at double-quick, followed by the 1st Indian regiment of Gen. BLUNT's command. They were doubtless ignorant of our presence on the hill, and came on, marching by the flank, along the road which passed immediately in front of the house, and only a few yards distant. When we discovered their approach our men reserved their fire in order that when they arrived opposite the house we might be better enabled to deliver it with effect. But unfortunately Lt. Col. LEAKE received notice at the same moment of the approach of Gen. BLUNT's command, and as the greater number of this rebel regiment wore blue uniforms, inferred that they were our own men, and gave orders that we should not fire on them. We felt much mortified, therefore, in seeing this force pass by within a few yards of us, when so good an opportunity was offered to commit havoc among them. However, the mistake was partly atoned for before they had entirely passed, by one of the rebels turning and firing at us, when our boys' impatience could no longer be restrained, and they at once poured into them a close well directed fire at short range, which did terrible execution. In his official report, Lt. Col. LEAKE, in speaking of this affair, makes the following explanation: "The left wing being more severely engaged, the right had passed further in advance when some of the Indians came running back through the woods to the

right gesticulating violently, and pointing in the direction whence they came. At the same moment an officer shouted to me that we were firing on our friends. Seeing some men with the U. S. overcoat on, I gave the order to cease firing, and rode towards the left. Fearing that the troops on our left wing had ascended the hill and advanced to our front, I saw directly in front a mass of troops moving down upon us. At almost the same instant they fired a volley under which the left wing recoiled nearly to the orchard fence, where they promptly rallied at my command and renewed the firing with great rapidity, and, I think, effect."

Our attention being occupied with operations immediately about us on the left, we had for some minutes failed to observe the movements on our right, when we suddenly heard Lt. Col. LEAKE give the order to fall back, and saw the right wing some distance away, forming in front of one of Gen. BLUNT'S batteries. When our isolated position became apparent, gloomy forebodings for a moment took possession of our minds. Was our army defeated? Had we so long and well contested the ground against fearful odds—successfully driving the enemy from their first and strongest position—and already, as we believed, on the eve of winning a victory—now to relinquish our hard won advantage, and fly from the field? But our position was too critical to admit of delay. Firing a volley, we dashed down the hill, just as BLUNT'S batteries opened, throwing their shots over our heads and among the rebels in our rear. The fire from

the battery enabled us to rejoin the regiment with very little further loss, when it was re-formed and moved to the ground occupied at the commencement of the battle.

The main body of Gen. BLUNT's forces had now arrived and were forming on our right, where he had already opened with twenty-four pieces of artillery. On the left Gen. HERRON had twenty-six pieces in full operation—making a total of fifty pieces. From this terrible artillery fire the rebels recoiled along their whole line, taking up positions further back in the timber. We now again moved forward, but meeting with no opposition returned, and as night had closed in, lay down on our arms, with orders to be prepared to renew the battle at daybreak on the following morning.

Our sentinels occupied the field in front, and there was no kind of alarm during the night—but great commotion was observed among the rebels, whose ambulances could be seen constantly moving from point to point among the timber on the hill. No re-organization of our army or change of position was made, but each regiment, in silence, lay down on their arms and endeavored to gain such rest as would enable them to meet the fatigues of battle on the morrow. The night was clear, and the air frosty. Our clothing was wet from perspiration, and and our haversacks and canteens empty. But notwithstanding our cold and fatigue, hunger and thirst, we fell asleep almost immediately on lying down, and awoke at 5 o'clock next morning refreshed—ready for the day's work. We immediately formed in line of battle, and

distributed ammunition. Many of the men after filling their exhausted cartridge-boxes, added *sixty rounds* in their pockets—declaring they intended to “give the rebels h——l to-day.”

We remained in line until 10 o'clock, awaiting orders, when Lt. Col. LEAKE rode over to Gen. HERRON'S headquarters, soon returning with information that the rebels had retreated during the preceding night. This announcement was greeted with three cheers, when we broke ranks. Soon afterwards a few of our wagons came up, bringing a small amount of rations and two barrels of whisky, both of which were issued and disposed of “in the usual way”—but in an *unusually* short time. We then proceeded to ascertain our loss during the battle, which was found to be as follows:

Major Wm. G. Thompson, severely wounded.

Company A—Daniel W. Robbins, killed.

Company B—Corp. George C. Miller, wounded.

Company C—1st Lieut. Harrison Oliver, killed; 2nd Lieut. R. M. Lytle, Corp. Wm. Murray and J. F. Jacobs, wounded.

Company D—David Ross, Alexander A. Watson, James Forber, Wm. A. Akely, and W. J. Leigh Hunt, wounded.

Company E—Daniel M. Sullivan and John Menig, killed; 1st Lieut. J. G. G. Cavendish, Corp. John Kessler, Henry Gertz, Webster Spencer and Martin Rhomberg, wounded.

Company F—J. O. Parker, Milton L. Elliott, Walter L. Lewis and E. J. Reynolds, wounded.

Company G—Sergt. Thomas B. Miles and Corp. Richard Carnes, killed ; 1st Lieut. F. E. Stark, Sergts. Robert Speer and J. M. Matthews, Corp. John C. Murphy, and privates Joseph Pattison, Joseph Speer, William F. Culbertson, Samuel McFate, Harvey J. Brown and Wm A. Jamieson, wounded.

Company H—Lurandus McCurdy, wounded.

Company I—Stephen S. Wood, killed ; Geo. W. Daniels, wounded.

Company K—Sergt. F. M. Steele, killed ; Corp. L. L. Whitney, Rufus Fisk, M. C. Knapp, James McKane and William Criswell, wounded.

Making a total of eight killed and thirty-six wounded on the field, out of two hundred and seventy engaged.

Orders were sent to our trains, which had fallen back to Fayetteville, to move up immediately, and they arrived the same evening, bringing us the first provisions we had eaten for thirty-four hours.

On the morning of the 9th we proceeded to perform the melancholy task of burying our dead comrades. A beautiful spot had been selected adjoining the road leading to Cane Hill, and as we mournfully deposited the bodies of these martyred heroes in their final resting place, amid the muffled roll of the drums and solemn funeral services, our minds wandered to their far away homes and relatives, where the sad tidings had not yet reached. We could picture in imagination the anguish

of the mother and the father—of the sister and the brother—when the sad intelligence reached them, and our tears of sympathy flowed unrestrained.

During the afternoon of the same day we visited the battle-field, which was still strewn with rebel dead and wounded. Long trenches were being dug by our men into which the dead were thrown with but little ceremony, and covered with dirt. The fact that our own dead and wounded had been stripped of their clothing by the rebels had much to do with this rough manner of their disposal.

The houses in the vicinity had been taken possession of by Gen. HINDMAN, and converted into hospitals, and were still filled with his wounded; numbers of the slightly wounded, however, had attempted to follow him on his retreat, but after proceeding some distance became exhausted and secreted themselves in the woods, where they perished. They were partly eaten by hogs when their remains were found by us.

In a large farm house standing about one mile south from the battle-field, when we visited it, the floors were strewn with wounded, and the large yard surrounding it was also covered by them. They were lying in the hot sun, moaning piteously, while at a large table in the principal room the surgeons were busily engaged dressing wounds and amputating limbs. After amputation the limbs were thrown out at the back door, and I observed a number of hogs feeding on them. The sight was so disgusting that I hastened away, feeling a still deeper

degree of hatred for those villains who had been the instigators of a rebellion which had placed these poor wretches in a position whereby they had become food for hogs—resolving in my mind that I would use still greater efforts to put it down and punish those who had been instrumental in originating it.

Large numbers of deserters came in daily and took the oath of allegiance, declaring that they had been forced into the rebel army against their will, and wished now to return to their homes in Missouri. They also stated that the largest portion of HINDMAN'S army were conscripts from Missouri and Arkansas, who would leave him on the first favorable opportunity.

Our wounded were immediately removed to Fayetteville, where quarters had been provided for them in a large building formerly occupied as a Seminary. The less severely wounded, however, obtained accommodations in the houses of citizens, where they received such attentions as hastened their recovery.

On the 18th we changed camp, moving to the summit of the hill, and on the ground occupied by the centre of the rebel army on the day of the battle, which we immediately cleared off, and found to be the finest camping ground we had yet seen since coming into the field.

Where every officer and man of our regiment had so nobly done his duty, individual instances of bravery cannot be mentioned without a seeming partiality, and I therefore omit many acts of daring which came under my own observation.

The following account of the battle was furnished for publication by a correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat*:

"There has just been another great battle in Northwestern Arkansas, exceeding in fierceness the famous contest at Pea Ridge, as was remarked by some of the veterans who were present at both of the occasions alluded to. The details are as follows:

"Gen. Blunt had advanced some twenty miles south of Fayetteville, Arkansas, with his forces, and there drawn the attack of Hindman, who advanced upon him rapidly from Van Buren with about thirty thousand troops and twenty-two pieces of artillery. Blunt, with his little band of ten thousand men, at Cane Hill, would have been but a mouthful for such an immense army of well disciplined soldiery as this. He knew his danger and sent hurried messages to Gen. Herron, who has the command of the 2nd and 3rd divisions of the Army of the Frontier, and was at that time at Wilson's Creek, fourteen miles south of Springfield, Mo. The moment Gen. Herron received intelligence of Gen. Blunt's danger he set his army in motion and made forced marches, accomplishing the feat of pushing his infantry one hundred and twelve miles in three days, and his cavalry one hundred and thirty-two miles in two days and a half. On the morning of the 7th inst., as the advance guard consisting of the 1st Arkansas cavalry and a portion of the 6th and 7th Missouri cavalry were entering a wood upon the south bank of Illinois Creek, ten miles south of Fayetteville, they were fired upon from an ambush and

thrown into a panic that resulted in a rout and the loss of their baggage train of twenty four wagons. They went flying back two or three miles, until they met the main body, when they were rallied once more. Major Hubbard, of Pea Ridge fame, with a portion of two companies of the 1st Missouri cavalry, tried to stem the tide of rebels, but without success. Their superior numbers bore down everything before them, and amongst others of this little band, Major Hubbard himself and two of his Lieutenants were captured, and the remainder forced to retreat at double-quick. Our infantry were soon brought forward, and a few pieces of artillery brought into position that sent the bold scoundrels back as rapidly as they came. Gen. Herron followed up his advantage as quickly as possible and soon found himself in contact with the main rebel forces.

“This splendid army, contrary to our expectations, was well clothed, well armed, and well fed, and better drilled than our own soldiery. It consisted of a corps of twenty-six thousand men, commanded by Gen. Hindman, and was in four divisions commanded respectively by Gens. Parsons, Marmaduke, Rains and Frost, and was supported by a park of artillery of twenty-two guns. Besides this they had a great advantage in position. The battle-field was a magnificent stretch of open ground, skirted on the south by an abrupt hill, covered by thick woods. On this bluff, concealed by the forest, were posted the rebels in full force. Our forces only numbered three thousand five hundred or four thousand, and con-

sisted of the following infantry: The 94th and 37th Illinois, 19th and 20th Iowa, 26th Indiana, and 20th Wisconsin. In addition to these were six companies of cavalry, and some four companies of artillery, who worked twenty-four guns. Our men were worn down by a long and continuous forced march, and some of them had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. However, when the ball opened they deployed into the field with loud huzzas, and went at the work in hand with great bravery. It took some little time to get into positions and place the batteries in the most commanding localities, and it was fully 10 o'clock A. M. before the artillery duet was in full voice. As may be imagined, forty or fifty cannon, well manned and discharged as rapidly as possible, made a tremendous racket. This was kept up until dark, when by that time green troops who had never seen a cannon before, laid down within a yard of a gun and slept, undisturbed by the firing. We did not lose a single man throughout the whole day by artillery, though a score or two of horses were killed. Our gunners were much more skilled and precise in their aim than the rebels, which was shown by the result. Upon the bluff or ridge occupied by the rebels were many fine farm houses, which had been erected upon the elevation to escape the damps and vapors of the plain below. From the rear of two of these houses was kept up a well directed fire from some eight or ten guns. Gen. Herron ordered the whole of our artillery to be directed upon the nearest to us and silenced it in ten minutes. The

different rebel batteries were silenced one by one, until the booming of the cannon had nearly ceased.

The enemy perceived that nothing could be accomplished at long range, so they massed themselves upon our front and both flanks and commenced moving forward to capture our batteries. Immense hordes came out of the woods on our left and spread themselves upon the prairie, looking from a distance like a nest of ants. Our infantry seemed a mere handful in comparison to this multitude, but they held them in check while Cole's battery ran up and stuck their guns under their very noses and fired canister into them with such deadly effect as to cause them to pause in their career, then lie down, and finally hastily to retreat. Again they made their appearance still further on the left, in a number equal, apparently, to our entire force. Their batteries again opened fire briskly, and for a time the fortunes of the battle seemed against us. Their immense and overwhelming odds enabled them to harass and approach us in three directions. The greatest discouraging circumstance, however, was in the fact that a new battery had opened a heavy fire on our extreme right nearly two miles from our center. This was at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A good portion of our infantry was fearfully cut up and nearly disheartened.

"Everything, nearly, pointed to a defeat of our forces. Murphy's Battery, a portion of Backoff's and the Peoria Battery kept pouring a galling fire into the opposing forces. The men were again rallied, and at half past

three, the flippity-whiz of the shells, the booming of the cannon, and the continuous roll of musketry, told us that our boys were determined to hold the field if possible till dark.

"The rebels fought desperately, and seemed no more to regard a shower of bullets or a storm of grape than if it had been a summer wind. No sooner had a solid shot ploughed its way through their columns or a shell opened a gap in their lines, than the vacancies were filled by others. They advanced steadily once more upon our left, and there we knew would be the hottest tug of the day. "Tis darkest just before dawn," some one has said. T'was so in our case. By a bold movement the rebels were once more checked, and just then the word came that the firing upon our extreme right was that of Gen. Blunt, who had arrived with a strong battery and about three thousand men. This intelligence added new courage to our men, and sent a vigor into every movement that meant victory or death.

"Gen. Blunt ranged his twenty-four pieces in a line and opened a galling fire upon the left wing of the rebel army, and drew a portion of their attention towards his forces. They advanced upon him from the woods, at double-quick, in eight ranks, seemingly half a mile long. They went down at a gentle, smooth pace, with no easy prey apparently in view. When they had got to a certain point, within canister range, he opened his entire fire on them, "fairly lifting them from the ground," as he afterwards described it. This checked their impetu-

osity and put terror into their hearts, but still they went on. Another and another volley was given to them until they broke and fled, and when the remnant of the storming party had left the field, the ground was strewn and piled with rebel slain. In the meantime our boys had not been idle—they pressed the enemy hotly at every point, and as the sun went down they were falling back in every direction. Before it had become fully dark the only sounds of firing heard were those of our own musketry and cannon. The field was won, and the victory gained.

“At 9 o'clock of the same evening the enemy were in full retreat towards Van Buren, and at daylight this morning they were twelve miles away. A more complete and glorious victory was never obtained. As soon as the pall of night had descended upon their motions, a perfect stampede took place. Everything this morning denotes a hasty flight and great fear lest we should pursue them. Although their force was large enough to crush us—in fact to annihilate us—and they were well equipped and handled, our little army of comparatively inexperienced troops effected a brilliant repulse, and won an unquestionable victory. This morning all the contested ground and every inch of the battle-field are in our possession, and the only rebels in view are the piles of dead, and the ambulances carrying away the wounded.

“Long before daylight this morning Gen. Marmaduke and two of his staff came into our lines with a flag of truce, and remained over two hours, evidently with the

view of creating a delay, as the purport of their mission was frivolous in the extreme. He had no sooner reported back to his command than another message came requesting an interview with Generals Blunt and Herron. This consumed three hours more, and by that time their army was at a safe distance. This is only a specimen of the tricky cunning of Gen. Hindman.

"The ruse was perfectly transparent, yet the game had progressed too far to be stopped without transgressing the etiquette of war, before their intention was fully divined.

"The weather of the 7th was delightful. The sun shone clearly in a cloudless sky, and the air was balmy and quiet as on a June morning. It was remarked by many old soldiers that if the continent had been searched, it would have been impossible to have selected a more beautiful field of battle than that of Prairie Grove. Gen. Herron's forces entered it from the northern extremity, and those of Gen. Blunt from the southern. The rebels were posted upon the hills in the woods for four miles along the eastern side of the field, while our batteries occupied the elevations upon the western side, a little more than a mile from the rebel lines. The intervening space was firm sward, plowed fields, stubble land, standing corn, and a narrow strip of brushwood, which skirted a little brook running through the middle of the valley. This open country was held by our infantry, and there they went through their manœuvres in full view of Gen. Herron, who, for a good portion of the



time, occupied a little hill near Murphy's battery, on the western side of the field. There could be witnessed the whole of this intensely exciting strife, not a movement of which escaped the quick attention of our young commander. The swarms upon swarms of the rebels that came trooping out of the wood, in numbers sufficient to appal a heart less strong than his, were as openly seen with their gleaming muskets and flaunting banners, as if it had been a holiday parade, instead of the hottest battle that has ever taken place on this side of the Mississippi. As an imposing spectacle, it was one of the most terrific, and, at the same time, magnificent sights imaginable.

Our loss is roughly estimated at 800 killed and wounded.

"The rebel losses, as nearly as can be ascertained, are three to our one. Their officers and their deserters all admit that they have lost in killed and wounded over 2,000. Very few prisoners were taken on either side, and all of them were paroled this morning.

"All of the regiments engaged upon our side deserve a more particular mention than I can give in this limited space, for they all displayed most remarkable courage and gallantry."

It will be observed that this writer was with Gen. HERRON, on the extreme left, and his knowledge of events transpiring on the right was limited. In fact the right wing of our army had no immediate commander, aside

from Col. WM McE. DYE, until Gen. BLUNT's arrival, and could have had no better, as he never for a moment lost his coolness and self-possession. The steady coolness and bravery displayed by Lt. Col. J. B. LEAKE and Major W. G. THOMPSON was also conspicuous.

In his dispositions for the battle, if Gen. HINDMAN had not entertained the most perfect confidence of being able to defeat Gen. HERRON with but a few hours fighting, it was a terrible blunder to thus throw himself into a position where he was liable to be attacked in front and rear at the same time, because Gen. BLUNT was only nine miles distant, and would, of course, on hearing the artillery at Prairie Grove, understand the ruse which had been practiced upon him, and at once close up on his rear—thus placing him between our two commands. If successful in his attack on General HERRON, however, this movement would have placed Gen. BLUNT in a position from which he could not have escaped except by a retreat into the Indian territory.

This would have laid Missouri again open to the rebel army, as there were not sufficient forces in the State to resist their advance when our army was disposed of, and on the issue of the battle, therefore, depended the fate of that State for some time to come.

The rebels outnumbered us four to one—had selected their own ground—planted their batteries—and coolly waited for us to march up and fall an easy prey into their hands. But this was our first battle, and we did not pause to consider, if we had known, the great odds

against us. Each man fought as though the result depended on his own individual exertions—never allowing the possibility of defeat for a moment to enter into his calculations. Instead, therefore, of overwhelming us by numbers, the rebels were themselves overwhelmed by our impetuosity, which drove them back from their first and strongest position, where they were in turn assailed in the rear by BLUNT, who fell upon them like a thunder bolt. Once routed the day was lost, and this splendid army, on which the rebels had depended for great things, became a disorganized mass of fugitives which it was impossible to rally.

The following brief report of the battle was made by General BLUNT to headquarters at St. Louis :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE FRONTIER,
Battlefield near Fayetteville, Dec. 8.

TO MAJOR GEN. CURTIS :

This place on yesterday, was the scene of a hard fought and bloody field, resulting in a complete victory of the Army of the Frontier.

The rebel forces under Generals Hindman, Marmaduke, Parsons, and Frost, numbered twenty-five thousand. I had been holding the enemy on the Boston Mountains for two days, skirmishing with their advance, holding them in check until General Herron could come up with reinforcements.

On the 6th they drove in my outposts and got possession of a road, by which they commenced a flank movement on my left during the night, while they made a

heavy feint in front. Their object was to cut off communications between myself and General Herron, who was to be at Fayetteville at daylight.

They attacked General Herron at about 10 o'clock A. M., who, by gallant and desperate fighting, held them in check for three hours, until I came and attacked them in the rear. The fighting was desperate on both sides, and continued until it was terminated by the darkness of the night.

My command bivouacked on their arms, ready to renew the conflict at daylight in the morning, but the enemy had availed themselves of the night to retreat across Boston Mountains. The loss on both sides has been heavy. My loss in killed is small in proportion to the number wounded. The enemy's loss compared with ours was at least four to one. My artillery made terrible destruction in their ranks. They had greatly the advantage in numbers and position, yet Generals Hindman and Marmaduke acknowledged to me in an interview under a flag of truce, that they had been well whipped.

Among the enemy's killed is Colonel Stein, formerly Brigadier General of the Missouri State Guard.

The 19th and 20th Iowa, 37th Illinois, and 26th Indiana regiments, of General Herron's division, suffered severely. Gen. Herron deserves greater credit for the promptness with which he reinforced me, by forced marches from near Springfield, and also for his gallantry upon the field.

Very respectfully,

JAS. G. BLUNT, Brigadier General.

CHAPTER IX.

PURSUE THE ENEMY ACROSS BOSTON MOUNTAINS—CAPTURE OF STEAMBOATS AND SUPPLIES—VAN BUREN—PROPERTY DESTROYED—ARRIVAL OF GEN. SCHOFIELD—RETURN MARCH—WITHDRAWAL FROM ARKANSAS—ON RECRUITING SERVICE—JOURNEY HOMEWARD—BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD—PRESENTATION OF A NEW FLAG BY THE LADIES OF DAVENPORT—REJOIN THE REGIMENT AT ST. LOUIS—PROMOTIONS AND CHANGES.

We tarried in camp at Prairie Grove until the morning of December 27th, when in compliance with previous orders the Army of the Frontier suddenly broke camp and set out in light marching order on an expedition against Van Buren and Fort Smith, where HINDMAN had halted and was endeavoring to reorganize his army after its defeat on the 7th.

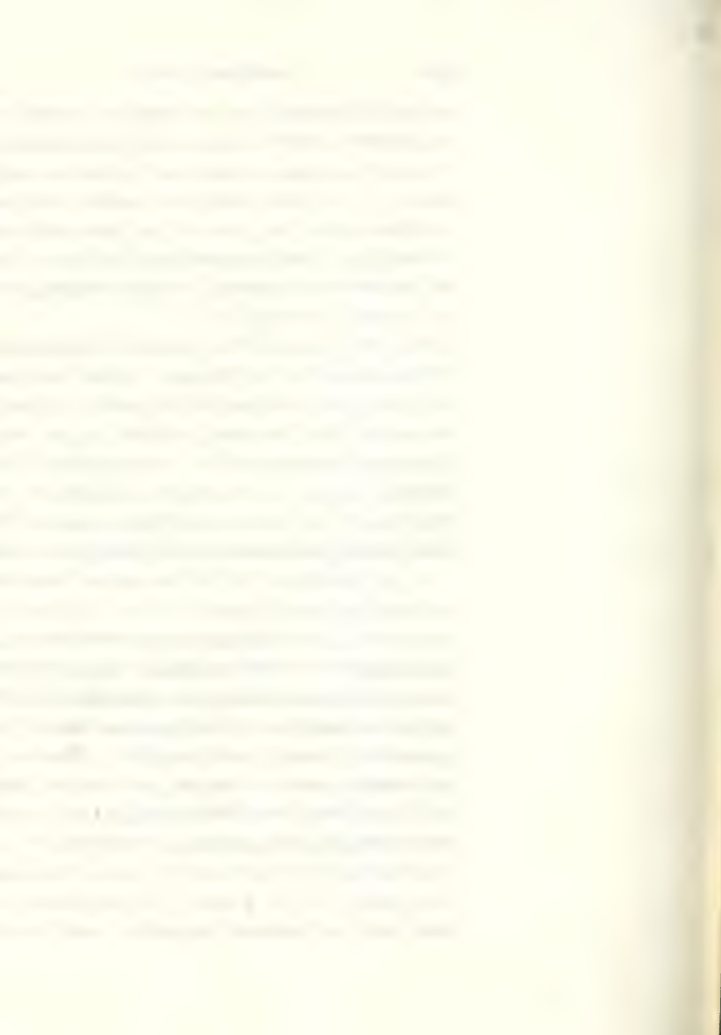
Providing ourselves *nominally* with six days' rations—(in *reality* with two)—we set out at daybreak, marching rapidly all day and until the moon went down at 2 o'clock on the following morning, when we made a temporary halt at the southern slope of Boston Mountains—a distance of thirty-two miles, our road lying over the roughest country we had yet passed through—up the steepest ascents and down almost perpendicular declivities. Gen. BLUNT, as usual, led the way.

Soon after resuming our march on the morning of the 28th the booming of artillery was heard in advance, and

we hurried forward, as we had heard the enemy were from 20,000 to 30,000 strong—(which was confirmed by the inhabitants along the road) and hot work was anticipated. The 1st Iowa cavalry were pushed to the front, and when within ten miles of Van Buren, they came suddenly upon a rebel regiment drawn up in line of battle, on whom they immediately charged, dispersing them and capturing a few prisoners.

Gen. BLUNT reached Van Buren with the advance at 12 o'clock same day, but HINDMAN declined battle, and threw his forces across the river with such haste that all his supplies were abandoned and fell into our hands. After taking possession of Van Buren the main body of the army encamped on the heights overlooking the city, while some of our batteries moved within range of Fort Smith, which was vigorously shelled during the evening.

On the morning of the 29th we marched down from our camps and passed through the town. The morning was beautiful, and as regiment after regiment, with bright bayonets gleaming in the sunlight, and the national flags waving in the breeze, wound down round the base of the hill and debouched on the level plain near the city, the spectacle was grand beyond description. This was the first occasion since the breaking out of the war that a federal army had visited the locality, and the spectacle was certainly one well calculated to cause the hearts of traitors to quail as they beheld this host of patriot soldiers, exulting in the prestige of success, advance into their midst, and doubtless the question arose in their



guilty consciences—"What punishment will now be meted out to us for our treason?" To another class, however, our advent was the harbinger of better times—those who, by maintaining their loyalty, had been for two years subjects of persecution. To this class, our coming was truly a source of joy, and they welcomed us with tears of thankfulness.

As we marched along the principal streets with our colors displayed—the bands playing "Yankee Doodle" and the boys singing "John Brown," the colored people seemed to enjoy it hugely. In passing the public square the Confederate flag was hauled down and the "Stars and Stripes" took its place, the regiments as they passed cheering heartily. A large concourse of people had assembled, and as they witnessed the discomfiture of their rebel colors and heard the vocal concert by our men their faces assumed a scowling expression. Whether this was occasioned by our want of musical skill, or the sentiment of the song, we had no means of knowing—but I presume it was the latter, as no staunch supporter of the "*chivalry*" would sanction the proposition contained in one of the verses, to

"Hang Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree,"

which I thought the boys emphasized more strongly and repeated oftener than necessary to produce harmony.

Our captures consisted of 100 prisoners, a new battery of three guns, five steamboats loaded with supplies, 300 mules and horses, 120 barrels of whisky, a large amount

of commissary stores, a train of 100 wagons, and 12,000 bushels of corn.

Notwithstanding the efforts of our commanding generals, the town was much pillaged, but no acts of personal violence committed. Private WISNER of our regiment, who was proverbially hard on rebels, especially in pecuniary matters, acquired on this expedition, a *hearse*—the only one in the city—which he loaded with an assortment of goods consisting of ladies' bonnets, parasols, umbrellas, straw hats, calico and sugar, and confiscated a full-blood donkey to draw the load.

The army remained until 6 o'clock P. M., December 29th, when the return march was commenced, after destroying the steamboats, and such other property as could not be taken away. It is to be regretted, however, that Gen. BLUNT found it necessary to commit the greater portion of the city to the flames after we evacuated it. It was a place of wealth and fashion, beautifully located, and containing many handsome residences.

The value of the property destroyed would not fall far short of \$300,000, and the loss to the citizens in slaves, who followed us away, was also heavy.

A secesh lady of Van Buren, belonging evidently to the wealthy class, while endeavoring to convince one of our men of the impossibility of the South ever being conquered "by fair means," gave it as a reason why they lost the battle of Pea Ridge, "that the Yankee *Gun-Boats* gave Gen. Curtis the advantage." The ignorance displayed in this assertion may be understood

from the fact that there is not sufficient water in any creek within ten miles of Pea Ridge to afford good swimming accommodations for a duck.

The regiment returned to Prairie Grove on the 1st of January, after an absence of four and a half days, during which time we had marched a distance of one hundred and twenty miles; and as one day of the time was spent at Van Buren, had averaged thirty-four miles each day. Gen. SCHOFIELD joined the army while on its return from Van Buren, having been absent since November.

The rebel army under Gen. HINDMAN became thoroughly dispersed by this prompt action on the part of Gens. BLUNT and HERRON in following up our splendid victory at Prairie Grove with a pursuit which left him no opportunity to reorganize his forces, who were pushed across the Arkansas river in detachments and hurried towards Arkadelphia, leaving about sixty of his wounded behind with instructions "to take care of themselves!" Two Missouri regiments refused to follow HINDMAN beyond the Arkansas—stacked their arms and dispersed; another soon after left him, taking their arms with them. Two regiments of Texans also stacked their arms and started for their homes, when a cavalry regiment was despatched with instructions to arrest and bring them back, but instead of arresting they joined the fugitives.

Simultaneously with our arrival at Van Buren, Col. Phillips, under orders from Gen. Blunt, advanced into the Indian Territory with 1200 men, and drove the rebel forces of Cols. COFFEE and STURWORT across the Ar-

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kansas at Fort Gibson, and destroyed their fortifications, barracks and commissary buildings at Fort Davis. Col. McINTOSH, Confederate commander of the Creeks and Choctaws, thereupon communicated to Gen. BLUNT, the determination of those tribes to abandon the rebel cause, and asked for a treaty of peace with our Government. This defection on the part of the Indians, and absence of any considerable force of rebels, virtually closed the war in that region of country, and left our army free to turn its attention to other fields.

On the afternoon of January 1st, 1863, marching orders were received for 7 o'clock on the following morning. At the hour named the tents were struck and wagons loaded, but owing to the bad condition of the roads—which were nearly impassable from the heavy rains of the past few days—after a delay of some hours, the order for moving was countermanded, and we again pitched tents. During the day, Messrs. JAMES W. MEANS and E. A. OLIVER, of Davenport, arrived in camp.

The rain having abated we left camp at 7 o'clock on the morning of January 2nd, and after a fatiguing march of seven hours, bivouacked in a field half a mile south of Fayetteville, where the regiment remained several days.

Gen. HERRON had issued orders sometime previously that two commissioned and ten non-commissioned officers should be designated from each regiment to go home on recruiting service, and accordingly on the morning of

the 4th the persons named set out on horseback on the journey homeward. We were joined soon after leaving Fayetteville, by Messrs. D. KELLY, — CARMAN, E. A. OLIVER and J. W. MEANS.

We proceeded slowly and bivouacked about dark at Mudtown, on the ground occupied the previous night by a party of two hundred "bushwhackers." Each of us in turn performed the duty of "picket" during the night, but no disturbance occurred except from an attempt on the part of Mr. MEANS to "jayhawk" a piece of bacon from a house near by, in which attempt he was detected, and fell back to camp hotly pursued by a small boy and a number of dogs—losing in the affair his penknife and tobacco. The alarm aroused us, and we hastily seized our revolvers and prepared for a fight, but on learning the facts, we proceeded to cook breakfast, and resumed our journey at daybreak.

We pushed on rapidly, arriving at Cassville about 8 o'clock at night, where we bivouacked with a large wagon train just north of the town. Here Messrs. KELLY, MEANS and OLIVER left us, and hurried on towards Springfield.

We left Cassville at daybreak on the morning of January 6th, and reached the camping ground at Crane Creek after nightfall, where we bivouacked with a party of emigrants. All along our route from Fayetteville, we had heard accounts from citizens, of the great scarcity of salt, and one of these emigrants, who was from Arkansas, informed me that the article could not be procur-

ed anywhere in the country through which he had traveled. At Elkhorn Tavern, where we stopped for dinner on the second day after leaving Fayetteville, we observed a large crowd of people gathered about a wagon standing in front of post headquarters. On inquiry we learned that the wagon contained two barrels of salt, which some enterprising speculator had brought from Rolla, and was retailing to citizens at the modest price of forty cents per half pint. But previous to selling, his customer was under the necessity of procuring a certificate of his loyalty from the post commander, after taking the oath of allegiance. Some of the persons had travelled thirty and others fifty miles, and after receiving their half pint in a tin cup, or small sack, seemed much elated with their good luck. In Arkansas, many of the farmers had resorted to the expedient of digging up the surface of the ground in their old smoke-houses, which was put into water, and after standing a day or two, this water was boiled, from which a small quantity of salt was procured.

Soon after resuming our journey on the morning of the 7th, we passed a small post held by a detachment of Missouri State Militia, and the Lieutenant in command told us that a "bushwhacker" had been killed the night previous a short distance beyond, on the road. But one of his men afterwards informed us that the man was a resident of the neighborhood, who had been absent in HINDMAN'S army, and was one of those who deserted from the rebel army after the battle of Prairie Grove. He was on his way home, and being recognized while



passing the post, one of the men followed and shot him. As we passed the place where the murder was committed the spot was marked by a small pool of blood, and an old hat lying beside a newly made grave on the roadside.

We arrived in Springfield on the evening of the 7th much fatigued by our long ride, and retired to bed early—hoping to resume our journey toward Rolla on the next day. Sometime during the night we were aroused by the rapid movement of wagons in the street, and great confusion in the tavern where we were stopping. Jumping out of bed we hastened down stairs, where we found the household goods being hastily removed in wagons, and were informed that a large rebel force under Gen. MARMADUKE had captured Ozark, and were rapidly advancing on Springfield. After a short deliberation we came to the conclusion that it was another “Militia Scare,” and walked out on the street to observe the hurry and bustle going on among shop-keepers and sutlers, who were busily engaged moving their goods to “Fort No. 1” for safety. Soon after daybreak, we repaired to the office of Col. CRABBE, of the 19th Iowa, post commander, and requested permission to proceed on our way to Rolla. He informed us that Gen. BROWN had given orders that no person should be allowed to leave the lines, and he also stated, that the report of MARMADUKE’S advance was true, as the pickets had all been driven in from the direction of Ozark, and that place captured and burned the night previous; however, he advised us to see Gen. BROWN about the matter. On

leaving Col. CRABBE's office, seeing Gen. BROWN and staff ride into the public square, we crossed over to speak to him. While doing so, and expressing our belief that MARMADUKE would probably not venture to attack Springfield, our argument was suddenly disproved by the report of artillery close by the outskirts of the town, and the striking of a twelve pound shot near us in the square, which ricocheting, passed over our heads and went crashing through the Chambers House, on the opposite side of the square. The General then remarked: "You see, gentlemen, the ball has already opened; the Adjutant General will assign you to duty. Please report to him at once," and then rode off. Returning to our rooms at the tavern we secured our revolvers and swords, when we were ordered by the Adjutant General to report for duty at Fort No. 1, where the Government property had been removed for safety. On arriving we found the 18th Iowa on duty in the fort, which was well filled with all descriptions of property—public and private—but by far the greater portion consisting of sutlers' goods. A great many families from town were also in the fort, with their household goods, and carts loaded with similar property were constantly arriving. The defenses consisted simply of a breastwork some eight feet high, with a twelve foot ditch, two brass 12-pounders, and a garrison of 389 men. After reporting for duty, we were ordered to organize the sutlers, citizens, and commissary clerks into a company, and issue arms to them, which we proceeded to do at once and found ourselves in command of as



disorderly a set of scamps as could well be collected together. Afterwards we had leisure to observe the progress of the fight, which by this time had become very animated in the neighborhood of the military prison and Fort No. 4, where a charge made by the rebels had driven the State Militia back nearly through the town; but they were met here by a detachment of convalescents near a tobacco warehouse, which had been fitted up hastily as a hospital—(Dr. RISTINE of the 20th Iowa acting as surgeon in charge,)—and in turn driven back beyond the military prison. Again they rallied, and renewed the attempt to get possession of the town—fighting desperately from house to house—sometimes advancing half way through the place, but each time repulsed by the convalescent detachment and forced to retire, after losing heavily. Every loyal citizen having been armed, they were enabled to render great assistance by firing from the windows and doors of their dwelling houses.

Late in the afternoon one company of the 18th Iowa left the fort, taking with them one of our two 12-pounders. They proceeded beyond the military prison without meeting resistance, but in attempting to get their gun in position near a clump of timber just east of Fort No. 4, were suddenly assailed by a force of the enemy concealed in the bushes near by, and compelled to retreat, leaving the gun behind, after their artillery horses had been all killed, which, however, the enemy were unable to take away at once on account of the vigorous firing by the convalescents, who pressed forward at once when the

The following are the names of the persons
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disaster was seen. The company lost the Captain in command, who was killed, and several men badly wounded, when they returned to the fort.

Gen. BROWN was treacherously shot from the window of a house in town, early in the fight, and badly wounded. The command then devolved on Col. CRABBE, who acquitted himself well in conducting the defence of the place.

After nightfall the rebel general sent in a flag of truce with a request that "the town be surrendered and thereby spare the further effusion of blood;" and stating also that his forces were ample to take it by storm on the following day. Col. CRABBE, however, disregarded Gen. BROWN's wish to comply with this demand, and returned a positive refusal. Had the demand been made early in the day, before the attack commenced and Gen. BROWN was wounded, there is little doubt the rebels would have taken quiet possession of the place without fighting.

The expedition was fitted out on purpose to capture Springfield, with its large depots of army supplies, by Gen. MARMADUKE, who advanced with great rapidity from the Arkansas river with a force of 5,000 mounted infantry, and two pieces of artillery drawn by ten horses each—marching a distance of over fifty miles in the twenty-four hours preceding their arrival at Springfield, skirmishing with our pickets and scouting parties nearly the entire distance. The rebels dismounted at daybreak two miles from Springfield, where they left

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their horses, and, after some delay in forming line of battle, advanced to the attack on foot in two columns.

The forces defending the place consisted of the 3rd Missouri Cavalry, commanded by Col. W. KING; 453 men of the 4th Missouri Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, commanded by Col. GEO. H. HALL; 389 men of the 18th Iowa, Commanded by Lieut. Col. Z. T. COOK; 378 men of the 2nd battalion of the 14th Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, commanded by Lt. Col. JOHN H. POUND; 223 men of the enrolled State Militia, under command of Capt. PHILLIPS; and 560 convalescents, stragglers and citizens—making a total force of about 2,600. There were also, in addition to the two guns at Fort No. 1, two old howitzers, and one 6-pounder—the latter mounted on wagon wheels.

The fight lasted thirteen hours, when the enemy retreated in the direction of Lebanon, but no force was sent in pursuit.

All the movements of the rebel general were characterized by doubt, hesitation, and an apparent want of confidence in his men. Every day's march from the Arkansas River was stimulated by bulletins in which his army were promised complete success in the capture of Springfield, and a permanent re-establishment of Confederate authority in Missouri. Frantic appeals to the "down-trodden" "oppressed" citizens of the State to "rise in the majesty of their wrongs and drive the accursed *vandal invaders* from their soil!" was made—but the "oppressed" people not responding with sufficient alac-

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city he adopted the more sure mode of *conscription* to secure their support. Neither old age nor youth was exempt; boys of twelve years, and decrepid old men of seventy, were seized upon and hurried from their homes, without arms or previous preparation.

The feeble resistance encountered from detachments of State Militia at the posts on his route of march, was dwelt upon by the rebel general as an indication of weakness on the part of the government forces, and served to inspire confidence among his men of the ultimate success of the enterprise.

The hesitation on the part of the rebels in making the attack, was the means of their own defeat and salvation of Springfield; for, had they immediately advanced to the charge on horseback without allowing time to complete preparations for the defence of the place, no considerable opposition would have been encountered from the militia; but the delay gave ample time to arm and equip the convalescents in the various hospitals in town, who, with the 18th Iowa, constituted the principal Union forces present for defence, and by whom the rebels were repulsed and defeated.

A large number of recruiting officers from other regiments arriving on the day following the battle, we consolidated the various detachments into a company, which numbered sixty-two men, and were furnished arms and horses, when permission was granted us to proceed on our journey to St. Louis.

We accordingly left Springfield early on the morning of



the 10th, following close in the rear of MARMADUKE'S army, which was moving in the direction of Rolla. Maj. THOMPSON, Dr. RISTINE, and Lieut. STARCK accompanied us. We proceeded cautiously, with videttes thrown out in advance, expecting an attack hourly. The telegraph posts had been cut down, and the wires were lying in the road, but we saw no enemy until near sunset, when a couple of Confederate soldiers were discovered by our videttes, who immediately gave chase. They escaped, however, by concealing themselves in the woods, after abandoning their horses.

On reaching Sand Springs, we found the block house burned, and saw the sky lighted up off to the right in the direction of Hartsville, by burning buildings, marking the route of the rebel army. Discharges of artillery were also heard occasionally in that direction, denoting that they had encountered the forces of Gen. WARREN, and a fight was in progress. Soon after dark we found the roads so bad as not to admit of our proceeding further that night, and bivouacked at a farm house at the junction of the Rolla and Hartsville roads. Our pickets on the Hartsville road were particularly cautioned to be vigilant, and fire promptly on any one who advanced on that road. About 2 o'clock next morning we were aroused by a shot from our picket in that direction, when we seized our arms and prepared for defence. After waiting a few moments, and no enemy making his appearance, the officer of the guard went out and was informed by the picket that he had fired at some one concealed

in the bushes, who had refused to obey his order to halt. We were more enlightened, however, next morning, when the owner of the farm requested payment for a cow which had been shot the night previous by our picket.

We found the people all along the road towards Rolla much excited in view of the probable march of MARMA-
DUKE toward that place, and the certainty of a great destruction of property if his progress was not stopped. We arrived at Rolla on the 12th, and embarked next morning on the cars for St. Louis, where we arrived the same night.

We were paid off here on the 14th, and arrived in Iowa on the 18th, where recruiting offices were opened in Davenport and Cedar Rapids.

On the evening of April 17th a beautiful flag was presented to the regiment, by Miss LIZZIE RAMBO, of Davenport. The ceremonies took place at Metropolitan Hall—Judge J. F. DILLON delivering the presentation address on behalf of the young lady, which was responded to by Lt. Col. J. B. LEAKE. The flag had been purchased by a subscription taken up for the purpose by the fair donor. This was a very opportune present, as we had been without the National colors since the battle of Prairie Grove—the flag originally received from the Government having been eaten by our mules at a time when forage was scarce.

We found recruiting parties from almost every Iowa regiment in the field, hard at work on our arrival, and

The first thing I noticed when I stepped
 out of the car was the cold. It was a
 sharp, biting cold that seemed to seep
 into my bones. I shivered as I walked
 towards the building, my hands tucked
 into my pockets. The air was thick with
 the scent of old books and the faint
 smell of coffee. I had heard that the
 library was a place of magic, a place
 where time stood still. Now I was
 here, and I could feel it. The walls were
 made of dark wood, and the floors
 were polished to a mirror shine. The
 shelves were filled with books of all
 sizes and colors. I walked through the
 aisles, my eyes scanning the spines of
 the books. I found a small table in the
 corner, and I sat down. I opened the
 book I had brought with me, and I
 began to read. The words were like
 music to my ears. I was lost in the
 story, and I didn't know how long
 I had been there. When I looked up,<
 the sun was shining through the
 windows, and I realized that I had
 been there for hours. I closed the book
 and stood up. I felt a sense of peace
 and tranquility that I had never
 experienced before. I walked out of the
 library, and I felt like I had found a
 new world.

as the prospect of success in this line seemed somewhat discouraging, we soon became impatient to return to the field. We therefore applied to be relieved, and rejoined the regiment at St. Louis, after an absence of four months.

On rejoining the command we found the following changes and promotions had occurred during our absence :

Capt. RUFUS H. LUCORE, of Company H, resigned on the 19th of December, and was succeeded by Sergeant Major GEORGE H. GRAY, who had been promoted from 1st Sergeant of the same company.

Capt. CHAS. E. COOK, of Company I, resigned on the 22nd of December, and 2nd Lieut. J. C. MCCLELLAND, of Company A, was commissioned as Captain of Company I. 1st Lieut. STEPHEN L. DOWS, of Company I also resigned on the 5th of January following, and 2nd Lieut. JAMES W. CARVER, of the same company was promoted to fill the vacancy. WM. E. EARL, also of the same company, succeeded Lieut. CARVER as 2nd Lieutenant—being promoted from 1st Sergeant.

Capt. SYLVANUS B. BYRAM, of Company K, resigned on the 29th of December, and 2nd Sergt. HENRY B. DOOLITTLE, of Company C, 2nd Iowa Infantry, was promoted to be Captain of Company K. 2nd Lieut. ELIAS TAYLOR, of Company K, who had died at Cassville on the 25th of October, was succeeded by 1st Sergt. WILLIAM J. STEEL, of the same company.

1st Lieutenants ALPHONZO H. BROOKS, Company D, GEO. H. BENNETT, Company G, and ELIJAH STONE,

Company K, had tendered their resignations and were absent from the regiment.

First Lieut. JOHN G. G. CAVENDISH, of Company E, not having recovered from his wound received in the battle of Prairie Grove, was also absent.

Dr. K. S. MARLIN, our 2nd Assistant Surgeon, joined the regiment in December.

Brigadier Gen. F. J. HERRON was now in command of the Army of the Frontier, having been promoted to the rank of Major General.



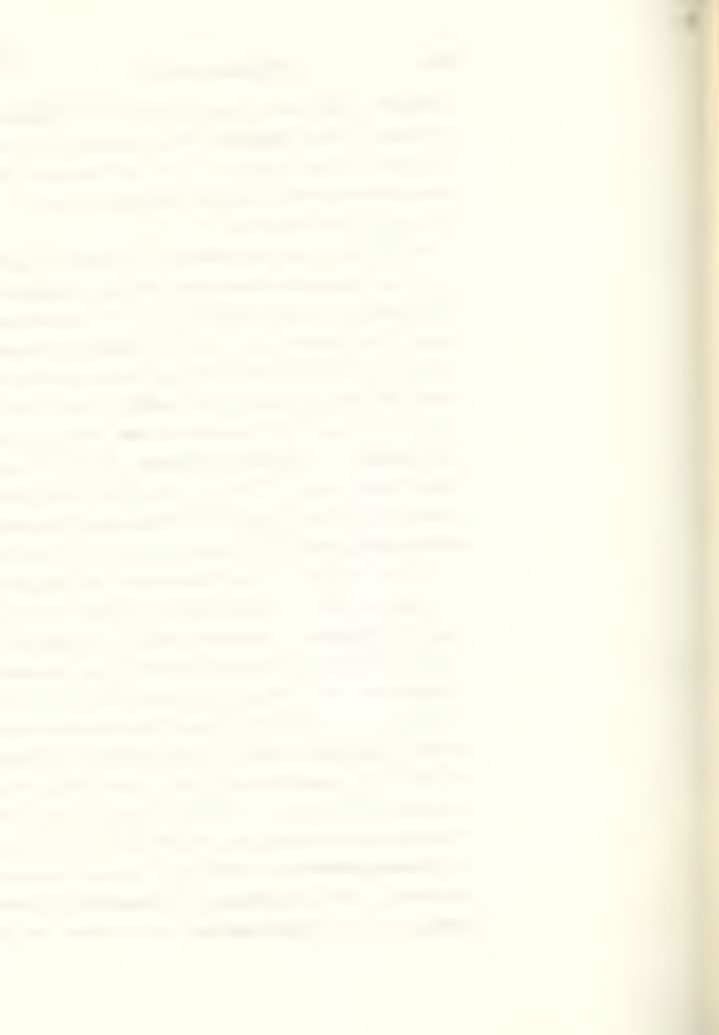
CHAPTER X.

MOVEMENTS OF THE REGIMENT DURING THE MONTHS OF JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH AND APRIL—ARRIVAL IN ST. LOUIS—THE ARMY REVIEWED BY GEN. CURTIS—REMOVE TO PILOT KNOB—DRAW SHELTER TENTS—DISSATISFACTION WITH THEM—MARCH TO ST. GENEVIEVE—EMBARC FOR VICKSBURG—CONDITION OF TROOPS ON BOARD A TRANSPORT—VOYAGE DOWN THE RIVER AND ARRIVAL AT YOUNG'S POINT.

On January 5th, 1863, Brig. Gen. J. M. SCHOFIELD, having resumed command, the army was reviewed by him at Fayetteville, and the large amount of transportation allowed us by Gen. TOTTEN was reduced one half. This action on the part of the General, in view of the opinion then current that an active campaign was about being inaugurated, was received by the command with murmurs of discontent, from the fact that the rainy season had set in, rendering the roads exceedingly disagreeable for marching, and by being deprived of a large portion of our wagons the men would now be under the necessity of carrying their knapsacks, instead of having them hauled. But the order was carried out, and on the morning of the 6th the men found themselves on the march over a muddy road, encumbered with heavy knapsacks, going in the direction of Richland, at which place we bivouacked at 8 o'clock on the same evening in an

open field. The march was resumed on the following morning, but after going five miles we halted at "Camp Rosecrans," where we tarried until the 10th, and then resumed the march, going into camp on the evening of the same day at Huntsville.

The division remained here until January 18th, the troops suffering under a more than ordinary complication of all the discomforts and ills incident to a winter campaign. Sometimes on half rations—occasionally on quarter rations, and frequently with no rations at all—harassed with orders to move each morning, which were as often countermanded in the evening after remaining all day exposed to the rain without shelter, with our wagons loaded ready to move. The rain which had been falling incessantly for several days was now succeeded by a snow storm, which, added to the great scarcity of rations, increased the discomfort to such an extent that men grew indignant at the tender-footed policy of the General in regard to "respecting private property," and commenced pillaging from the inhabitants in order to prevent starvation among themselves. This state of affairs culminated on the 16th in some bold and successful attempts at robbery in the town, which induced Gen. SCHOFIELD to order another move, notwithstanding the almost impassable condition of the roads. Accordingly our brigade left Huntsville on the morning of the 18th, but after a short march again halted—the 20th Iowa going into camp on the same ground we occupied the preceding October when, it will be remembered, we made a forced march



back to Osage Springs. Simultaneously with our arrival in camp orders were received to resume the march on the following morning. But the rain still continuing, a delay was occasioned in order to send out a party of observation, who returned in the evening reporting the roads impassable for our wagon trains, when we again pitched tents. A detail was then made to go in search of forage. The men were mounted on mules and set out with orders to "*search for forage*," but no means of bringing it to camp was provided in case the search proved successful. They returned after a few hours absence, bringing the intelligence that none could be found, and the rain having somewhat abated we broke camp on the morning of the 22nd and set out in the direction of Bentonville. The roads were found in such bad condition, however, that after proceeding a short distance our starving mules proved unable to draw the wagons through the mud, and by the delay occasioned from frequent halts, and incessant efforts required in extricating the wagons, the command became wearied, and parties commenced straggling off on the different roads and by-ways which promised the best walking until night set in, when the various detachments bivouacked wherever they happened to be at the time. Col. DYE, with portions of our own and the 37th Illinois regiments, rested on the War Eagle, eight miles distant from the correct route of march. The greater portion of the wagons having been left sticking fast in the mud, on the route of the previ-

ous day's march, the 23rd was occupied in extricating and getting them into camp.

The march was resumed at daylight on the morning of the 24th, and brought the regiment within half a mile of Cross Hollows, where we bivouacked for the night. As the rations were now almost entirely exhausted, much anxiety was felt to reach the post at "Elkhorn" with as little delay as possible, and accordingly on the morning of the 25th the march was renewed at an early hour. The road being now over higher ground, the regiment, after a rapid march of eighteen miles, arrived at Elkhorn at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, where rations were drawn, and issued immediately after going into camp.

The march was resumed at 9 o'clock A. M., on the 26th, and we bivouacked the same evening about five miles north of Cassville. The weather had now become quite cold, and materially augmented the hardships endured on the march.

The brigade remained in camp here until the 29th, when the march was resumed, and continued on the following day, bringing us to "Camp Schofield," where we rested until February 14th, when we again moved a short distance, going into camp on a very pleasant site called "Camp Bliss." We tarried here until March 1st, when after another fatiguing march over a muddy road, we arrived at Ozark late in the evening, where we bivouacked for the night, and started again early on the following morning, marching eighteen miles to "White Oak Springs," where we rested for the night, and moved

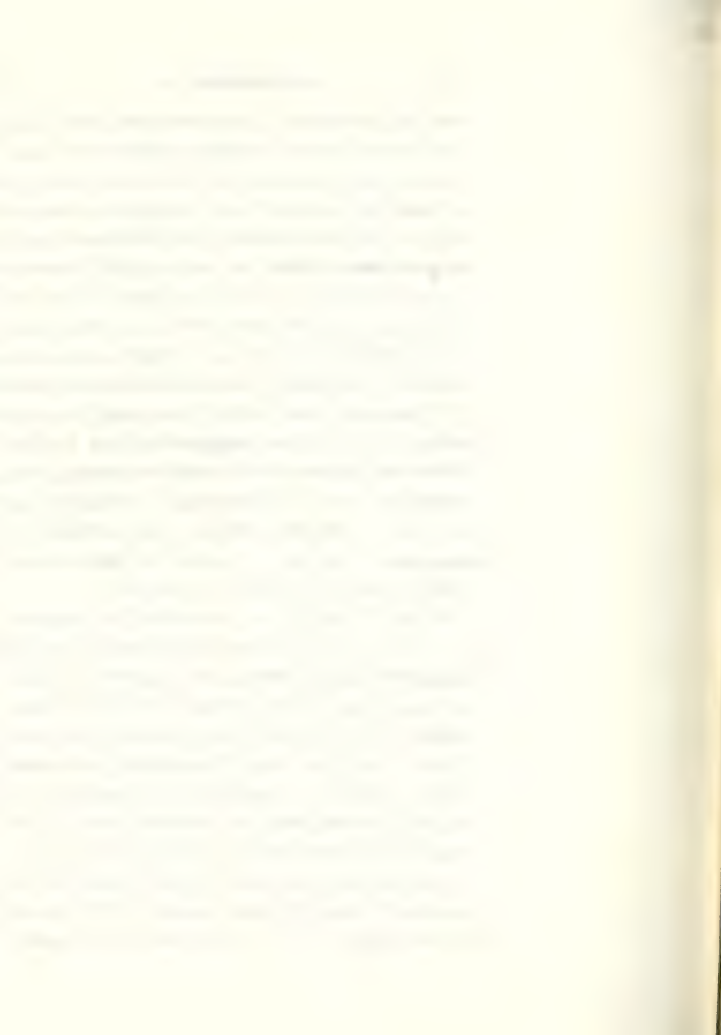
again next morning, arriving at "Hazlewood," (Gen. TOTTEN's headquarters) about noon, where a temporary halt was made. After resting two hours orders were received to move on five miles further, to "Camp Bloomington," where we arrived late in the evening. The regiment was here paid for three months' service, on the 13th of March, the first pay we had received since going into the field, and rested until the 14th, when a further march of two days brought us to Elk Creek, where we remained until April 3rd. On the morning of the 3rd the march was resumed, and continued each day, until the 6th when we halted at "Camp Totten," within nine miles of Rolla, where we rested until the 23rd, and then moved hurriedly by rail to St. Louis, where we arrived on the 24th and were assigned to duty guarding the north wall of the Arsenal ground and Iron Mountain Railroad track.

We were never able to ascertain correctly the reason of our division being so hastily called to St. Louis, but *rumor*, as usual, supplied the absence of more satisfactory information. By this we learned that a formidable expedition, under command of Gen. PRICE and other Confederate leaders, was again advancing from Arkansas for the purpose of attempting the capture of St. Louis, with its immense stores of supplies. The rumor seemed to gain credence from the fact that part of our brigade were hurried on board steamers and left for some point below on the river, immediately on our arrival in the city, and

a few days subsequently information came back that a battle had been fought, resulting in favor of the rebels.

Our regiment were nearly all in excellent health, at this time, and the weather being delightful, we took advantage of this short relaxation, and endeavored to enjoy the good fortune which had unexpectedly thrown us again into St. Louis to its fullest extent. Orders, although attempted to be enforced by a strong camp guard, were insufficient to confine men within camp, and at times there were scarcely men and officers enough present to fill the small details called for on guard duty each morning. It would be no exaggeration to say that two-thirds of our division could be found at any time during the day, and up to a late hour at night, strolling through the streets of the city, with no proper authority for being absent from camp. And in this, the men were merely imitating the example of their officers.

On the 11th of May we were ordered out to participate in the annual celebration given in honor of an early triumph of loyalty in Missouri, on the spot where organized treason met its first rebuke in the city—"Camp Jackson." The ceremonies were preceded by a review in front of Maj. Gen. CURTIS' headquarters, after which we were joined by the various militia organizations and societies of citizens, when the procession moved to the ground on which the celebration was to take place. The spot selected was one around which clustered in the memories of those who were residents of St. Louis in the early spring of '61, recollections of the opening



struggle; where the notorious rebel Governor, *Clair*, with his host of sympathizing traitors had established a camp and raised the standard of secession, but met prompt rebuke at the hands of the heroic LYON.

After stacking arms we dispersed over the grounds to witness the ceremonies. Addresses were delivered by a number of talented gentlemen, but owing to the noise and confusion unavoidable in such a vast assemblage of people, very few of their remarks could be heard except by those who had been so fortunate as to secure positions near the platform.

When this portion of the exercises was concluded, our attention was attracted to the disturbances which had arisen about the numerous refreshment stands, around which large numbers of soldiers had assembled. After a short contemplation of the tempting delicacies offered for sale, the men having no money to purchase—(*fac simile* being less current here than in the rural districts of the interior)—proceeded to take forcible possession—ejecting the owners from the premises by tumbling them over the fence headlong. All other efforts to restore order having failed, the long-roll was beat, and the command marched back to camp at double-quick.

These slight disturbances, however, might be reasonably expected, when we consider that an army such as ours, after many weary months of fatiguing marches—exposed to all the hardships incident to a continuous campaign during the inclement winter season—is suddenly disencumbered in great measure of military restraint,

and thrown amid a vast throng of civilians. We had no money with which to purchase the luxuries thus temptingly spread before us by men who exercised little caution to conceal their sympathies with those whose treason had called us from home to endure the hardships of war, and we therefore *drew them*—not perhaps in strict accordance with “Regulations,” but in a liberal construction of General BURNSIDE’S recommendation to “subsist off the enemy.” This proceeding was doubtless in its tendency subversive of good order and military discipline, but the boys satisfactorily explained away all objections by showing that the “exigencies of the service required it!”

The number of people on the ground during the day was estimated at 75,000.

On the evening of May 14th we received marching orders for the following morning, which was the signal for a general *stampede* of officers and men to the city, and during the night the camps were deserted by nearly all except a small portion of the camp-guards. However, morning found them all back, and prepared for the march.

We left camp at 8 o’clock and marched to the depot of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad, where we embarked on board a train of open cars, and were soon on our way to Pilot Knob, where we arrived after a pleasant ride of six hours. Disembarking we marched about one mile south of the town and encamped. A small portion of the regiment which had been left in charge of the regimental property at Rolla when the movement to St.

Louis was made, rejoined us here—having marched across the country from Rolla.

Our stay at Pilot Knob lasted until June 3d, the time being passed in daily company and battalion drills. We also received four months' additional pay, and exchanged our old "French" for new "Shelter" tents—the latter, although at first much disliked by the men, were, after we became accustomed to them, preferred to the old ones.

On the morning of June 3d, orders were received to march *within an hour*, and our preparations were so hastily made, and transportation so limited, that much company property and surplus rations were abandoned for want of room on the wagons to transport them to St. Genevieve—whither we were going.

Passing through the little village of Ironton, near Pilot Knob, we saw a large number of "Pontoons," which called to recollection the stirring but unappreciated enterprize of Gen. J. C. FREMONT. These relics of the unfortunate General's military career were here collected and thrown carelessly aside to decay. In looking at them we could not avoid the reflection that their own and the military career of their illustrious projector were alike brief, and had shared a similar fate—both had been unappreciated and cast aside. Speculations also arose in our minds as to whether the time was far distant when these much needed and useful appendages of an army—(Pontoon Bridges)—would receive the attention and approval they deserved. It is scarcely necessary to add that, while the "Pontoons" very soon afterwards came

into favor and general use, the popularity of the General who introduced them into Missouri continued to "grow smaller by degrees, and beautifully less."

After a fatiguing march of sixteen miles we halted late in the evening near the little town of Farmington, where we rested for the night, and resumed the march before daybreak next morning. Soon after starting we came upon a plank-road, and the day being pleasant were enabled to march rapidly—reaching the village of Valley Forge at sunset, where we again rested, being now but seven miles distant from St. Genevieve.

Many of the men during the past two days' march, threw away their "shelter tents," averring that they were useless, and also declaring it an "outrage to compel them to receive an article so worthless, and also carry it on the march." However, but a short time elapsed until the general aversion to "shelter"—(or, as they were more generally called, "*Dog tents*")—wore off, and the men who had thrown them away became solicitous to have them replaced by others.

We resumed the march on the morning of the 5th, and after passing through St. Genevieve, halted about two miles above the town, on the banks of the river, where our division were already embarking on board steamers. The boat on which we were to embark not yet having arrived from St. Louis, a camp guard was detailed and strenuous efforts made by our regimental commander to prevent straggling on the part of our exhausted men.

Our campaigns in Missouri here ceased. We had marched on foot since leaving Rolla on the 16th of September, 1862, *eleven hundred and twenty-seven miles!*—most of our marches being made during the winter season, exposed to the rains, and over roads at times almost impassable on account of the mud. Much of the time we had been on half-rations, and with inadequate supplies of clothing. The hardships endured on these marches had thinned our ranks more than would as many hard fought battles. And now, even after the lapse of time, and subsequent more stirring scenes of sieges and battles in which we took part, our memories still retain vivid recollections of the lonely wayside graves where we deposited the bodies of our comrades along the route of these unparalleled marches. They fell—not in battle—but by disease contracted while in the performance of duties beyond their strength, and under circumstances of peculiar hardship. We shall never cease to honor their memories for the heroism which enabled many of them at times, even while suffering under disease, to still continue in the discharge of their duties.

For the information of such of my readers as have not been in the army, I will give some of the customs on a march, and also the order of embarkation by troops on board a transport—our embarkation at this time differing but little from that of any other regiment or army under similar circumstances.

Our wagons on leaving camp were attended by the company cooks, (usually four in number,) who each ac-

CHAPTER II

The first part of the book is devoted to a general
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accompanied the wagon containing their own company property, in order partly to guard against the loss of cooking utensils on the route, and also be prepared to commence preparations for cooking immediately on arriving in camp. In addition to the cooks all the stragglers of a regiment made the wagons a place of general rendezvous, as they were thereby enabled to secure more plunder during the march by the facilities afforded for secreting it on the wagons and having it hauled to camp. The convalescents also accompanied the wagons, on which they were permitted at times to ride. It will thus be seen that at the termination of a hard day's march no inconsiderable portion of an army is found with the trains. Immediately on arriving at the landing the property belonging to each company was unloaded under the superintendence of the quartermaster, when it was the duty of the cooks to guard against its being stolen by stragglers from other regiments. When ready to embark, an officer was detailed with a fatigue-party, to put the property on board the vessel. This duty finished, the regiment then marched to the boat, where the Adjutant assigned quarters to the respective companies as they arrived on board. The first company were marched to the hurricane-roof—as near the stern as they could be got—and placed directly across the boat; each successive company as it arrived were placed parallel with the first, until the top of the boat was filled; the remainder were then allowed to occupy the forecastle, the space between the cabin and guards, and, if room was still wanting—as was the case



with us—some of the companies were under the necessity of sharing quarters with the mules and horses on the lower deck—sleeping on the coal-pile and in close proximity to the engine and boilers.

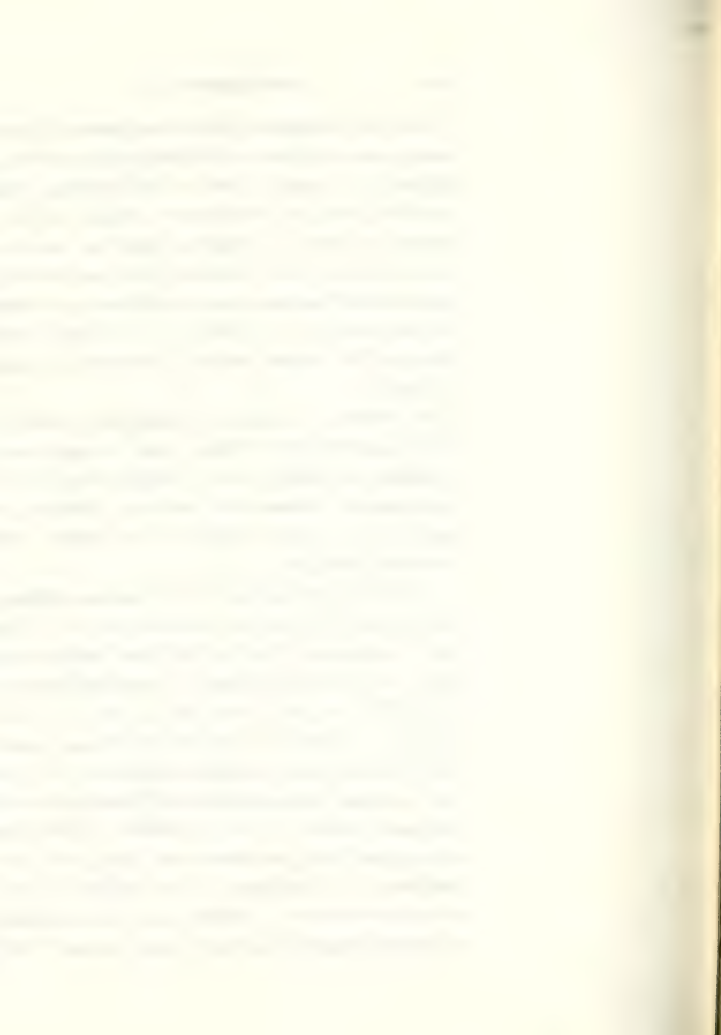
The condition of troops on board a transport is miserable in the extreme. Huddled together like hogs in a pen—jostled and jammed from side to side—compelled to eat and sleep on the filthy decks—without exercise during the day, and trampled upon at night while endeavoring to sleep—with rations of half cooked meat and tasteless pilot-bread, and constantly inhaling the impure atmosphere engendered by the dense crowd on board, and arising from mules and horses on the lower deck. But notwithstanding the total absence of every comfort, I heard no complaints uttered by the men. They met this hardship as they had others, with a spirit of resignation which deprived it of much of its discomfort.

The officers, however, occupied the cabin—with guards stationed at the entrances to prevent intrusion from the soldiers—passing their time in reading, writing letters, and games of cards—(“Whisky Poker,” “California Jack,” and “Old Sledge,” alternating with “Poker,” “Muggins” and “Euchre.”) A portion of the cabin was assigned to the Surgeons and occupied by our sick men, who were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. No facilities were afforded for cooking on board, and we were under the necessity of landing for that purpose.

Our chief consolation under these untoward circumstances was in the hope we felt that our long marches in Missouri were now over, and we were entering upon a new field, where we could do more efficient service in assisting to crush the rebellion, with less marching. Yet some fears were entertained that our destination might be the Tennessee river, in which case we should be disappointed in our wishes to join Gen. GRANT. However, this question would be settled on our arrival at Cairo.

The following remarks by a cotemporary writer (Lt. S. D. THOMPSON, of the Third Iowa,) are particularly appropriate, as showing the sense of injustice entertained by the men in reference to the distinctive difference between their own and the condition of the officers, while on board a transport:

"With our officers, however, the case was different. They ate at the cabin table and had good fare. They slept in staterooms. They had the ladies' cabin to themselves, and guards were stationed to keep the soldiers out of it. This was just. They had a right to what they paid for. But such a contrast of comfort and misery looked decidedly bad, especially among men who at home were equals, and whom mutual hardship and peril should have made friends. To us, the soldiers, it was a convincing proof that our officers were selfish and cared little for us. We could not see where they had merited so much more than we. Had they been braver in battle, or had they exposed themselves to greater danger? They



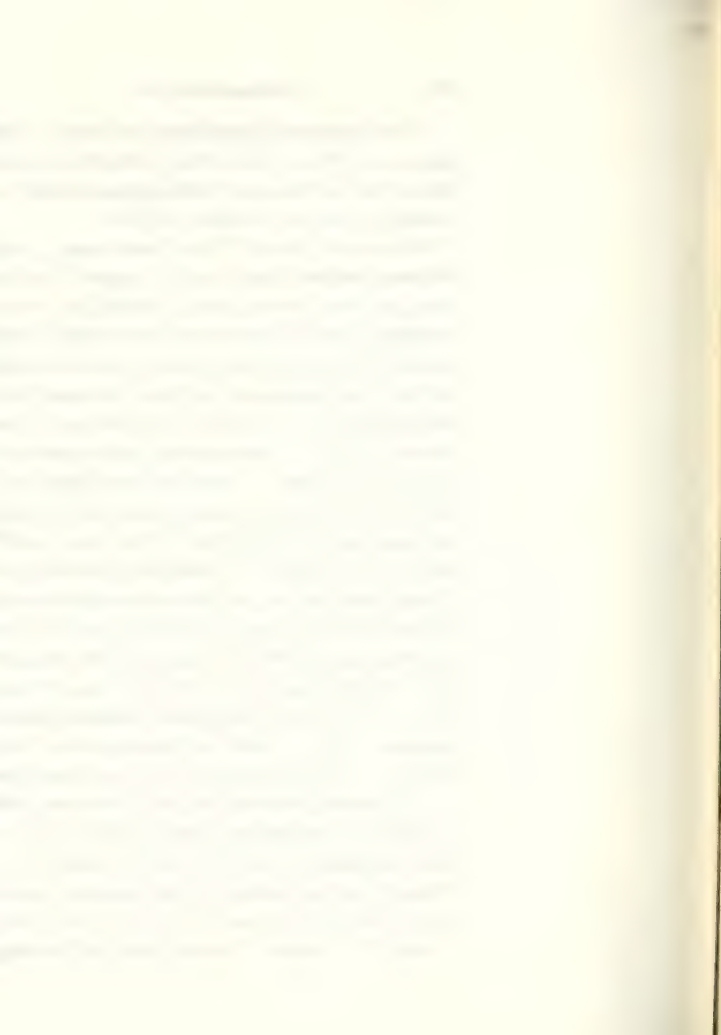
were superior to us in rank and emoluments; but this superiority we had conferred with our votes. Was this sharing the hardships of war as they had promised to do while we were yet citizens? Moreover rank and emolument do not always answer the question of merit. Allowing that they had always done their duty in the places assigned them, had they done it better than we? Had they been more exemplary in morals, or more attentive to duty, or more patient under suffering? Had they been so diligent in the acquisition of military knowledge as to be worthy of exemption from hardship? We could not see it. There was nothing peculiarly hard in their duties which should create this disparity. They did no fatigue duty. They did not carry a gun, a cartridge box, or a knapsack, on the march. They did not have to walk the sentinel's beat in storm. The surgeon did not abuse them when they were sick. When they said they were not able to do duty they were believed. But the Government had conferred on them these privileges. We had no right to complain."

Additional transports arrived about nine o'clock in the evening, and our regimental property was immediately shipped on board the *J. D. Perry*. The regiment marched on board about 11 o'clock P. M. Soon afterwards the boat was cast loose and commenced her voyage down the river. Little doubt now remained as to our destination, and great satisfaction was expressed at the prospect of joining Gen. Grant's forces, and participating in the capture of Vicksburg.

We landed a short distance below the town of Commerce, on the Illinois shore, where rations were cooked and the boat put through a cleaning process, which was rendered necessary by her filthy condition.

We arrived at Cairo at 6 o'clock, same evening, (June 6th) where the boat landed for the purpose of coaling. Many gun-boats were at anchor near by, and we were much interested in examining these dark gloomy looking crafts, as they silently lay at anchor out in the stream, with the black muzzles of their guns protruding from the port-holes at the bow and on either side—and no one visible on the decks except the sentinels, who were slowly pacing their beats. Transports loaded with troops, similar to our own, were constantly arriving and departing—some up the Ohio river, and others down the Mississippi. The stillness was occasionally relieved by the cheers of a regiment on one boat as it recognized one on another with whom they had perhaps served in some past campaign or battle. At night, as these transports came hurrying past, with their dense mass of human freight, and volumes of black smoke rolling up from the chimneys—blazing at the bow from huge fires in the furnaces—lit up in front by two fiery eyes gleaming out in the darkness—one red, the other green—suspended from the tops of the chimneys—one might imagine them some huge monsters bent on an errand of destruction.

The object of our landing at Cairo having been accomplished, our fleet cast loose at 3 o'clock on the morning of June 7th, turning its course down the Mississippi,



with the entire Army of the Frontier on board. As the boat swung around with her bow down stream, our satisfaction at the realization of our wishes to go to Vicksburg, found vent in deafening cheers, which were repeated by the troops on the other transports which accompanied us, and echoed by the gloomy forest along the river bank.

Gen. VANDEVER, commanding our division, came on board the boat at Cairo, and some of our officers were compelled to vacate their staterooms to accommodate his staff, which they did with ill-concealed reluctance. Gen. HERRON, we learned, had passed down the river a few days previously. We landed a short time at Columbus, Ky., and soon after resuming our journey passed Island No. 10, which at that time contained a large garrison, and was the rendezvous of contrabands, who were here in large numbers working on the fortifications.

We arrived at New Madrid at 11 o'clock A. M., where we again landed, and the 38th Iowa, who had been on duty at this place for some months, were added to our division, and put on board one of the transports—a negro regiment relieving them at that post.

No other landing was made until we reached Memphis, where we arrived early on the morning of the 8th, without interruption from the guerrillas, who had heretofore seldom allowed a transport to pass without firing into her.

We left Memphis at 4 o'clock A. M., next day, under convoy of two gun-boats—a precaution deemed necessary

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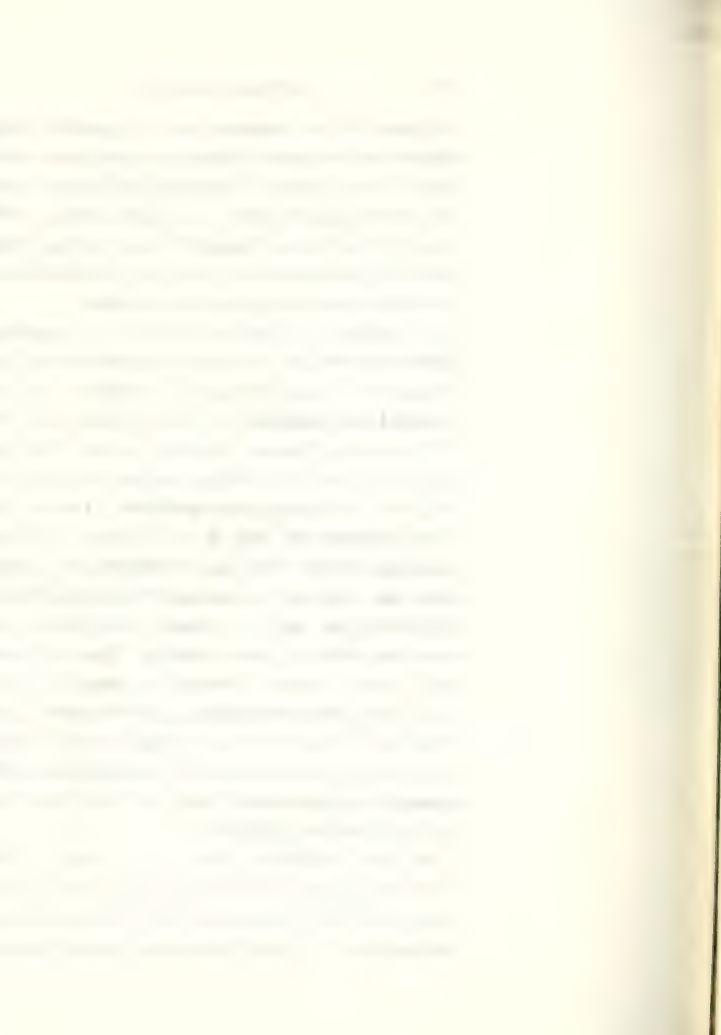
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on account of the numerous bands of guerrillas who infested the river banks on either side, and, unless overawed by the presence of a gun-boat, fired into all transports which passed either up or down stream. We stopped in the stream frequently during the day, while one of the gun-boats ran to some point in advance and shelled the woods vigorously for a short time.

We arrived at Helena at 2 o'clock P. M., same day, where we landed, and the regiment marched ashore, for the purpose of again having the boat cleaned. We re-embarked and continued our voyage at half past 3 P. M., but as it was deemed unsafe to run after dark, we again landed late in the evening, and one company from each boat were sent on shore as pickets. Company E, of our regiment, was sent off on this duty. We had beautiful moonlight until near 12 o'clock, when a most terrific rain storm set in accompanied by blinding flashes of lightning and peals of thunder which shook the ground on which we were standing. The wind, also blew almost a hurricane; during the storm the boats were blown from their anchors, and dispersed in all directions. However, the storm ceased about 3 o'clock in the morning, and as none of the boats were materially damaged, the pickets were taken on board, when the fleet got under way at daybreak.

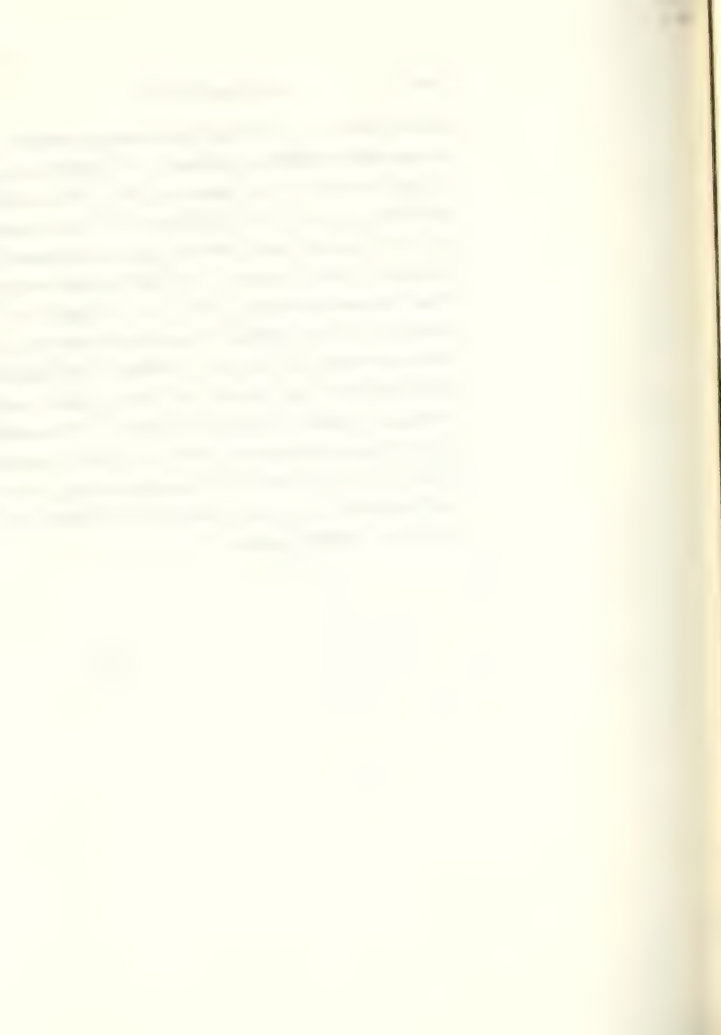
We passed "Milliken's Bend" at 11 o'clock A. M., June 11th, and after a temporary stop at Young's Point, proceeded up the Yazoo River about twelve miles to a landing below Chickasaw Bluffs, where we again landed,



and made preparations to disembark. The heavy booming of artillery at Vicksburg could now be distinctly heard, and evidences of the hard struggle which had been for some time going on in this vicinity, was seen in the badly damaged boats constantly plying on the Yazoo between Haines' Bluff and Young's Point—the cabins of some of them being almost torn off by shells. After remaining here nearly an hour, the fleet again cast loose and steamed down the Yazoo, landing a few miles below Young's Point on the Louisiana side of the river, where we disembarked a short distance above a mortar boat which lay close in under the bank, and was throwing shells at the enemy's water-batteries across the river at Vicksburg.

The great stronghold of rebellion on the Mississippi—the point to which public attention for many weary months had been directed with alternating hopes and fears—was now in plain view. VICKSBURG, with its deserted landing which was once the busy mart of trade, thronged with merchandise and hurrying steamers, now desolate and bare; its once crowded streets now marred with barricades, and void of any appearance of animated life; its bold bluffs, once the favorite resort of the pleasure seeker, now crowned with batteries vomiting forth defiance and death at those who had ever before been its friends; its palatial residences whose tin-covered roofs blazed in the setting sun, showing many openings through which had passed the descending shot and shell; and even as we looked at it flashes from bursting shells lit up

the air above, or solid shot went crashing through the already half demolished buildings. We looked anxiously, but in vain, for any appearance of a human being within its precincts; no indications of its being inhabited could be seen aside from the smoke and thunder of its batteries which crowned every hill top and occupied every elevated position in the city. In looking at its cordon of redoubts, rifle-pits and solid breastworks, we felt *sure* of what we had never doubted—that this was the “Gibraltar” of secession, and that it could never be carried by storm if properly defended. We were also strongly impressed with the belief that those grumblers at home at Gen. GRANT’S slow progress ought to form an opinion after occupying a position in the front rank of one of the storming parties.



CHAPTER XI.

OPERATIONS PREVIOUS TO OUR ARRIVAL—CROSS THE RIVER AT WARRENTON—TAKE OUR POSITION WITH THE BESIEGING FORCES—ON DUTY IN THE RIFLE-PITS—UNSUCCESSFUL ASSAULT BY THE SEVENTEENTH CORPS—CAPITULATION OF THE GARRISON—TERMS OF SURRENDER—ENTERING THE WORKS—APPEARANCE OF THE CITY—MULE MEAT—FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION—HUNTING A CAMP.

Immediately on assuming command in person of the Army of the Department of the Tennessee, then operating against Vicksburg, Gen. GRANT was convinced that this place could only be approached successfully on the south side, and he accordingly prosecuted the work on the canal projected by Brig. Gen. WILLIAMS across the peninsula on the Louisiana side of the river, hoping thereby to secure a channel by which transports could pass the enemy's batteries, with supplies for his new base of operations. The task proved more difficult than was anticipated, on account of the incessant rain which fell during the whole time this work was in progress. The rapid rise of the river, also, added to the difficulties of the undertaking—requiring an immense expenditure of labor to prevent *crevasses* in the levee—by the occurrence of which his camps would have been inundated—and also to keep the water out of the unfinished canal.

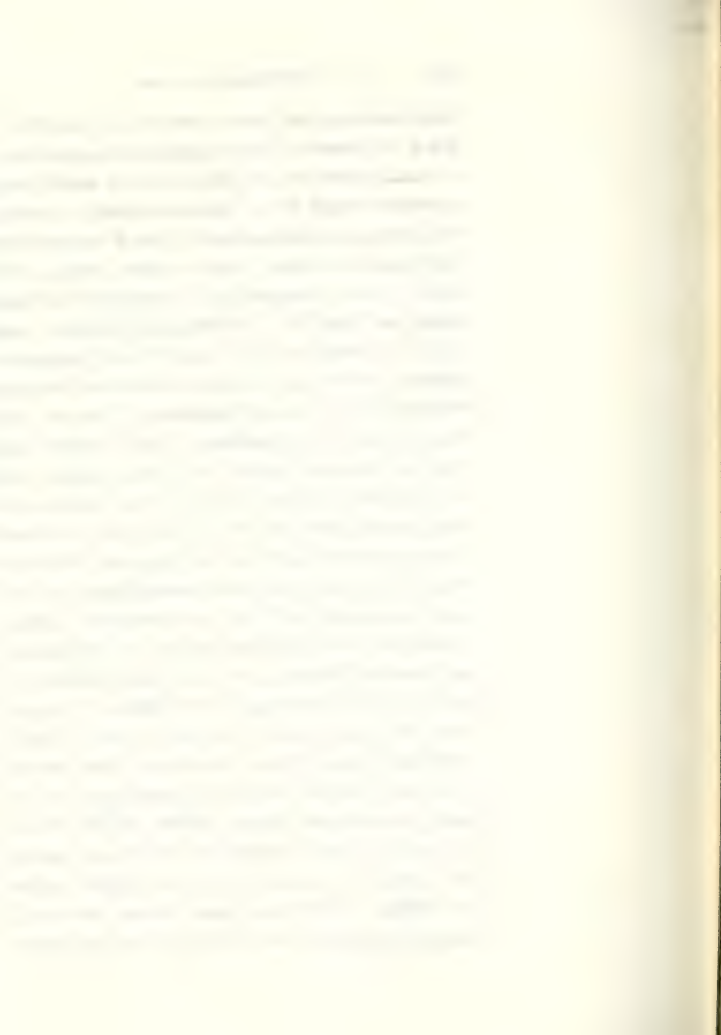
The first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
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The fifth is the fact that the
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The ninth is the fact that the
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The thirteenth is the fact that the
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Notwithstanding his efforts, however, on the 8th of March the pressure of water against the dam protecting the canal, caused it to give way, when the water rushed in torrents through the low lands, completely separating his camps on the north and south shores of the peninsula. After some ineffectual efforts to repair damages, this mode of getting transports past the batteries was abandoned, and Capt. F. E. PRIME, Chief Engineer, and Col. G. G. PRIDE, of Gen. GRANT'S staff, prospected another route through the bayous which run from near Milliken's Bend through Roundaway Bayou into the Tansas River. By the assistance of three dredge boats this route was soon opened, and a small steamer with several barges were taken through at once, but the river falling rapidly about the 15th of April, and the roads becoming passably good for marching from Milliken's Bend to New Carthage, water communication was rendered unnecessary, and the route abandoned. Other channels had in the meantime been cut by Gen. GRANT; one from the Mississippi river into Lake Providence; another from the Mississippi into Coldwater by way of Yazoo Pass; and another prospected by way of Lake Providence through Bayou Baxter and Bayou Macon, by which he hoped to reach the Mississippi below by passing through the Tansas, Wachita, and Red Rivers. This route if it had been successful would have enabled him to reach and co-operate with Gen. BANKS against Port Hudson. While Gen. GRANT'S forces were busily engaged opening one end of the Yazoo Pass, the enemy,



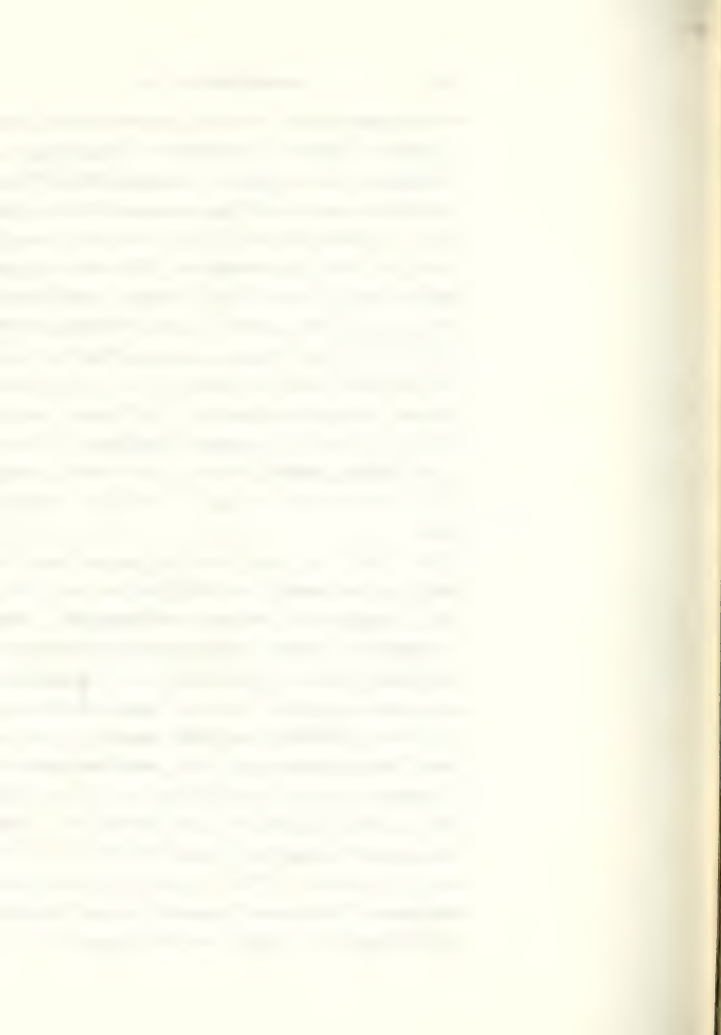
he says, "were diligently at work closing the other," by which they gained time to strongly fortify Greenwood, below the confluence of the Tallahatchie and Yallobusha, strengthen Fort Pemberton and completely checkmate his operations in this quarter. Gen. GRANT then determined to adopt the base of operations previously contemplated, and move his army by land, thereby securing a position at New Carthage, a point on the river nearly opposite Warrenton. Accordingly the army under Gen. QUIMBY, which was still operating against Fort Pemberton on the Yazoo, near Greenwood, was ordered to report at Milliken's Bend, where all the forces were concentrated on the 25th of March.

On the 29th the 13th Army Corps, under Gen. McCLEARNAND, took up its line of march, followed soon after by the 15th and 17th. On arriving at Smith's Plantation, two miles in rear of New Carthage, the water being at a high stage was found to have broken the levee in several places, thus leaving the latter place an island, which could not be reached without vessels. Much time was consumed in collecting such small boats as could be found in the different bayous in the vicinity for the purpose of crossing the troops, but the process was found too tedious, and after several days spent in the undertaking, a new route was determined upon, by which a further march of twelve miles around Vidal, to Perkins' Plantation, became necessary.

At the time the move to New Carthage was commenced, it was determined to make an attempt to run

the transports past the Vicksburg batteries, accompanied by Admiral PORTER's gunboat fleet. Accordingly on the night of April 16th the transports Silver Wave, Forest Queen, and Henry Clay, accompanied by the gunboats, ran past the batteries, but were all badly damaged—one, the Henry Clay, being lost. This success in passing the batteries induced Gen. GRANT to make another attempt, and on the night of the 22nd the transports Tigress, Anglo Saxon, Cheeseman, Empire City, Horizonia, and Moderator, were despatched. Only five of them, however, succeeded in going by. The Tigress received a shot in her hull after passing the last battery and sunk on the Louisiana side of the river. The crews of nearly all the transports were composed of volunteers from the army.

The 13th Army Corps was then put on board the transports, and moved down the river on the 29th of April, landing a short distance above Grand Gulf. After an unsuccessful attempt by the gunboat fleet to silence the enemy's batteries at that point, the army was again put in motion, marching to a point opposite Bruinsburg, sixteen miles below—where they crossed the river on such of the transports as had in the meantime succeeded in running past the enemy's batteries at Grand Gulf. After crossing the river, the 13th, followed soon afterwards by all the other army corps, advanced in the direction of Port Gibson. Then followed in rapid succession the battles of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, Black River Bridge, and Warrenton, in all of



which the enemy were defeated, and the army on the 18th of May had commenced the investment of Vicksburg in the rear—with lines extending from Haines' Bluff, (which was held by Gen. SHERMAN,) on the north, to the first line of bluffs above Warrenton on the south—a distance of fourteen miles. Approaches on the enemy's works were immediately commenced by constructing lines of rifle pits. An unsuccessful attempt to capture the works by storming was made conjointly by the three army corps on the 22nd of May. After this failure, which resulted in great loss, Gen. GRANT decided upon a regular siege, which was in progress at the time of our arrival on the 11th of June.

After this contest the rebel general Pemberton, owing to previous imputations against his loyalty to the Confederate cause, issued the following address to his garrison :

" You have heard that I was incompetent and a traitor, and that it was my intention to sell Vicksburg. Follow me, and you will see the cost at which I will sell Vicksburg. When the last pound of beef, bacon and flour, the last grain of corn, the last cow and hog, horse and dog, shall have been consumed, and the last man shall have perished in the trenches, then, and not till then, will I sell Vicksburg."

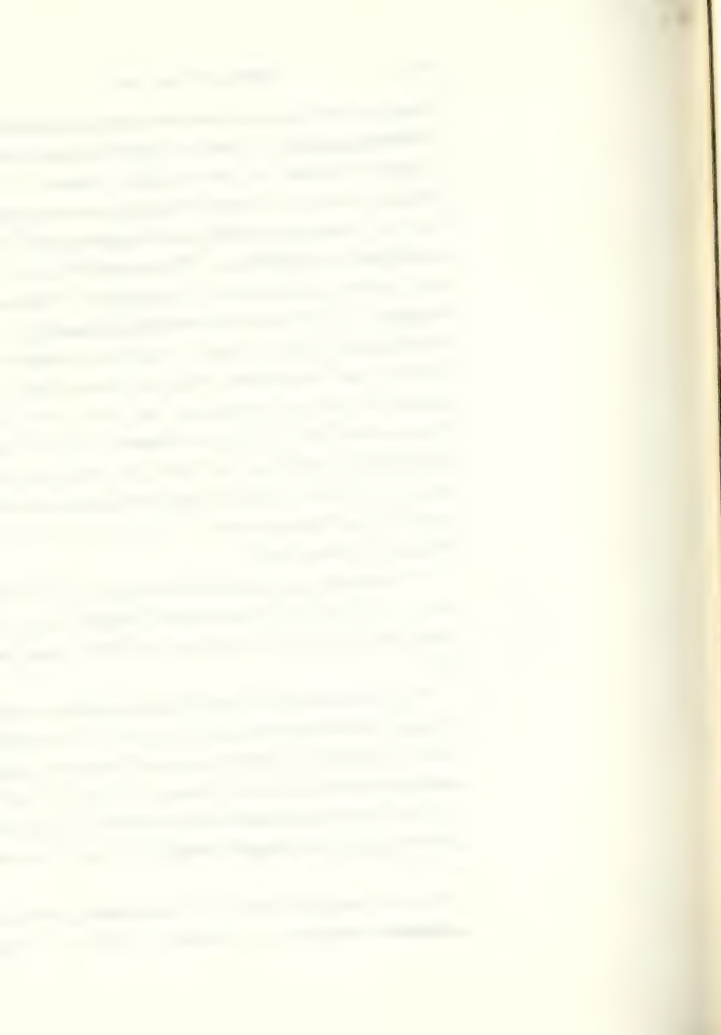
After disembarking at Young's Point, our division marched back of the levee, and bivouacked in an old cotton field some half mile distant from the river. We remained here until 2 o'clock P. M. on the following day, when we marched some four miles through a dense

forest, and came again on the river bank, five miles below Vicksburg, opposite Warrenton, where we again halted. From this position we first caught a glimpse of Gen. GRANT's forces in the rear of the city, whose movements however, owing to the timber on the opposite bank, could not be seen at this distance. There were two large iron clad gunboats lying opposite us in the river, which were engaging a rebel battery situated on a commanding eminence below the city. Close by the battery stood a remarkably tall tree, which, from its extreme height, attracted our attention, and we gave the rebel works near it the name of the "Lone Tree Battery." This "Lone Tree Battery" occupied the left of the rebel forts, and was one of their very strongest positions, as we afterwards learned by experience. It was garrisoned by a division of Georgia troops.

We remained here until the following day, June 13th, when we crossed the river on the *Empire City* at 12 o'clock, and landed at Warrenton, six miles below the city.

After disembarking at Warrenton, we marched a short distance north of the town and bivouacked in a beautiful shady grove beside the Vicksburg road, where we slept soundly notwithstanding the incessant thunders of artillery, and consciousness that on the morrow we too should probably join in the desperate strife then raging so near us.

The next morning (June 14th) being Sunday, our usual company inspection was attended to and ammunition

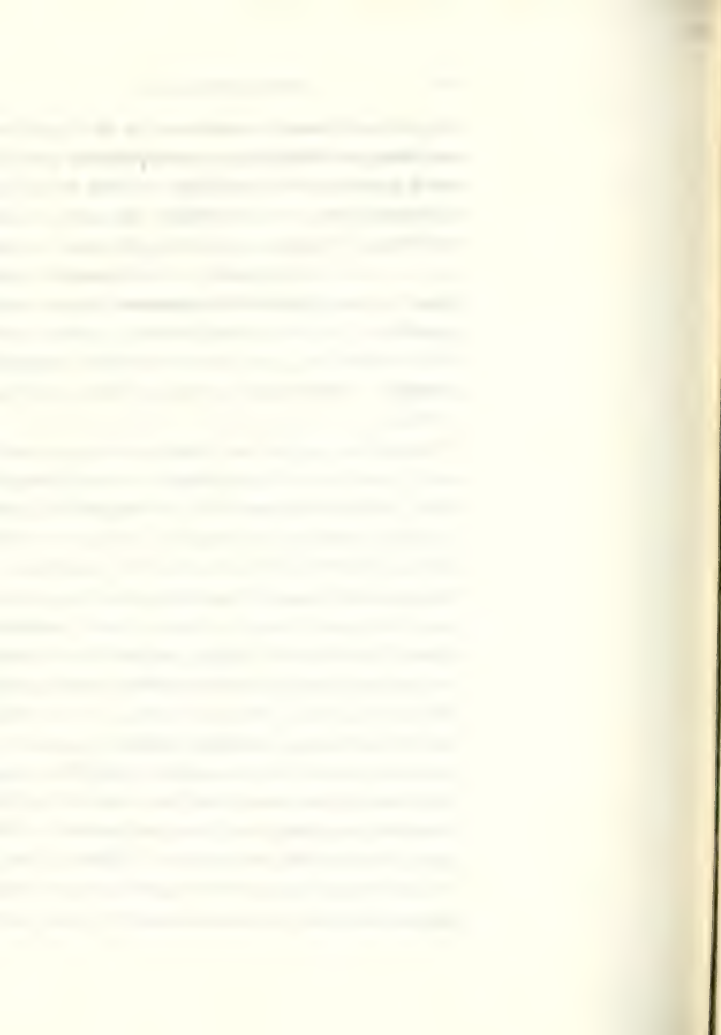


distributed, when we moved some two miles in a south-west direction—halting in a ravine, where we rested beneath the shade of a magnificent grove of Magnolias, then in full bloom, and enjoyed a rich repast on blackberries which grew in great abundance in the vicinity. After the lapse of an hour we resumed the march—passing a few fine plantations, which now, however, bore the impress of desolating war. Our route lay through a succession of ravines and bold hills, and we passed a great number of deserted rifle pits and redoubts from which the enemy had been driven on the approach of General GRANT'S army. After marching four miles in a direction east from Warrenton, we again halted—this time in a cotton-field, at the base of a range of hills running nearly east and west, and which intervened between us and the rebel line of works on the north. There were a number of deep ravines which opened in front of us toward Vicksburg, through which we caught glimpses of the rebel fortifications. We here pitched our tents and again slept under the discordant music of musketry and roar of artillery.

Our division had now arrived in rear of the ground we were to occupy during the siege—being on the extreme left of the besieging army. On our right was Gen. LAUMAN'S division which connected on the east with the 17th army corps under Gen. MCPHERSON, who commanded the centre of the besieging forces; the ground east of the 17th corps to the Yazoo River was held by a portion Gen. SHERMAN'S corps—the 15th. The left

wing of Gen. HERRON's Army rested on the high bluff overlooking the Mississippi, and our operations were directed against the rebel works here defended exclusively by Georgia troops, to whose stubborn resistance we can bear witness. The ground intervening between the bluff and river being low and marshy was not occupied by our picket line—the position of the gunboats lying at anchor opposite our left being perhaps deemed a sufficient protection at this point; yet these grounds were constantly patrolled by parties sent out from our division for that purpose.

We were up early on the following morning, and after eating breakfast marched up towards the front through a ravine, halting on the summit of a hill from which a plain view of the rebel lines was obtained. Our advent on the hill was probably the first intimation the enemy had of the presence of troops in that vicinity, and they at once opened fire upon us from a number of small howitzers, followed by a shot from a larger gun, which went hissing and roaring through the air far overhead, exploding some distance in the rear. This was the first occasion on which one of these immense shells had greeted us, and we involuntarily shrunk from the supposed track of the howling monster—lying down behind the crest of the hill. This shell came from a very large gun mounted at the upper water-batteries, and known as "Whistling Dick." We soon became familiar with the peculiar sound accompanying shots from this gun however, but could never



entirely overcome our inclination to *hunt a safe place* when we heard one of them coming.

While the attention of the rebel gunners was directed to our regiment several field-pieces were brought up and put into position on the right and left, and earthworks hastily thrown up to protect them. This work was completed without molestation from the rebel batteries, and the regiment, with the exception of Companies E and I, returned to camp. These two companies remained a short time longer to support the guns which had been mounted, and then being relieved by a picket line sent out from our division, they also returned to camp. At the moment they withdrew from their position, the rebels seemed to become aware of the presence of the guns which had been placed in position, and immediately opened on them with great fury—shots flying thick and fast about us through all parts of the timber, but very few of them striking near our batteries. We succeeded, however, in reaching camp without meeting with any casualties.

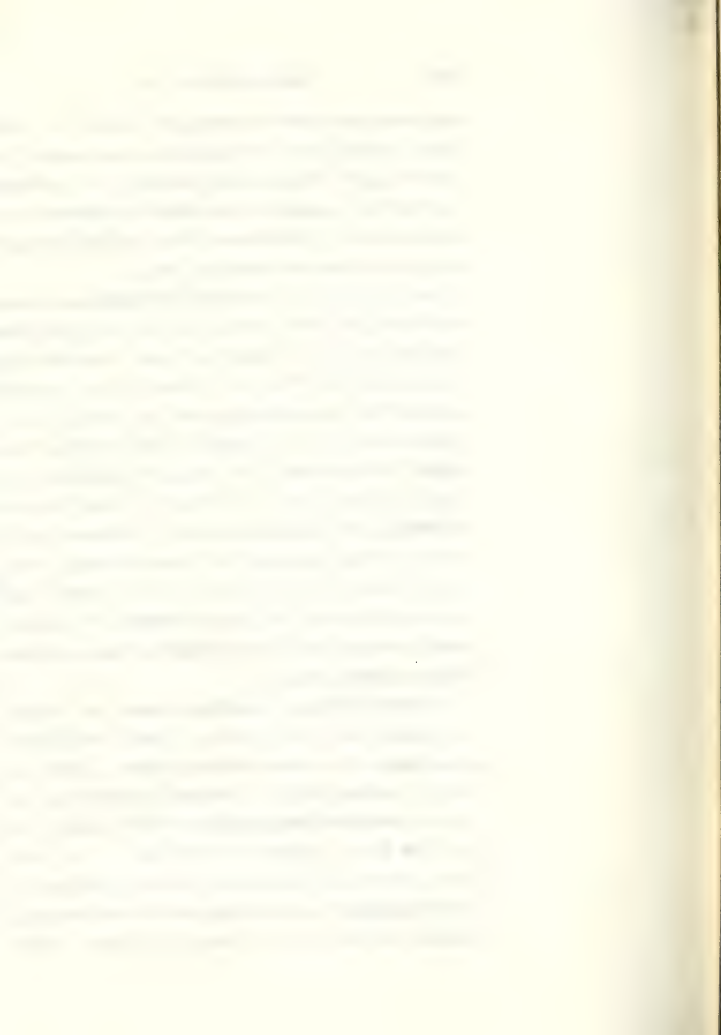
Companies C and G were sent out the same evening to occupy the rifle-pits—being the first companies from our regiment which performed this duty.

Our time during the progress of the siege was spent either on fatigue duty digging rifle pits or building earthworks for the protection of siege guns; supporting batteries; on picket duty, and occupying rifle pits. These various duties were constant; immediately on being relieved from one we were called upon to perform another.

Sometimes after spending twenty-four hours in the rifle pits on reporting back at camp, were at once sent off to work all night strengthening redoubts. But notwithstanding these incessant labors, added to exposure in the hot sun, scarcity of wholesome rations, and bad quality of the water, sickness increased but little.

Our rifle pits were constructed by making an excavation in the earth from three to five feet deep, three feet wide, and usually of a length sufficient to accommodate two hundred men. They were placed on such grounds as afforded the best security against the enemy's sharpshooters, and the most commanding view of the pits occupied by the rebels. The loose dirt obtained in digging the pits was thrown up on the side facing the enemy, through which the men cut small embrasures out of which they were enabled to fire without exposing themselves. Owing to the vigilance of the enemy, and necessary exposure of our bodies in entering the pits, we usually went into them after nightfall and remained there until the following night.

The weather being exceedingly warm, we suffered very much while in the pits from a want of water, which it was impossible to procure during the day. Each man filled his canteen therefore previous to entering the pit, but the water after being exposed to the hot rays of the sun a few hours became too hot for use. Very little water, aside from what was procured from surface springs, could be obtained in the vicinity, and we were frequently without it for the space of twenty-four hours. Black-



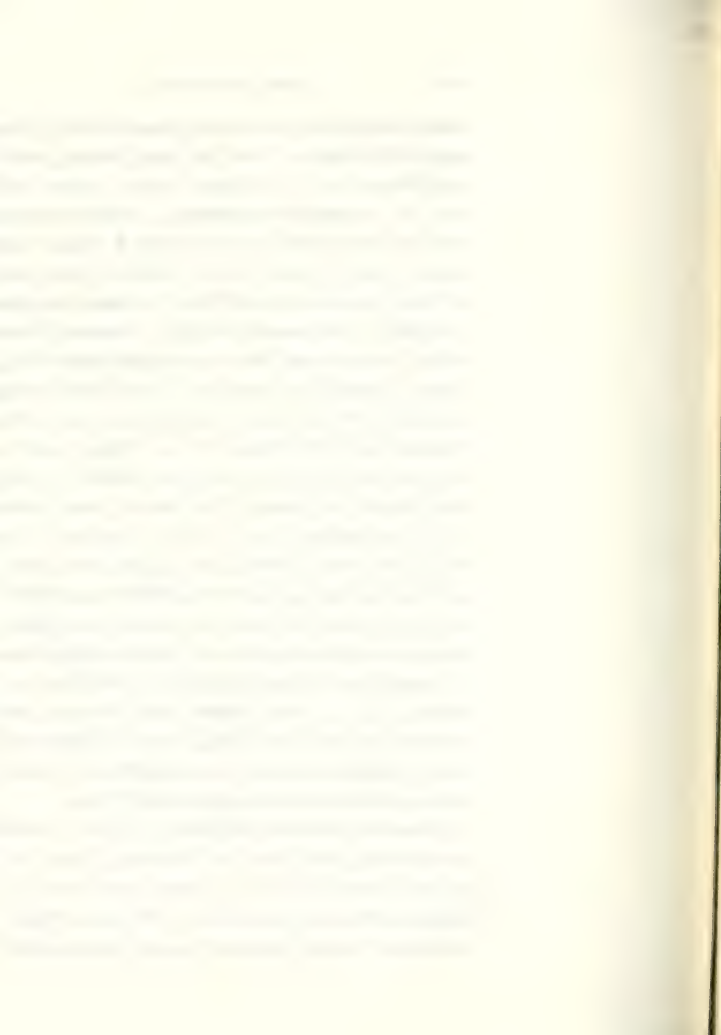
berries, however, being abundant, furnished a good substitute, and were better relished than the brackish water obtained from the surface springs.

Happening to be off duty on the 16th, in company with our chaplain, we took a stroll along the picket line. While walking across a wide plateau of level ground which intervened between our rifle pits and battery in the rear, and which had formerly been the site of a rebel camp, we observed Generals LAUMAN, McPHERSON, LOGAN, HERRON, VANDEVER, and other officers, walking leisurely towards the battery, conversing earnestly, and occasionally stopping to look towards the rebel redoubts near the "Lone Tree." During one of these pauses a howitzer was fired from the rebel works. The shot struck about thirty yards in rear of the group and, ricochetting, passed immediately over their heads. Some of the party, with a greater display of prudence than dignity, made an unceremonious dash for the embankment in front of the battery, behind which they took refuge. Gens. LAUMAN and HERRON, however, coolly turned about, and after looking at the spot where the shot struck, leisurely pursued their walk and conversation. The indifference manifested by these two officers, checked a strong disposition on our part to imitate the example of the more prudent party behind the battery—but failed to deter us from getting out of the vicinity as quickly as possible.

On the afternoon of June 25th, "Fort Beauregard," in front of McPHERSON'S Corps, having been previously

mined, was blown up, and a heavy assault made by the troops in that vicinity. But the enemy having previously become aware that mining was in progress, had taken the precaution to countermine, and also throw up other defences inside their outer line of works; they had also massed a heavy force of troops at this point, and were in position to offer more resistance than was anticipated. The assault therefore terminated disastrously to our troops, who were repulsed after losing heavily. During the contest at this point a brisk firing was kept up along our lines of rifle pits, and late in the afternoon the 94th Illinois, of our division, made a charge on the rebel pits in their front, which they captured, with a few prisoners; but were in turn driven back a few minutes later. After the repulse of the 94th a heavy force of rebels came outside their works and threatened the pits held by the 20th Iowa and 26th Indiana regiments, but after a few minutes sharp firing, they again withdrew until a late hour at night, when they again came out and charged up to within a short distance of us. A heavy reserve force, however, had been sent out early in the evening from our division, to support the picket line, and by their assistance the rebels were repulsed after a few minutes sharp fighting.

Some anxiety was felt at this time by reason of a large force of rebels, under Gen. JOE JOHNSTON, threatening our rear at Black River, which stream they crossed in some force about the 23rd of June. The forces required to operate against Johnston were one division each



from the 13th, 15th and 17th Army Corps, and LAUMAN'S Division—the whole under command of Major Gen. W. T. SHERMAN. A heavy attack being anticipated in this quarter about the 25th, the 20th Iowa, with other regiments, were ordered on the evening of the 22nd to hold themselves in readiness to march at any moment to the assistance of Sherman. Johnston not attacking, however, Gen. GRANT made dispositions for a general assault on the works at Vicksburg, which was to take place at daybreak on the morning of July 6th, and at the same time ordered Sherman to be prepared in case the assault proved successful, to make an immediate attack on Johnston. We remained idle during the 23rd, awaiting orders to move, but the order was countermanded in the evening, when we re-occupied the rifle pits.

On the following day Company B of our regiment was sent out on a foraging expedition, and succeeded in bringing in a number of cattle, which supplied us with a small amount of rations of fresh meat—the first we had received since leaving Missouri.

The afternoon of June 27th was characterized by a desperate attempt on the part of the rebels to demolish the batteries of our division—using all the guns they had in the vicinity for the purpose. Some of our gun carriages were struck several times, and much injury done to the earthworks and casemates around them. But the damage was all repaired during the succeeding night. During the cannonading in this attack many

1891

Journal

At 10 o'clock we left the hotel and went to the
cathedral. The cathedral is a very fine
building and is one of the best in the city.
The interior is very beautiful and the
architecture is of the highest order.
The cathedral is one of the most important
buildings in the city and is a great
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large shells and solid shot passed through our camp, compelling us to move our tents further to the rear.

At 11 o'clock A. M., July 3rd, our picket line was notified that a cessation of firing was ordered until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and this information was soon followed by a general mingling of our own and the rebel pickets, who indulged in friendly conversation. A rumor had been circulated since the cessation of firing, that negotiations between Gens. GRANT and Pemberton for the surrender of the city was pending, but the rebel soldiers indignantly denied that any such intention was meditated by them, and declared their intention to hold the works "as long as mule meat or pea flour lasted"—and at any rate "there should be no d——d Yankee Fourth of July celebration in Vicksburg that year." In reply, our boys assured them that they had no particular desire that the city should be surrendered for a few days longer, as "preparations for a grand celebration had already been made, and that among the various pyrotechnic entertainments on the occasion was to be a fine display of *red hot* shot, from the effects of which a magnificent conflagration was to be gotten up by firing the entire city, thus smoking them (the rebs) out of their badger holes—or, what would be equally as entertaining, roasting them inside." Precisely at 5 o'clock this singular interview was terminated by orders on both sides to re-occupy the rifle pits.

On the following morning an official announcement was made from Gen. HERRON's headquarters that terms

of capitulation had been agreed upon and that our division was selected as one of the three to march in and occupy the works at 10 o'clock A. M., same day. Some of the regiments composing our division manifested a desire to receive the announcement with cheers, which was promptly suppressed by their officers, and all such demonstrations forbidden.

The following correspondence had passed between Gens. GRANT and Pemberton on the previous afternoon—the first communication from the rebel general being brought outside their lines by Maj. Gen. J. B. Bowen, of the Confederate army :

HEADQUARTERS, VICKSBURG, July 3, 1863.

GENERAL—I have the honor to propose to you an armistice for ——— hours, with a view to arranging terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg. To this end, if agreeable to you, I will appoint three commissioners to meet a like number named by yourself at such place and hour to-day as you may find convenient. I make this proposition to save the further effusion of blood, which must otherwise be shed to a frightful extent, feeling myself fully able to maintain my position for a yet indefinite period.

This communication will be handed you under flag of truce, by Major General J. B. Bowen.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. C. PEMBERTON, Lieut. General.

To Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant, com'd'g U. S. forces, &c.

To which Gen. GRANT returned the following reply :

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,

In field near Vicksburg, Miss., July 3, 1863.

GENERAL—Your note of this date is just received, proposing an armistice for several hours for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation through commissioners to be appointed, &c.

The useless effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course can be ended at any time you may choose, by an unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg, will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and I can assure you, will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war.

I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange terms of capitulation, because I have no terms other than those indicated above.

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, Maj. General.

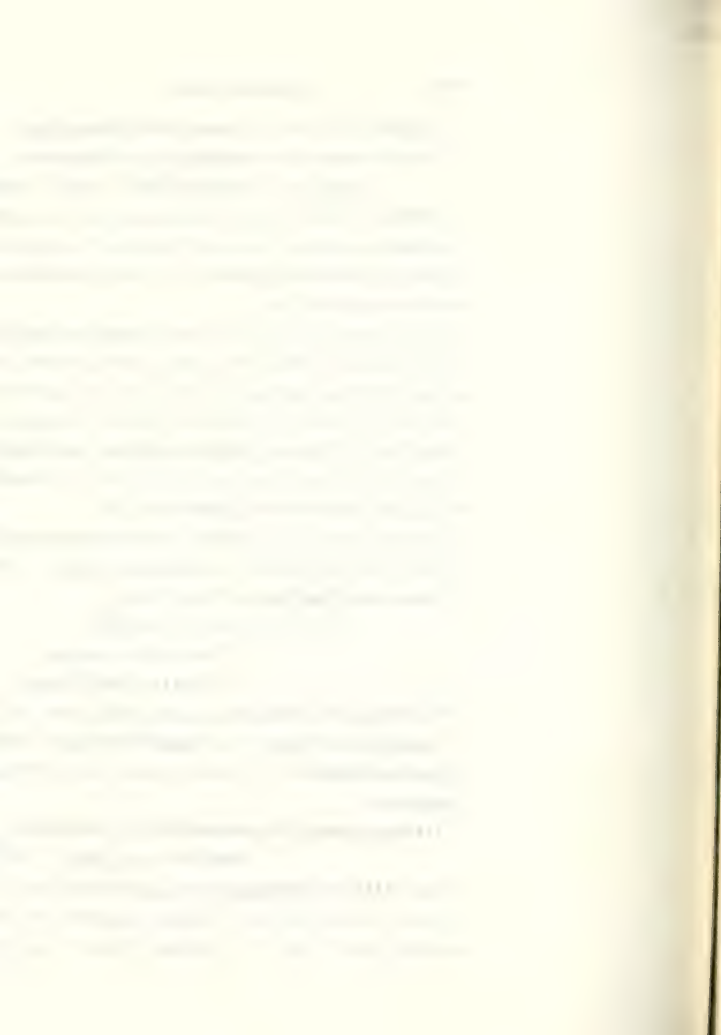
To Lt. Gen. J. C. Pemberton, comd'g Conf. forces, &c.

During the early part of the night Gen. GRANT drew up and transmitted to the rebel general the following proposition :

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,

Near Vicksburg, July 3, 1863.

GENERAL—In conformity with agreement of this afternoon, I will submit the following proposition for the surrender of the city of Vicksburg, public stores, &c.



On your accepting the terms proposed, I will march one division as a guard, and take possession at 8 A. M. to-morrow. As soon as rolls can be made out, and paroles signed by officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines, the officers taking with them their side arms and clothing, and the field, staff and cavalry officers one horse each; the rank and file will be allowed all their clothing, but no other property. If these conditions are accepted, any amount of rations you may deem necessary can be taken from the stores you now have, and also the necessary cooking utensils for preparing them. Thirty wagons, also, two two horse or mule teams as one, will be allowed to transport such articles as cannot be carried along.

The same conditions will be allowed to all sick and wounded officers and soldiers as fast as they become able to travel. The paroles for these latter must be signed, however, whilst officers are present authorized to sign the roll of prisoners.

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, Maj. General.

To Lt. Gen. J. C. Pemberton, comd'g Conf. forces, &c.

Gen. Pemberberton after consultation with his officers soon afterwards returned the following answer, partially acceding to the terms proposed:

HEADQUARTERS, Vicksburg, July 3.

GENERAL—I have the honor to acknowledge the re-

ceipt of your communication of this date, proposing terms of capitulation for this garrison and post.

In the main your terms are accepted ; but in justice both to the honor and spirit of my troops manifested in the defense of Vicksburg, I have to submit the following amendments, which, if acceded to by you, will perfect the agreement between us :

At 10 o'clock A. M., I propose to evacuate the works in and around Vicksburg, and to surrender the city and garrison under my command by marching out with my colors and arms, stacking them in front of my present lines, after which you will take possession.

Officers to retain their side arms and personal property, and the rights and property of citizens to be respected.

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. C. PEMBERTON, Lieut. General.

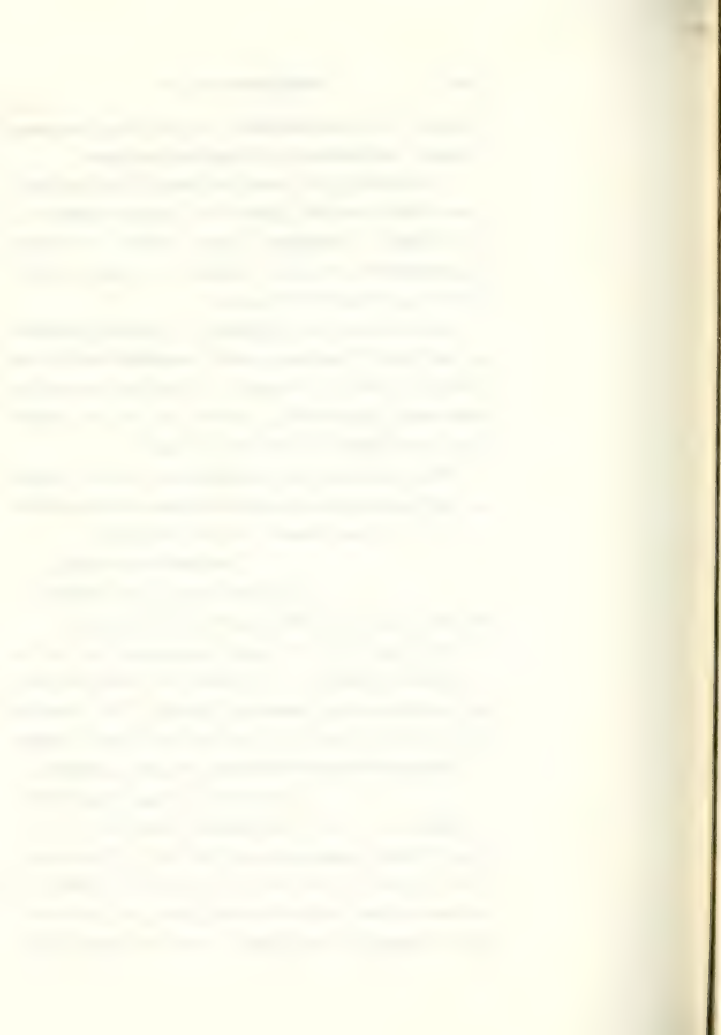
To Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant, comd'g U. S. forces, &c.

Gen. GRANT replied promptly, rejecting a part of the Confederate general's stipulations, and intimating that the conference was becoming irksome. The following communication, therefore, closed negotiations on his part :

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,

Before Vicksburg, July 4, 1863.

GENERAL—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of 3rd July. The amendment proposed by you cannot be acceded to in full. It will be necessary to furnish every officer and man with a parole signed by himself, which, after the completion of



the roll of prisoners, will necessarily take some time. Again, I can make no stipulations with regard to the treatment of citizens and their private property. While I do not propose to cause them any undue annoyance or loss, I cannot consent to leave myself under any restraint by stipulation. The property which officers will be allowed to take with them will be as stated in my proposition last evening, that is, officers will be allowed their private baggage and side arms, and mounted officers one horse each.

If you mean by your proposition for each brigade to march to the front of the lines now occupied by it and stack arms at 10 o'clock A. M., and then return to the inside and there remain as prisoners until properly paroled, I will make no objection to it.

Should no notification be received of your acceptance of my terms by 9 o'clock A. M., I shall regard them as having been rejected, and shall act accordingly.

Should these terms be accepted white flags should be displayed along your lines to prevent such of my troops as may not have been notified, from firing on your men.

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, Maj. General.

To Lt. Gen. J. C. Pemberton, comd'g Conf. forces, &c.

Only a few minutes elapsed after receipt of this until Gen. Pemberton signified his acceptance of the terms proposed, as follows :

HEADQUARTERS, Vicksburg, July 4, 1863.

GENERAL—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this day, and in reply to say that the terms proposed by you are accepted.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. C. PEMBERTON, Lieut. General.

To Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant, comd'g U. S. forces.

At 10 o'clock, accordingly, on the morning of July 4th, our division was formed and advanced to the first line of works on the left, where we halted while the garrison marched out and stacked their arms in front of their earthworks, which duty they performed with much apparent reluctance. After stacking arms they faced about and re-entered the works, and the flag of the 20th Iowa was immediately hoisted on the breastworks. Our bands then struck up national airs, and we proceeded to enter the works. As we passed through the first line of defences and arrived on the inside, we encountered large numbers of rebel soldiers, who ranged themselves along on either side of the road, gazing on us as we marched past with no very friendly expression of countenance. On our side, I confess, we were much surprised at the wretched appearance of these men, whose clothing was not only filthy with dirt, but hanging in ragged festoons from their bodies—their feet bare, or wrapped about with rags, and their whole appearance denoting the sufferings which had been endured by them from an insufficient supply of rations. They made no concealment of the fact that *mule meat* had been issued to them, but on the



contrary complained that this was furnished in insufficient quantities. There appeared to be a feud existing between the Mississippi and Georgia troops—the former charging the latter with injustice on account of overcharges for mules, while the latter retorted by charging the former with a want of patriotism, and also with cowardice. It appeared from complaints made by the Mississippians that the Georgia troops had a large number of mules, and when rations became scarce in the city, instead of sharing with their less fortunate comrades, had opened a *meat market*, where the highest prices were exacted from such customers as were able to indulge in the luxury of *mule meat*—"steaks," "sirloins," "chops," or the more delicate "stew"—prices ranging in this Assinine market from forty to sixty cents per pound.

Advancing further into the city we observed those innumerable casemated hiding places of which we had previously heard. They were dug in the sides and at the base of the hills, and served as protection against fragments from bursting shells. The hillsides were perfectly honey-combed by these excavations, whose compartments afforded shelter alike to soldiers, citizens, women and children. The entrance to them was small, but still sufficiently large to require but a slight stoop in entering. The inside was in shape of the letter L, and contained room sufficient to accommodate the parties who had constructed it—whether a large family or single individual.

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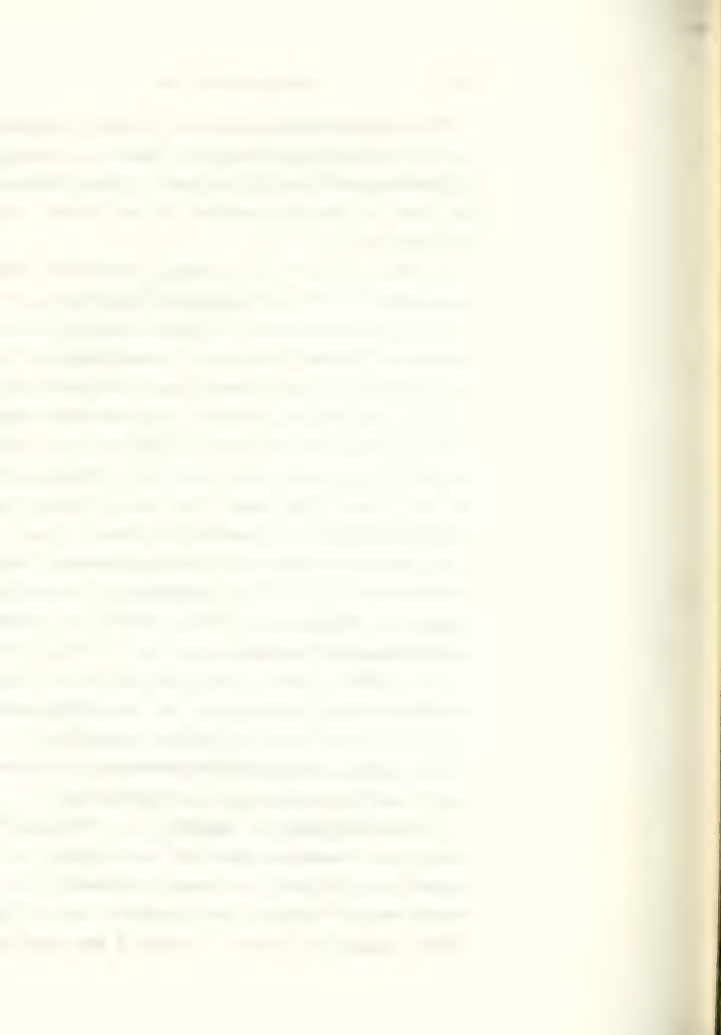
The following extracts from letters written by persons who were in the city and occupying these caves during the continuance of the siege may serve to show the state of alarm and suffering endured by the citizens. A lady writer says :

“Sitting in my cave one evening, I heard the most heartrending shrieks and groans, and upon making inquiry learned that a mother had taken her child into a cave about a hundred yards from us, and having laid it on its bed, as the poor woman thought, in safety, she took her seat near the entrance. A mortar shell came rushing through the air and fell upon the cave, and bursting in the ground entered the cave ; a fragment of the shell crushed the head of the infant, leaving the mother to pierce the heavens with her cries of agony.”

A gentleman who was also in the city, speaking of the terror inspired by the fierce bombardment among the women and children, says : “The terror of the women and children, their constant screams and wailings over the dead bodies of their friends, mingled as they were with the shrieks of bursting shell, and the pitiful groans of the dying, was enough to appal the stoutest heart.”

The following is perhaps a fair specimen of cave life experienced by non-combattants during the siege :

“I was sitting near the entrance of my cave about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the bombardment commenced more furiously than usual, the shells falling thickly around us, causing vast columns of earth to fly upward, mingled with smoke. As usual, I was uncertain



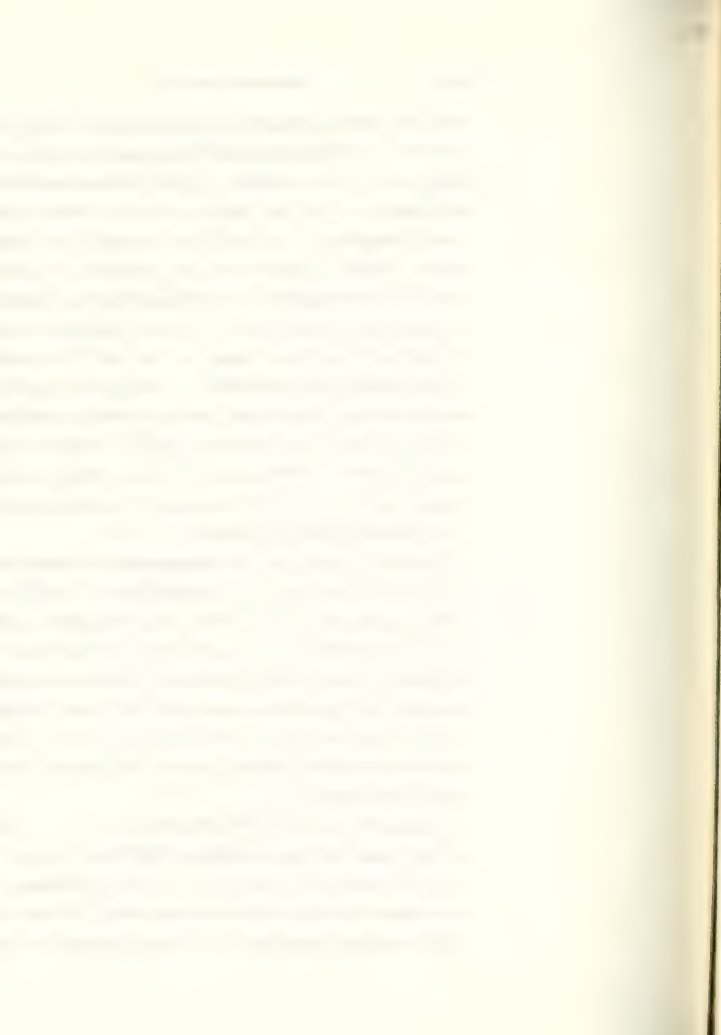
whether to remain within, or to run out. As the rocking and trembling of the earth was distinctly felt, and the explosions alarmingly near, I stood within the mouth of the cave ready to make my escape should one chance to fall above our domicile. In my anxiety I was startled by the shouts of the servants, and a most fearful jar and rocking of the earth, followed by a deafening explosion, such as I had never heard before. The cave filled instantly with dust and smoke, I stood there, with a tickling, prickling sensation in my head, hands and feet, and with confused brain. Yet alive! was the first glad thought that came to me—child, servants, all here, and saved! I stepped out and found a group of persons before my cave, looking anxiously for me, and lying all around were freshly torn rose bushes, arborvitæ trees, large clods of earth, splinters and pieces of plank. A mortar shell had struck the corner of the cave, fortunately so near the brow of the hill that it had gone obliquely into the earth, exploding as it went, breaking large masses from the side of the hill—tearing away the fence, the shrubbery and the flowers—sweeping all like an avalanche down near the entrance of my cave. At another time, I sat reading in safety, as I imagined, when the unmistakable whizzing of parrott shells told us that the battery we so much dreaded had opened from the entrenchments. I ran to the entrance to call the servants in. Immediately after they entered a shell struck the earth a few feet from the entrance, burying itself without exploding. A man came in much fright-

1841. The first of the year was a very dry one, and the
season was generally unfavorable for the crops. The
winter was very cold, and the spring was very dry.
The summer was very hot, and the autumn was very
dry. The crops were generally poor, and the
harvest was very small. The weather was very
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ened and asked permission to remain until the danger was over. He had been there but a short time when a parrott shell came whistling in at the entrance and fell in the centre of the cave before us, and lay there—the fuse still smoking. Our eyes were fastened upon that terrible missile of death as by the fascination of a serpent, while we expected every moment that the terrific explosion would take place. I pressed my child closer to my heart and drew nearer to the wall. Our fate seemed certain—our doom sealed. Just at this dreadful moment, George, a negro boy, rushed forward, seized the shell, and threw it into the street, then ran swiftly in the opposite direction. Fortunately the fuse became extinguished, and the shell fell harmless to the ground, and is still looked upon as a monument of terror.”

The city, in every part, bore unmistakable evidence to the long continued and fierce bombardment to which it had been subjected by our forces. But few houses could be seen which had not been perforated by cannon balls—and many of them entirely demolished. The streets were barricaded and also ditched across for rifle pits. Many of the houses were pierced for rifles, and no doubt intended to be used by sharpshooters in case the place was entered by assault.

The greater number of the citizens hailed our advent into the place with demonstration of satisfaction, not perhaps from motives of loyalty to the federal government, but because it enabled them to remove their families out of the caves, and again walk in the clear sunlight, breath-



ing the pure air, unrestrained by apprehensions from bursting shells and whistling bullets.

During the afternoon our customary celebration of the National Anniversary took place. It consisted of a very fine display of fireworks, and salutes fired from all the land batteries and gunboats.

The universal anxiety of the public mind in regard to the movements of Gen. GRANT against Vicksburg—on the successful result of which depended the fate of a stupendous campaign, in which was involved a vast amount of war material as well as the flower of the great northwestern army—was shared equally at the Capital. The announcement of his success, therefore, was hailed with enthusiastic demonstrations of joy by the loyal people all over the land, and was the occasion of the following autograph letter from the President:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,

July 13th, 1863.

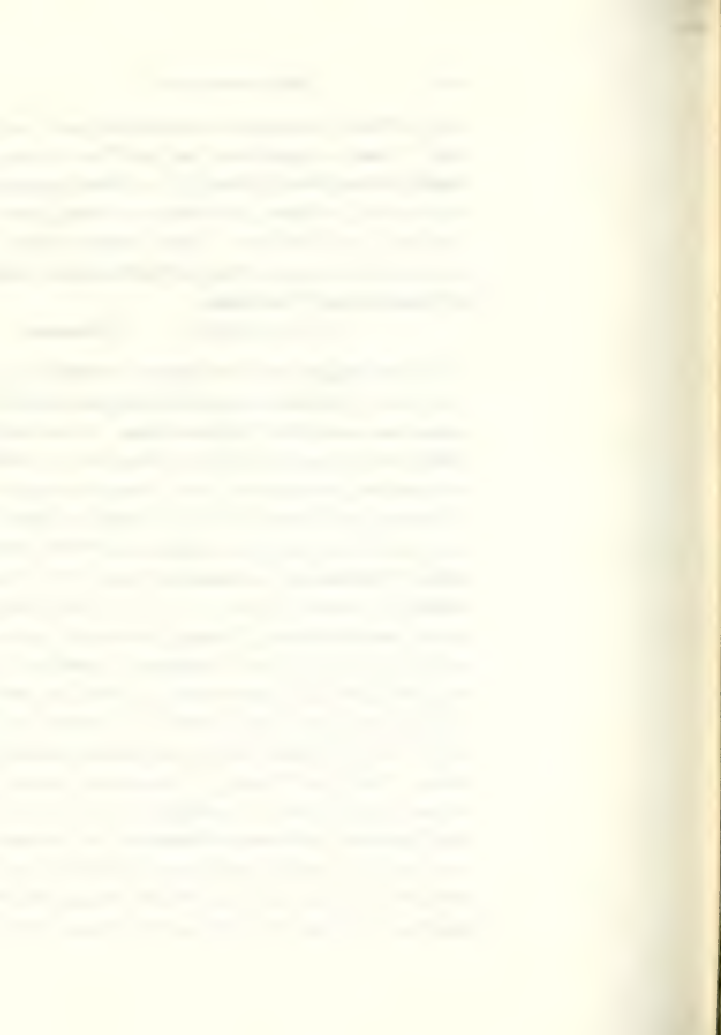
To Maj. Gen. GRANT:

MY DEAR GENERAL—I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgement for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I,

that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgement that you were right and I was wrong.

Yours very truly, A. LINCOLN.

Upon entering the works our regiment, instead of making a halt at some convenient point, continued its march—sometimes in one direction, then another. At one time a bold move was made towards the centre of the city, but before reaching the streets we were intercepted by a ravine and our course turned to the right, when we followed the ravine until our further progress on this route was suddenly terminated by an impassable ditch, which we flanked by a dexterous move to the right, and then charged past a rebel camp, through a slaughter yard, scrambling up a precipitous hillside near the outer works, where we halted on the narrow crest of a hill near the spot of our first entry into the works. The ground here had been arranged as an abattis, being covered by fallen timber. Having now thoroughly explored the vicinity without finding a place for encamping, Col. DYE established regimental headquarters temporarily on a large stump, where we awaited further orders from Gen. VAN-DEVER which would enable us to find an encampment or direct us in the route of our further wanderings. After



remaining here until near sunset, our impatience was relieved by the appearance of this officer who rode up to Col. DYE and propounded a question which we had been all the afternoon endeavoring to solve—viz: “Why the d—l don’t this regiment get into camp?” After a few minutes spent in angry altercation the general left, dropping hints of “court-martial,” “want of respect to superior officers,” &c. An orderly soon returned, however, with the necessary instructions, and after another march of two miles we encamped on another hilltop two miles northeast of the city, where there was less brush and logs, but this deficiency in discomfort was more than counterbalanced by dust.

In concluding his official report, Gen. GRANT made the following allusion to our own and other troops who had participated in the siege:

“For the brilliant achievements recounted in this report, the Army of the Tennessee, their comrades of the 9th Corps, HERRON’S Division of the Army of the Frontier, and the Navy co-operating with them, deserve the highest honors their country can award.”

The advantages secured by the capture of Vicksburg, aside from the bearing it had on the general aspects of the war in the southwest by opening navigation on the Mississippi, was a loss to the enemy of one of their very strongest works; all its immense stores of army supplies, and munitions of war; 37,000 prisoners—among whom were fifteen general officers—and 10,000 killed and

wounded. Among the killed were Gens. Tracy, Tilghman, and Green.

The success, however, had cost us a heavy loss. Since the opening of the campaign we had lost, in killed, 1,243 ; 7,095 wounded, and 545 missing; making a total of 8,845.



CHAPTER XII.

EMBARK ON BOARD TRANSPORTS FOR PORT HUDSON—ORDER CHANGED, AND WE GO ON AN EXPEDITION TO YAZOO CITY—CAPTURE OF THAT PLACE—LOSS OF THE GUNBOAT DE KALB—ORDERED TO CO-OPERATE WITH SHERMAN AGAINST JACKSON—MARCH TO BLACK RIVER AND CANTON—GEN. SHERMAN'S MOVEMENTS AGAINST JOHNSTON, AND CAPTURE OF JACKSON—RETURN TO YAZOO CITY, AND VOYAGE TO VICKSBURG—A GREAT HAUL OF CONTRABANDS AND COTTON.

On the 10th of July, Gen. HERRON received orders to embark our Division on board transports, and proceed to Port Hudson to reinforce Gen. BANKS, who was still besieging that place. Accordingly on the morning of the 11th we embarked, leaving our tents standing in camp. Such of the men, also, as were not fully able for field duty as well as much of our camp and garrison equipage were left behind—the campaign being one requiring great despatch.

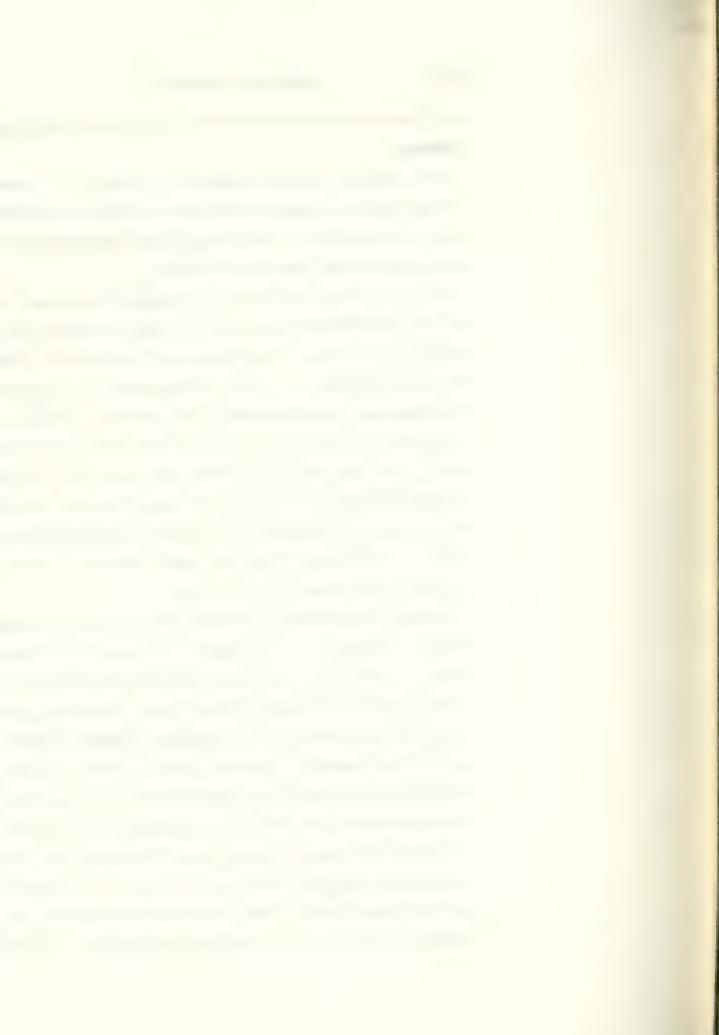
The Division was all on board, and the fleet just ready to move off, when a gunboat arrived with the intelligence that Port Hudson had capitulated immediately on learning of the surrender of Vicksburg. This intelligence rendering our movement in that direction useless, Gen. HERRON was then ordered to proceed on an expedition against Yazoo City, and co-operate on the left flank of

Gen. SHERMAN's forces who were at that time besieging Jackson.

This change of orders rendered a change of boats also necessary, as those on which we had first embarked were not calculated for the Yazoo River—being altogether too large to navigate it with safety.

Much time was consumed in changing boats, and we did not leave Vicksburg until 11 o'clock on the day following—July 12th. Our fleet was convoyed by the iron-clad gunboat *De Kalb*, commanded by Captain WALKER, and two tin-clads. We arrived at Haines' Bluff about 3 o'clock, P. M. on the same day, where we landed and took on board twenty-five men of the 2d Wisconsin cavalry, commanded by Lieut. MYERS, which comprised all the cavalry force accompanying the expedition. After getting them on board, with their horses, the fleet again proceeded on its way.

Much of the country, on either side of the river, was low and marshy, and consequently uninhabited. Numerous large alligators were seen lying along on the banks, basking their rough slimy bodies in the sunshine, and feeding on the insects which swarmed in myriads about them. Their manner of catching flies is at once simple, convenient and natural, and attended with the least possible expenditure of exertion or genius. While lying on shore in the sun, enjoying a nap, the upper jaw and snout are thrown back, leaving the inside of the mouth and the throat bare. The saliva on these attract the insects, which continue to settle on them until the mouth



is well filled, when the alligator suddenly closes his "fly-trap," and secures the game.

After passing the Little Sunflower, which empties into the Yazoo above the "Mounds," the land was more elevated, and beautiful residences, surrounded by large plantations under good cultivation, lined either bank of the river. The only inhabitants to be seen, however, were negroes, who came out on the bank and looked with astonishment at our fleet as we passed—occasionally waving handkerchiefs in welcome.

We arrived at a point about two miles below Yazoo City, at 1 o'clock P. M., on the 13th, where our fleet stopped, and lay against the east bank of the river—the side on which the city was located. Gen. HERRON then despatched the gunboats towards the city to engage the enemy's batteries, and ascertain their strength and position. At the same time our small cavalry force was landed on the opposite (or west) side of the river, with orders to proceed to a point opposite the city, and prevent the escape of the steamers reported to be there. A few of the regiments also disembarked, and formed line of battle, to support the gunboats. The ground on which we had landed was covered by a heavy growth of cypress timber and thick weeds, through which it was impossible to obtain a view of any object even at a short distance in advance of us. The regiments which had disembarked moved up in line of battle parallel with the gunboats, until their progress was checked by a bayou which they were unable to cross—the rebels having destroyed

of the *Republic of Venice* in the
year 1577, when the Venetian
Senate, in a session held on the
24th of March, resolved to send
a commission of five members to
investigate the state of the
Republic, and to report thereon to
the Senate in the month of June.

The commission consisted of the
Doge, the Procurator General, and
three other members, who were
charged with the duty of ascertaining

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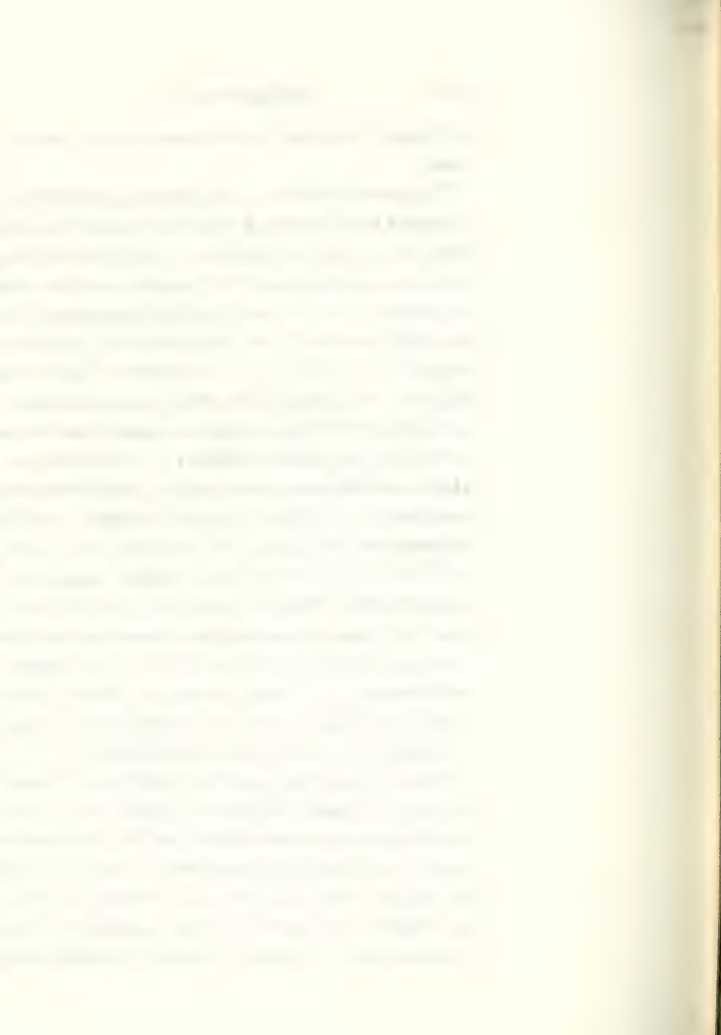
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the bridge. Here they halted to await further instructions.

The gunboat *De Kalb*, in the meantime, proceeded on her course until she arrived within half a mile of the city, when she opened fire with two of her guns—which, owing to the narrowness of the stream, was all she was able to work. Her fire was immediately responded to by the rebel fort, which it was discovered was situated on the south side of the city, a short distance east of the shipyard. After firing about thirty rounds, and ascertaining this battery was the only obstruction between us and the city, the gunboats withdrew. In the meantime, while the artillery duett was going on, the infantry repaired the broken bridge and crossed the bayou, when it was discovered the enemy had evacuated their earthworks, and were in retreat. Gen. HERRON immediately ordered the 20th Wisconsin, which had been the first to cross the bayou, in pursuit, which was continued for about ten miles in the direction of Canton, and resulted in the capture of a large number of prisoners beside a great many wagons and gun-carriages, which the enemy abandoned in their retreat on the roadside.

The *De Kalb*, in the meantime, with Gen. HERRON and staff on board, again started toward the city, but when nearly opposite the shipyard the boat ran upon a torpedo, which exploded, tearing away about two feet of her port bow, and sinking her almost instantly, in fifteen feet of water. No one on board was injured, however, by the explosion. Captain WALKER afterwards raised



and brought away all the heavy guns and many of her small arms.

While these events were progressing on the east side of the river, our small cavalry force had arrived opposite the town on the west side in time to prevent one of the steamers, (the *St. Marys*), from escaping, which was captured. They also pursued the remainder so closely, that the enemy were compelled to burn five of them—the *Magenta*, *Prince of Wales*, *J. F. Fargo*, *Peytonia*, and *Magnolia*—to prevent their falling into our hands. The *Mary Keene*, *Arcadia*, *E. J. Gay*, and *Kennett*, escaped. The boat which fell into our hands had been previously used as a gunboat by the rebels, but her guns had been removed and mounted in the works at Yazoo City a short time previously.

Gen. ORME was placed in command of the place with three regiments of infantry, and, notwithstanding his efforts to prevent pillage and destruction of private property, during the first night after our arrival some disgraceful robberies were committed by a Lieutenant of the 94th Illinois, who had been sent out with a patrol guard for the especial purpose of preventing such acts.

The city had been garrisoned by the 29th North Carolina infantry, with a battery of light artillery, all being under the command of Colonel Christman, of North Carolina.

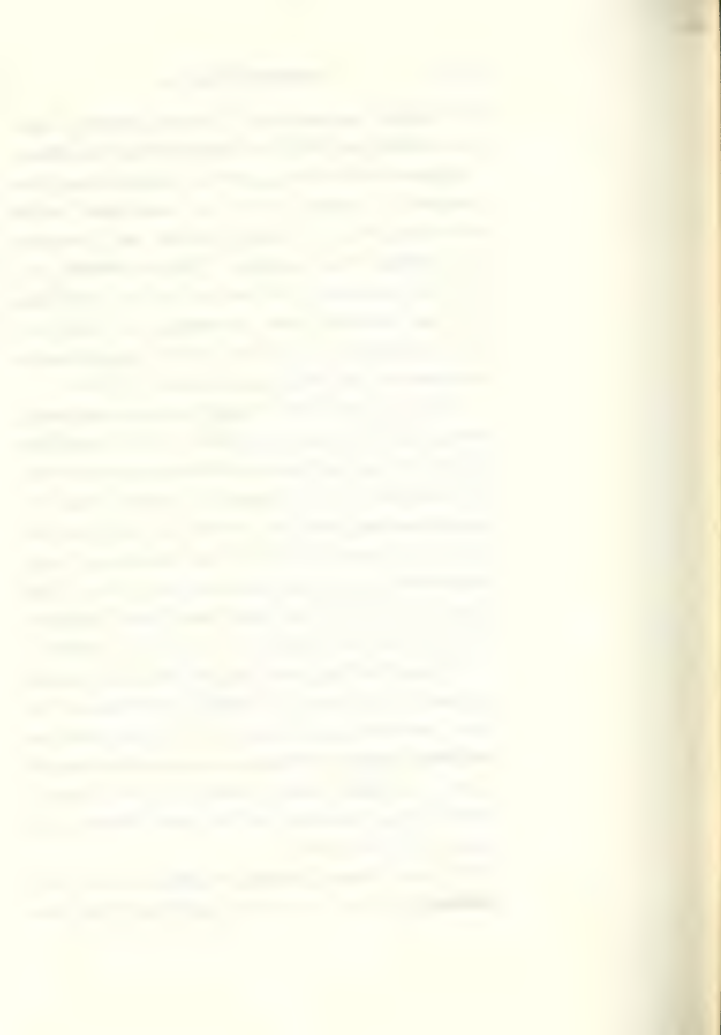
We found in the works, one 8-inch columbiad, four 30-pounder Parrotts, and one 12-pound howitzer, with

200 rounds of ammunition. The total number of prisoners captured was 300, with eight commissioned officers.

A great portion of the property pillaged by our men consisted of clothing, which was taken from various stores in the city, but being of a style not "according to regulations" was destroyed. Fine broadcloth coats were peddled about by the men and sold at prices ranging from ten cents down to nothing, and satin vests, cloth pantaloons, and fur hats went at proportionately low rates—the hats being converted into foot-balls.

Some of the men found a large silver-mounted family carriage at one of the residences in the city, which, with a span of fine spirited horses and silver-mounted harness, they confiscated, and proceeded to establish, with this splendid turnout, what they termed a "Lightning Omnibus Accommodation Line," to run between our transports and the city—charging 25 cents fare. The "Line" however, only made two trips when Gen. VAN'DEVER discovered and coveted the prize, which he seized at once—thus breaking down the enterprize, and occasioning much regret among line officers and soldiers as well as the enterprizing projectors. The printing office was also taken possession of by printers in our Division, and a small newspaper issued, entitled "The Yankee," under the superintendence of WALTER S. KENDALL, of Company E, 20th Iowa.

All these pleasant pastimes, however, were brought suddenly to a close on the morning of July 16th, when



orders were issued to prepare for an immediate march into the interior toward Jackson.

As no wagons had been brought with us, parties were sent out and all the carts, wagons, buggies, horses, mules and oxen in the vicinity were pressed into service to haul our cooking utensils and rations; the train thus formed, when ready to move, presented a ludicrous appearance, as no regard was paid to classification of teams—some of the light buggies being hauled by two yoke of oxen, while a span of small sized mules were toiling along with a heavily loaded wagon.

The march was commenced at 12 o'clock, M., of the same day, our forces consisting of seven regiments of infantry and one battery of light artillery. Owing to the excessive heat, dust and scarcity of water, this proved the hardest march we had yet endured. Pools of stagnant water found in the beds of dried up bayous, were eagerly drank from, although the water was not only warm, but covered with a green scum. There was abundance of fruit hanging from the boughs of trees temptingly overhead, at many of the plantations we passed, but orders that men who partook of it should be *arrested* and *shot*, deterred many from taking it. Some, however, disregarded this outrageous order, remarking as they pulled the fruit, that "Gen. VANDEVER might shoot and be d——d, as that mode of death was preferable to perishing from a want of water."

The inhabitants along our route of march being most intensely disloyal, and making no attempt to conceal the

fact, gave to this extraordinary tenderness on the part of our brigade commander that no loss should result to them from our presence, an appearance of leniency uncalled for and positively absurd; there was not a man in the army who did not so regard it.

The country, as we approached Black River, began to show the effects of the war. Most of the plantations were occupied by negroes, who seemed to have arrived at the conclusion that since their masters had absconded they were now the rightful owners. They were accordingly making dispositions for securing the fine crops just ripening, and getting them to market.

Immense quantities of cotton were stored throughout the country, and had our commanding officers been provided with transportation, over 50,000 bales could have been collected. The greater portion of this was the property of the Confederate government, and was subsequently burned to prevent its falling into the hands of our government. However, on our return march we secured 2,000 bales, taking it with us to Vicksburg where it was turned over to the proper authorities—but probably stolen by army contractors, as usual, soon afterwards.

After passing through the town of Benton, we arrived at Black River on the evening of the 16th, where we halted. On the following morning the march was resumed, and a portion of the army reached Canton at 3 o'clock, P. M., the remainder arriving late in the evening, where we bivouacked. On the next day, (the

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 British government had been in the habit of
 sending out a large number of ships to
 the West Indies, and that these ships
 were often found to be in a state of
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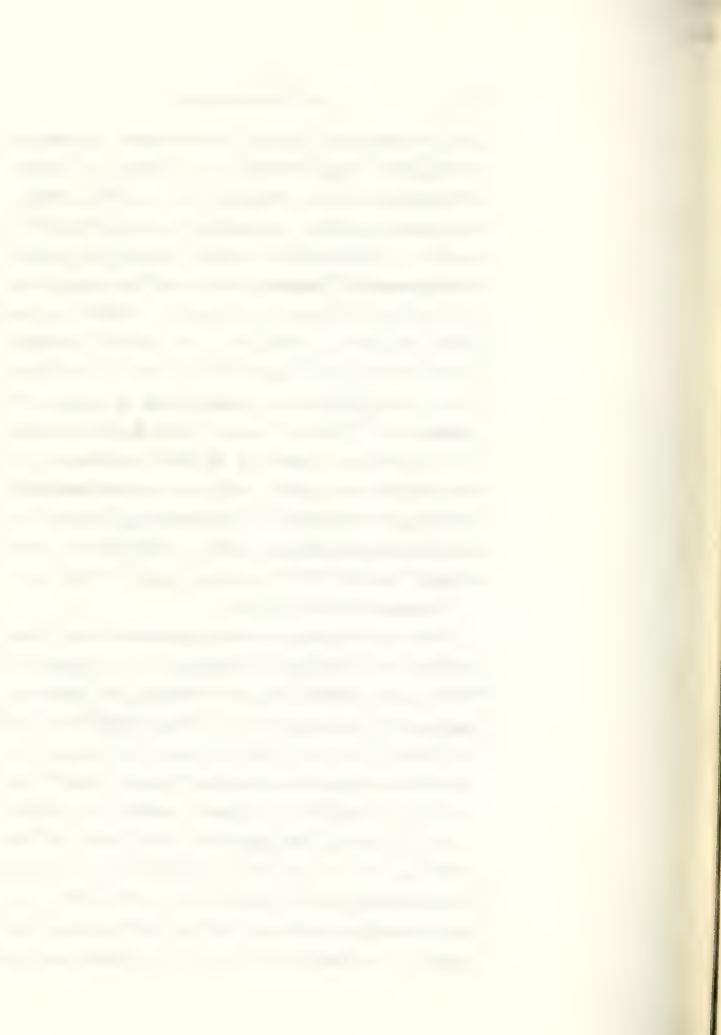
18th,) Gen. HERRON received a dispatch from Col. BUSSEY, stating that Gen. SHERMAN's forces had entered and taken possession of Jackson, and that he, (Col. B.) was occupying Canton. The latter information was received with some surprise, as the bearer of the colonel's message was the first and only *force* beside our own which we had yet seen. However, other troops arrived soon after, and we started on our return march the same evening, reaching Yazoo City on the next day at noon.

The following is a summary of operations following the capture of Vicksburg up to the time of our reaching Canton :

On the evening of the 4th following the surrender of Vicksburg the remainder of the 9th, 13th, 15th and 17th army corps were despatched to aid Gen. SHERMAN in his meditated attack on Johnston. These troops reached him at Big Black on the evening of the 5th, where bridges were at once constructed. Gen. ORD crossed with the 15th corps on the evening of the 6th by a floating bridge, found uninjured, at the railroad crossing, while Gen. STEELE with the 15th, and Gen. PARKE with the 9th crossed the bridges which had been constructed by themselves—one at Messenger's and the other at Birdsong's. On the 7th all marched by separate roads to Bolton, and on the following day to Clinton. The weather was intensely hot, but the army pushed on, hourly expecting to encounter the enemy who were in four divisions, composed of Loring's, Walker's

and Breekinridge's infantry, and Jackson's division of cavalry, with a large artillery force. They were slowly falling back, however, towards Jackson, and Gen. SHERMAN moved cautiously, expecting the enemy to make a stand at the hill in front of Jackson where the engagement between McPHERSON's corps and the enemy took place in May. ORD was on the right, STEELE in the centre, and PARKE on the left. The head of STEELE's column reached the enemy's line on the Clinton road, when a heavy 6-inch shot warned them to prepare for serious work. STEELE at once halted in order to allow PARKE and ORD to move up to their positions on the right and left, to do which they were under the necessity of moving across open fields—skirmishing all the way with the enemy's advance lines. Johnston was found strongly entrenched in Jackson, where he had made preparations to withstand a siege.

When Gen. SHERMAN became convinced that Johnston had taken refuge in Jackson for the purpose of battle, he determined in part to damage his means of leaving it by destroying the Great Central Railroad north and south. Gen. ORD then extended his lines to the right so as to cross the railroad and threaten Pearl River, and Gen. PARKE his left so as to embrace the railroad north of Jackson, and approach Pearl River in that direction. By the morning of July 13th the enemy was completely invested in Jackson, and Gen. SHERMAN was in complete possession of all the roads leading to the place on the west bank of the Pearl River, and his



artillery within easy range of every part of the city. On the 13th he threw into the city 3,000 12 and 20-pounder shots, which did great execution.

The siege continued until the night of July 16th, when the enemy evacuated the place, retreating across Pearl River to the Ohio and Mobile Railroad, sixty miles distant, whither SHERMAN did not deem it advisable to follow him. This closed the campaign in that quarter, and rendered our further co-operation unnecessary.

Our men on the return march from Canton left little fruit behind them, or any other useful article which could be carried away or destroyed. One of the men on being rebuked for destroying private property, remarked that "he intended to give the secesh in that locality no opportunity to deny that the Army of the Frontier had marched through it." My own impression is that another such march would have been sufficient to devastate the entire country.

The immediate advantages secured to our arms by this expedition, was the capture and destruction of the enemy's fortifications at Yazoo City; 300 prisoners, including 13 commissioned officers; one steamer captured and five burned; six pieces of heavy ordnance, with a large amount of ordnance stores; 250 stand of small arms; 2,000 bales of cotton; 2,000 head of horses and mules; hospital bedding sufficient for 500 patients, and a general destruction by the men of private rebel property, on our route of march, too extensive to be enumerated.

The 20th of July was occupied in destroying the rebel

works, which were mined and blown up, and securing such property as had been confiscated, which was put on board the transports. Capt. WALKER had been diligently at work removing the guns from his sunken vessel, and completed the task during the evening.

All night bands of our men were roaming over the city, searching houses for small articles such as would be useful for camp purposes, but committing no acts of outrage or violence on the persons of the inhabitants. The examination of articles of personal property in the city on this occasion was so thorough, that I may venture to assert but few, however small, escaped the attention of those engaged in the search. All were on board at daybreak on the morning of the 21st, when we commenced our return voyage to Vicksburg.

The first surprise of the negroes occasioned by our sudden appearance among them having passed, they now crowded the banks of the river, making frantic appeals to be taken away with us. Two of our boats were set apart for this purpose, on which the ebony throng rushed in continuous streams, until the vessels presented the appearance of being one solid mass of human beings. They were so closely wedged together that when one changed his position there was a perceptible agitation of the entire mass. The children were screaming, and the men and women singing, shouting and praying—wild with delight at thus suddenly finding themselves set free. It would be impossible to give an adequate description of the scene. Maddened with joy, the dense throng howled



and surged in insane efforts to give vent to the new found happiness which was overflowing their hearts. Many of them expressed great desire to know which boat "Massa Lincoln" was on, and as the stream was narrow and the boats all running close together, it sometimes happened that they would catch sight of some officer in uniform who happened to be conspicuous in a group, and at once concluding he was the great liberator, their shouts of thanks and demonstrations of joy were deafening and ludicrous. Several of these men and women, with a few children, were unfortunately crowded overboard and drowned on the passage.

We arrived at Vicksburg the same evening, and proceeded to our previous camp. During our absence sickness had increased to such an extent, owing to the extreme heat and bad quality of the water, that a very large portion of the regiment were now prostrated.

Orders were received on the following day to prepare for another move, and our time and attention was occupied in getting our sick men into hospitals hastily fitted up for the purpose, and storing their arms, etc., by order of Brig. Gen. VANDEVER, "in a building adjoining," where we left them, with faint hopes of ever again meeting our comrades alive as there appeared little probability that they would receive such attentions as their necessities required, and with no expectations whatever of recovering the arms which were, agreeably to orders, "*stored in a building adjoining!*"

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CHAPTER XIII.

REMOVE TO PORT HUDSON—INCREASE OF SICKNESS—APPEARANCE OF THE FORTIFICATIONS—THE 19TH ARMY CORPS AND THE NEGROES—VOYAGE TO CARROLLTON—BESET BY PEDDLERS, AND WHAT WE DID ABOUT IT—NEW ORLEANS—SALUTARY EFFECTS OF GEN. BUTLER'S RULE IN THE CITY—HOW HE ADMINISTERED MARTIAL LAW—INCIDENT OF THE SLAVE MARKET—MAJOR-GENERAL N. P. BANKS—THE LABOR SYSTEM AND THE NEGROES—EXPEDITION TO MORGANZIA—CAPTURE OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. B. LEAKE AND HIS COMMAND BY THE REBELS—RETURN OF THE DIVISION TO NEW ORLEANS.

THE army under Gen. GRANT having now accomplished its mission by the capture of all the enemy's strongholds on the Mississippi, and the successive defeats of their armies at all points within the region of country bordering on that stream, was broken up and distributed in other Departments. The gloom which had been resting upon the loyal mind in consequence of previous disasters at other points, was now being dispelled by a series of brilliant victories; already, since the beginning of July, three important contests had transpired—Vicksburg, Gettysburg, and Helena—in all of which the rebel armies had met with crushing defeats. In common with our loyal fellow-citizens at home, we therefore now felt more

hopeful of the future—believing the day of final success was foreshadowed in these triumphs to our arms.

The 13th army corps, to which the Army of the Frontier had been assigned, was transferred to the Department of the Gulf, and ordered to report to Major-General N. P. BANKS, at Port Hudson. This change, as it necessarily separated us from our comrades of the Army of the Tennessee, and instead of moving northward would render necessary a further advance into a country teeming with sickness, at a season of the year when fevers were most fatal, we looked upon as particularly unfortunate. Already, since our arrival at Vicksburg, and during our more recent campaign among the swamps and bayous of the Yazoo, sickness had spread to an alarming extent, and fears of a general prostration were being seriously entertained.

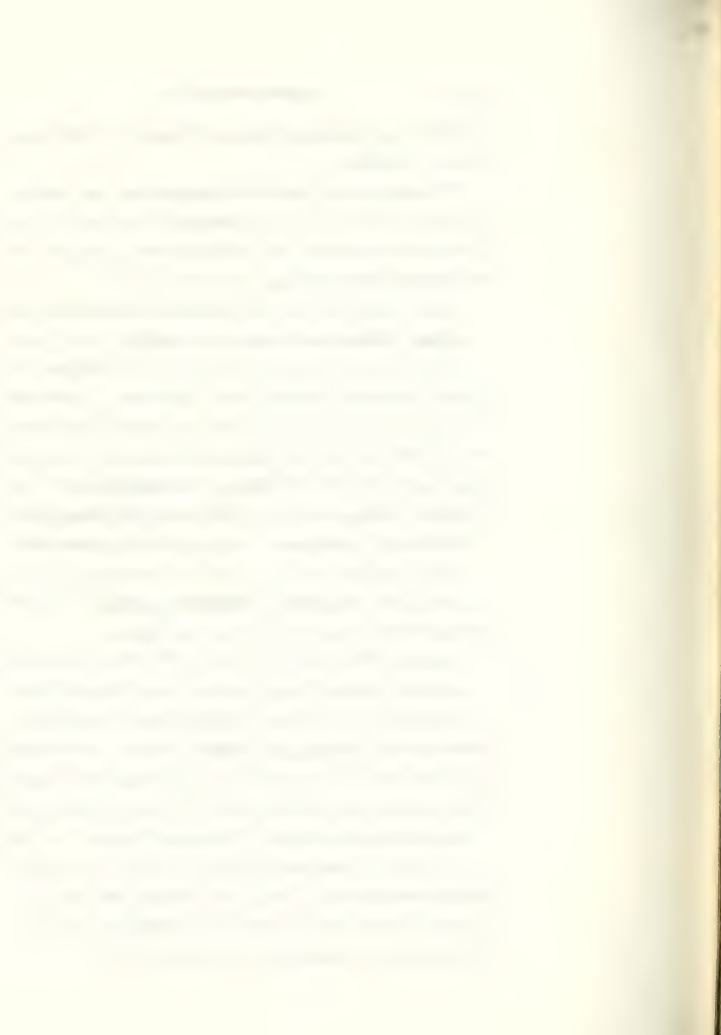
We embarked on board the steamer *Iatan* at sunset, July 24th, and moved down to Warrenton, where the boat landed to await the arrival of the remaining portion of the corps, who had not yet left Vicksburg. Early on the following morning, however, they arrived, when the vessels composing the fleet all moved off simultaneously. The fleet consisted of thirteen large steamers, under convoy of three gunboats. Gen. HERRON having previously gone to New Orleans, our division was now under command of Gen. VANDEVER—Major-General E. O. C. ORR commanding the Corps. We passed Natchez at 3 o'clock P. M. of the same day, reaching Port Hudson at half past

3 o'clock next morning—being a distance of 250 miles below Vicksburg.

We remained on board the transports at the landing until July 31st, when we disembarked and moved into camp about one and a half miles from the river, on the site of an abandoned sugar plantation.

In addition to the gloomy circumstances attending the universal sickness and misery surrounding us, we were still further annoyed by a total absence of facilities for giving proper care to the burial of our dead. It was bad enough, we thought, to see our comrades die far from home, with no tender attentions from relatives to smooth their hours of pain and suffering while sinking under the effects of burning fevers, but to be compelled to see them buried without coffins—as many in other regiments were—was an outrage on the part of our commanding generals which yet demands explanation or apology. The following incident may serve as an illustration.

STEPHEN THOMPSON, of company E, 20th Iowa, died suddenly of typhoid fever on the 27th of August, 1863. His comrades made diligent efforts to procure lumber sufficient to build a coffin, but without success. None could be found either on shore or any of the transports, except one, and this the commander of the vessel refused to let them take for the purpose. Determined that a man of our regiment should not be buried coffinless, we repaired to the headquarters of Brig. Gen. ORME, temporarily in command of the division, and after explaining the matter received the following *carte blanche* order :



HEADQUARTERS ORME'S BRIGADE,

Steamer Des Arc, July 28, 1863.

The bearer, Capt. C. BARNEY, of the 20th Iowa Vols. is hereby given permission to take such lumber and material as he may need, wherever it may be found, for the purpose of building a coffin for a deceased soldier.

By order of

H. BURR, A. A. G.

BRIG. GEN. ORME.

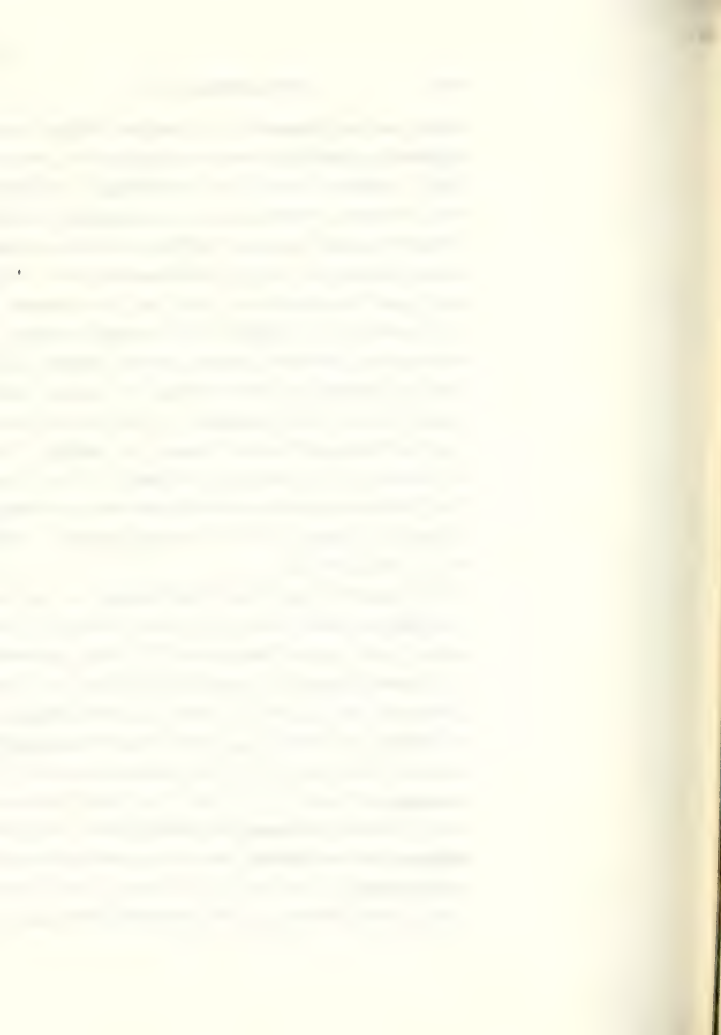
Returning to the boat on which the lumber was stored with a squad of men competent if need be to secure by force what the ungentlemanly commander had previously refused, we exhibited the order and informed him that if the lumber was not immediately produced we should proceed to tear up his cabin floor. We almost regretted his prompt compliance, as it defeated a strong desire we felt to demolish the boat in consequence of his previous refusal.

Our sick list continued to increase daily, until there was not a sufficient number of men able for duty to fill details for guard and hold our usual dress-parades. Company and battalion drills were likewise partially suspended. Other regiments of our division were equally as unfortunate in this respect, and scores of men were now buried daily.

We were much annoyed by insects, whose stings and bites inflamed our flesh, and materially added to our discomfort; several of our men were bitten while lying in their tents by a large species of black spider, (very similar in appearance to the *Tarantula* of Mexico),

which was so poisonous as to produce delirium, and required the immediate attention of a surgeon to prevent death ; its effects usually lasted several days. Our constant annoyance, however, was the mosquitoes, which swarmed about us in myriads, and gave us no rest day or night, some of them so large, it was asserted, that " they could stand flat-footed and drink out of a tin-cup." The locality also abounded with poisonous reptiles—rattle-snakes, copperhead snakes, moccasin snakes, scorpions and lizzards—which found their way into our tents during the night, and sometimes, on rising in the morning, were discovered secreted among our bedding. On the west side of the camp, also, and near by, was a bayou filled with stagnant water, in which was discovered large numbers of alligators, and our men passed much of their time in killing them.

The enemy's works around Port Hudson, in point of strength, were so far inferior to those at Vicksburg, as to create much surprise among us. We had expected, from accounts current previous to its capture, and the protracted siege, to find a place equally as strong as Vicksburg, and were consequently much disappointed when we visited the works. The defences consisted of a succession of redoubts and rifle pits, which extended along the river front some six hundred yards with batteries at intervals facing the river—some of the guns being mounted *en barbette*, with casemates. On the east was a bayou defended by rifle pits and abattis, and in



rear a succession of small earthworks, which were continued at intervals around on the west side to the river.

We learned that the heaviest fighting, previous to its capture, was by the negro troops, many of whom were then encamped in the vicinity. This very materially disparaged the valor of the 19th corps in our estimation, who were the only white troops participating with the negroes in its capture, and were likewise encamped in and about the works. To this circumstance may be attributed the fact that during our services in that department a feeling of superiority was entertained by many of our men over soldiers of the 19th, which amounted finally to positive hostility between the two army corps, and was the occasion afterwards of many rencounters between small parties in the streets of New Orleans, and elsewhere. This feeling, however, among the officers did not assume so belligerent a shape, but still manifested itself at times by taunts and a studied coolness when parties of the two corps happened to meet in the street-cars or restaurants of the city.

We remained at Port Hudson until the 16th of August, when we embarked on board the steamship *Crescent*. After a pleasant voyage of 180 miles, we landed at Carrollton, La., at 4 o'clock on the following morning, and during the forenoon went into camp in a beautiful live-oak grove about one mile east of the town, and five miles west of the city of New Orleans. This camp was named "Champ de Mars," where the entire

13th army corps, under Gen. E. O. C. ORD, of which our division formed part, was encamped.

Immediately on landing, we were beset by a host of peddlers—young and old, black, white, yellow, and some a compound of all shades of colors—talking in almost all languages, and gesticulating with such energy as won our admiration and patronage. The provisions in their baskets, which they wished to dispose of, consisted of boiled sweet potatoes, cold boiled meat, pies, boiled eggs, bread, cakes, mush, hash, pigs feet, oranges, banannas, and mineral water bottles filled with beer; the provisions looked clean and well cooked, and our division having been so long confined to army rations, to use a modern expression, “*went for them,*” with such eagerness as to soon exhaust the stock. Some of the men, however, having no money were under the necessity of resorting to the established custom in such cases—taking them by force—which met the decided disapproval of the vendors, who departed, with threats of vengeance, to inform the provost guard and have them arrested. But as the provost guard was known to belong to the 19th army corps the threat excited no fears.

New Orleans, since its occupation by Gen. BUTLER, had undergone a great change. Previously it had been conspicuous as one of the most sickly as well as filthiest cities in the union, but now, owing to his admirable system of drainage, and sanitary regulations, no more healthy or cleanly place could be found in the south. The streets were all paved with flat stones, dressed smooth



and jointed together as evenly as a floor. They were washed daily by men employed for that purpose, and kept cool by continual sprinkling. Very few cases of yellow fever had occurred since the inauguration of these sanitary measures, and many among the more ignorant classes believed this disease was expelled by the presence of the "Yankees."

On visiting the city our attention was first attracted to the peculiar and odd names borne by the streets, some of which were positively unpronounceable except by a native, and, in fact, they all seemed ill-chosen. For instance, there was in the principal portion of the city, "St. John the Baptist," "Religious," "Tchoupitoulas," "Great Men," "Good Children," "Poydras," and "Terpsichore."

I one day met Geo. H. Vinton, Esq., in the street, a gentleman with whom I had been very intimately acquainted some years previously, when we were both engaged in the same printing office in the city. He invited me to accompany him to his place of business, a "Printers' Warehouse," on Poydras street, where he gave me the following account of his business complications and troubles since the commencement of the war.

Since my acquaintance with him in 1841, he had become the agent of Bruce's New York Type Foundry, and in 1850 had opened a large establishment in New Orleans where he was doing a good business on the breaking out of the war. Fearing his establishment would share the fate of other property owned by northern

men in the city, which was all being confiscated, he attempted to shield it by making a handsome contribution in money to the confederate cause, and allowing his eldest son to join the rebel army. This, together with the fact that his wife belonged to a wealthy Creole family, who were among the most rabid secessionists in New Orleans, he hoped would secure the establishment against seizure. But in this he was disappointed. On repairing to his store as usual one morning, he found it in possession of a squad of confederate soldiers. He then hastened to the authorities and complained, but instead of receiving redress was himself arrested as a northern sympathizer. However, through the influence of his wife's friends he was soon released, and permitted to take possession of his establishment after paying its estimated value in confederate money. This generosity on the part of the authorities arose from the fact that they could find no other means of disposing of the material to advantage, as printers' stock was at that time in very little demand in the south. He now supposed his troubles were over in this affair, but as no business in his line could be done till the war closed, and there was no security for property in the city against the lawless mobs whom the authorities could not restrain, he closed his store and remained at home. In a very short time, however, Gen. BUTLER captured the city, and, in common with all the other citizens, Mr. Vinton was called upon to give an account of his relations with the confederate government. On learning of his liberal donations

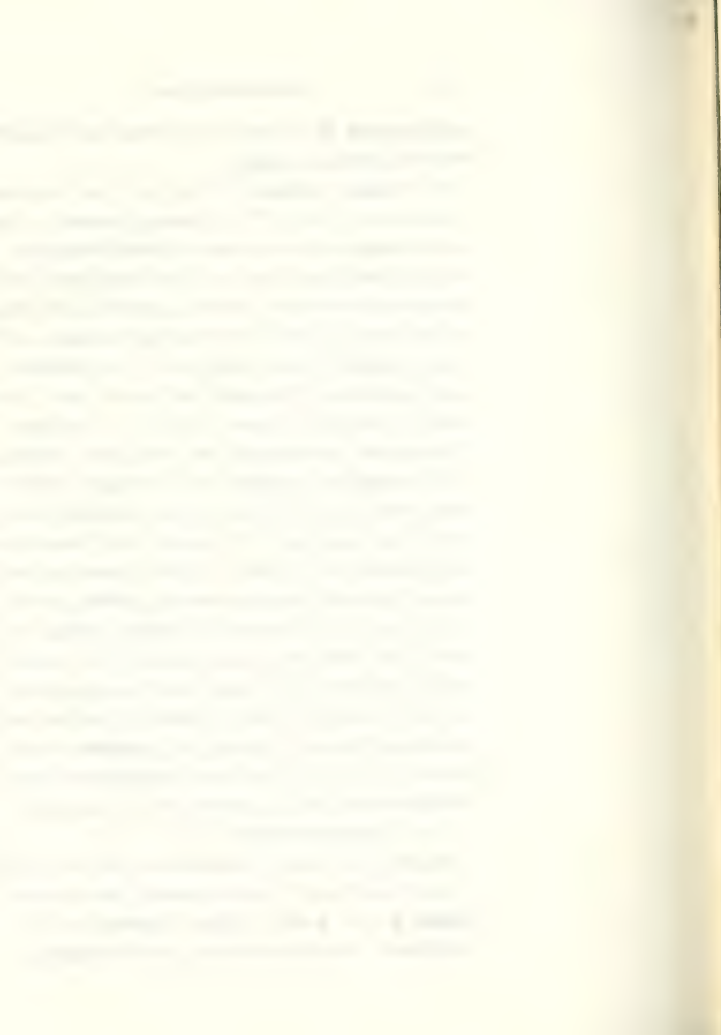
to the support of that cause, Gen. BUTLER also seized the establishment, but on investigation finding that it was owned in New York, released it after compelling the unfortunate agent to pay to the support of the federal government a still larger sum of money in gold than had been paid to the confederate. These successive levies left him but little money, yet he admitted that Gen. BUTLER'S course was a just punishment for his seeming sympathies with the rebellion.

This gentleman also detailed many interesting facts in relation to events which transpired just previous and subsequent to Gen. BUTLER'S occupation of the city. All the wealthy men of the place, with but few exceptions, were supporters of the rebellion; while a large majority of the poor, and middling classes, were either neutral or opposed to it. The latter classes, however, were forced into the army, and left the city entirely under the control of the former, who managed affairs in any manner which promised the best advancement of their own interests. The merchants put in circulation large amounts of local currency—each issuing bills of small denominations, purporting to be redeemable in gold by the party issuing it on demand—which was given out as change to the families of those who were absent in the army and others; but many refusing at first to receive it, an ordinance was passed by the city council making any refusal to take this trash a crime, which might be punished by fine and imprisonment. By this means, (as there was no clause in the law by which the issuing party

could be forced to redeem) the city was soon flooded with this worthless currency.

On assuming command of the city, Gen. BUTLER "mastered the situation" in a manner peculiar to his style of administration—at once simple and straight-forward—by issuing an order that all who had put it into circulation should at once redeem in accordance with the promise borne on the face of the note—in *gold*—and making a refusal to do so punishable by arrest, imprisonment, and seizure of property sufficient to cover the whole amount of the person's liabilities in the issue. The order was complied with, and resulted in securing to the General the confidence of all the poor class of people in the city, who were ever afterwards his warm friends and supporters. By gaining their friendship Gen. BUTLER was enabled to establish a searching and thorough system of espionage over the wealthy planters in the vicinity, as well as influential citizens, and any violation of his orders was at once reported. He therefore held the inhabitants in the most complete subjection, as any act of hostility, or even meditation of such an act, was promptly followed by arrest, and punishment at his discretion. He was at once judge, jury and executioner, and seldom permitted any treasonable act or expression to escape prompt punishment.

In a very short time the prisons in the city were filled by these arrests, and it became necessary that a military tribunal for the trial of political offenders should be established. This was done at once, and immediately on



conviction the prisoners were sent off to Ship Island, where they underwent such punishment as was awarded by the tribunal. For a short time after the establishment of this tribunal, a *line of steamers* was required to convey the prisoners to the Island, and accommodate their friends—who were allowed to visit them under proper restrictions.

Under these and other stringent measures adopted by Gen. BUTLER, and his untiring vigilance in seeking out and arresting offenders, disloyalty soon disappeared.

So many changes having taken place in the city, I one day gratified my curiosity by visiting the old slave-pen, which was formerly located in the vicinity of the ship landing, at a place called "Bull's Head." I found the building now occupied by Capt. ARMSTRONG, as a depot for commissary stores, but had undergone many alterations since my previous residence in New Orleans. Then, it was in its primitive glory, and under full operation—constantly crowded by the unfortunate victims in whose traffic men were engaged just as men are engaged in cattle-yards at the north. Now, where formerly stood the platform on which these *human cattle* were exposed for sale to the highest bidder, sat Capt. A. and his clerks, making up returns and filling requisitions for rations for the subsistence of men engaged in the holy work of uprooting this worst of all evils, which had so long cursed our land.

While here a circumstance recurred to my mind which took place some years before, and first attracted

my attention to the evils of slavery. It was on a Sabbath morning early in the spring of 1842, when in company with the son of a wealthy planter, who had come to the city for the purpose of purchasing a few field hands, I rode out Tchoupitoulas street to this slave-pen. There happened to be but few of the "chattels" up for sale on that day, but in walking about the yard we observed a fine intelligent looking mulatto man and his wife sitting beside one of the stalls in an obscure corner. The man was fastened by a chain attached to a ring in the floor, and seemed much dejected; as we passed by, however, he raised his eyes to us, in which we could read the misery and despair of the mind within. The woman held a very young child in her arms, over which she was bending, with sobs and piteous moans. The sight of the group occasioned in my mind a feeling of compassion, and I suggested to my friend that perhaps he could buy them. But after looking at them a few moments he turned away, saying that the man and woman "were too light—would'nt do for sugar." Looking at them again, after walking a few steps, he burst out in a hearty laugh, and said that "if he should take such a couple as that back to the plantation, encumbered with a brat also, his old gov'nor would shoot the whole pile of them, and him, to-boot."

Soon afterwards 10 o'clock struck, and a few purchasers coming in, the sales commenced. The first "chattel" offered was a corpulent old darkey, who had probably underwent the same operation every spring for

The first of these is the fact that the British
army was defeated at the Battle of the Clouds
on September 3, 1781. This was a major
setback for the British, as it showed that the
Continental Army was now capable of standing
up to them in a conventional battle. The second
fact is that the British were forced to evacuate
the city of York and retreat to Fort Mifflin.
This was a significant loss of territory for the
British, and it showed that the Continental
Army was now capable of taking the offensive.
The third fact is that the British were forced
to surrender to the Continental Army on
September 26, 1781. This was a major
victory for the Continental Army, and it
showed that they were now capable of
defeating the British in a conventional battle.
The fourth fact is that the British were
forced to evacuate the city of York and
retreat to Fort Mifflin. This was a significant
loss of territory for the British, and it
showed that the Continental Army was
now capable of taking the offensive.

the past fifty years, and he bustled up on the platform in a peculiarly business-like manner. Getting into position, he straightened himself up, looked at the crowd with a smile which disclosed the loss of nearly all his front teeth, and opened proceedings by saying "heah I is, gemman—he-aw, he-aw, he-aw." A customer then stepped up, felt his arms, legs and head, looked into his mouth, and ordered him to strip. While this was going on the darkey kept up a running commentary—"recon dat arm's good 'nuff fur enny gemman"—"dem legs' dun some totin' in dere day;"—"spec I loss a few teef, but de gum's soun' 'nuff." The customer, after a close inspection, offered eight hundred dollars, which met the decided disapproval of the old darkey, who declared that he had never sold for less than a thousand, but much to his mortification he was finally "knocked down" at that price, no other bidder being found.

The mulatto and his wife were then put up—the man first—when a spirited bidding at once commenced. The woman, in the meantime, summoning sufficient courage to beseech each bidder in turn to include herself and child in his purchase. But as field-hands were now in chief demand, very little attention was paid to her entreaties, especially as she was encumbered with what they termed a "d——d little brat." The man was finally disposed of at a very high price, and the woman called to the stand. She was ordered to relinquish the child to one of the attendants of the institution, but instead of obeying clutched it more closely in her arms.

The child was then pulled violently from her, and she was forced upon the stand, where she fell fainting on the floor. This proved a happy relief, and saved her the agony of seeing what followed. The proceedings thus far seemed to awaken a spark of compassion in the breast of the man who was offering her for sale, and it found vent in an oath that the "woman and *brat* should be sold together." They were accordingly bought by the proprietor of a restaurant—a burly Irishman—who, however, on completing his purchase at once offered to sell the "*dommed brat*" for the sum of five dollars. His offer was responded to by a rough looking customer, who seemed to look upon the affair as a pretty fair joke, and who came forward, amid a general bust of merriment, caught the child roughly by one of its legs, and left—carrying it as a man usually carries a dressed turkey or chicken.

I hastened away from that "pen" a confirmed *abolitionist*, and never afterwards ventured to revisit a slave-auction. The feeling of hatred engendered towards the traffic in slaves in my mind, by this scene, was never obliterated, and has often stimulated me while in presence of those battling for the perpetuation of the institution. I derived much pleasure now in knowing that this foul blot upon our national escutcheon had at length been washed away forever, and left the place with feelings of relief.

General BANKS succeeded Gen. BUTLER in command of the Department, and continued the sanitary regula-



tions inaugurated by his predecessor in the city, but adopted a different policy of government toward the citizens—hoping to win by mild treatment and diplomacy what had with difficulty been previously secured by harshness and force. The change was accepted by the people with sullen indifference from the fact that they still remained under military restraint, and although not constantly liable to arrest for trivial offences, were nevertheless compelled to act and speak with loyalty to the government. Compliance with this latter requirement, while the great majority of them were rebels in sentiment, was more humiliating than even Gen. BUTLER'S harshness. Places of amusement, which were closed by order of Gen. BUTLER, were again thrown open, and the order requiring all citizens to be at their homes at dark, and extinguish their lights at 9 o'clock in the evening, was countermanded, and was succeeded by public concerts at "Jackson Square" and "Clay's Monument," by brass bands, under orders from Gen. BANKS.

Although Gen. BANKS signally failed, as a military leader, to meet the expectations of the country, yet as a statesman he possessed abilities of the highest order, and when his acts as a civil ruler, in organizing and putting into operation the machinery of the State Government, can be viewed, disconnected from his military operations, they challenge our admiration. When he assumed command of the Department of the Gulf, no steps had as yet been taken to provide for the disposal of the multitudes of slaves set free by confiscation and otherwise,

The first of these is the fact that the
the world is not a uniform whole
but a collection of many different
parts. Each part has its own
character and its own history.
The second is the fact that the
parts are not isolated from each other
but are in constant contact and
interaction. The third is the fact
that the parts are not static but
are in constant motion and
change. The fourth is the fact
that the parts are not identical
but are each unique. The fifth
is the fact that the parts are not
independent of each other but
are all part of a single whole.
The sixth is the fact that the
parts are not in a fixed position
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who had abandoned the plantations and hurried into the city, where they lounged about the streets in idleness. Many of the plantations thus deprived of their services, were no longer cultivated, and already murmurs of discontent were beginning to be heard from the planters because they had lost their slaves, and from the citizens because the city was overrun by multitudes of negroes without other means of providing for their necessities than by begging or stealing. This evil was at once met and corrected by the salutary effects of the "labor system," by which all negroes unemployed were seized by the authorities, and either sent to labor on the plantations at a small salary, or conscripted in the army—the choice between the two being left with the negroes themselves.

When this policy was first inaugurated, it created a great panic among the negroes, who having once tasted the sweets of liberty, manifested much reluctance to again returning to labor. There was no alternative, however, except by volunteering, and the city was soon cleared of all the loungers.

The objection of the negroes to returning to labor on the plantations, however, may be accounted for from the fact they were now harder worked and fared much worse than under their previous masters. Many of the plantations, abandoned by their owners, had been seized by the government, and were now cultivated by men from the north who knew little of the manner of conducting a sugar plantation. Being eager to "make the business

pay," they required one negro to perform as much labor as was formerly done by three, allowing him the moderate remuneration of *ten cents a day* for his services. This sum being entirely inadequate for their support, added to ill-usage on the part of their employers, operated to disgust the negroes with their new-found freedom, and they deserted at every favorable opportunity—seeking safety by flight to the city, and sometimes within the rebel lines. The following reply of a field-hand, who had escaped the fetters of the old system of slavery and been for some time actively endeavoring to evade the hardships entailed by the new order of things, while it shows the ideas then entertained by these negroes generally as to the object of the war, illustrates their tact in argument. This colored gentleman was being importuned to enlist by another, who had already done so, when he suddenly said :

" Sam, did you eber see two dogs fitin' 'bout a bone ?"

" Yes."

" Well, an' did de bone fight ?"

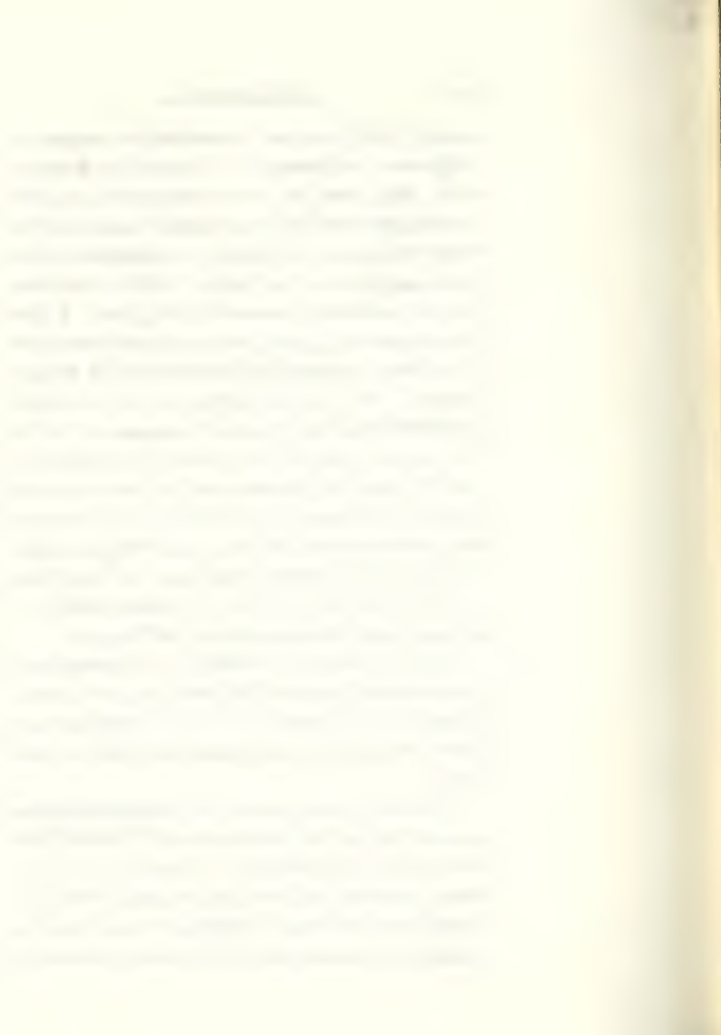
On the 29th of August our army was reviewed by Maj. Gens. GRANT and BANKS—the ceremony being attended with a spirited race between the horses on which these officers were mounted. For the information of those of my readers who may wish to know " who beat," I will say, *Gen. Banks came out two lengths ahead !*

On the 5th of September our division embarked on transports and proceeded up the river to disperse a force of rebels which had collected on the west side, below the

mouth of Red River, and were seriously threatening the navigation of the Mississippi. We arrived at Morganzia on the 8th, where the division disembarked, and after marching about two miles from the river encountered the enemy's pickets and drove them in on the main body which was encamped on the road leading to the Atchafalaya, and who immediately commenced falling back. A brisk skirmish was kept up until they reached and crossed that stream, when we moved back and encamped at Morganzia on the 11th. On the following day Lt. Col. LEAKE of the 20th Iowa, was despatched in command of the 26th Indiana, 19th Iowa, and two pieces of light artillery, to establish a point of observation and feel the enemy in the direction of the crossing of the Atchafalaya. The enemy were again encountered in considerable force, and again, after a sharp engagement, driven across the river, when our detachment went into camp at "Sterling Farm," seven miles distant from the main body at Morganzia.

Here they remained, skirmishing with detachments of the enemy daily, until the 29th, when they were suddenly assailed by an overwhelming force of rebels, and captured before assistance could reach them from the main body.

From such imperfect accounts of this affair as could be obtained at the time, we learned that the enemy were 5000 strong, in three brigades, and commanded by Gen. Green; while our own forces did not exceed 500. Col. LEAKE, notwithstanding a battalion of cavalry were occupying an advanced position in the direction from which



an attack—if one were made in force—was expected, appears to have been taken entirely by surprise; but the rebels completely avoided this force with their main body by approaching from an opposite point, thus interposing between the infantry and cavalry, by which the latter escaped capture. The whole affair, however, was shrouded in a mystery which, to the present time, has received no satisfactory explanation. The doubtful policy of placing this small force beyond supporting distance, and without means of speedy communication, was, at the time, severely criticized by officers of the division, as also the reported surprise of Col. LEAKE. If the attack, however, was unexpected by the latter, a sufficient explanation may be found in the fact that skirmishing was constantly going on between his own and the enemy's pickets, and the firing immediately preceding the main attack was probably no more severe on this than former occasions.

When the alarm was finally given our men sprung to their arms and met the enemy at one point with a bold front, driving them back. While successfully combatting this force, they were unexpectedly assailed in rear by another, which approached within a few yards before their presence was detected. Being absorbed by the fighting in front, Col. LEAKE on hearing them approach, supposing it was a portion of his own cavalry, turned about to give an order; seeing himself confronted, however, by the enemy on this side also, he deemed further resistance useless, and at once surrendered. The fight, although

The first part of the history of the
people of the world is the history of the
creation of the world and the
creation of man. The second part
is the history of the world from the
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brief was sanguinary, and the rebel officers were reported as feeling much chagrined at the loss occasioned in the capture of this small force—being on their side 50 killed on the field, and 120 wounded.

The division re-embarked for Carrollton September 10th, where we landed on the following day—Major WM. G. THOMPSON now in command of our regiment.



CHAPTER XIV.

EXPEDITION TO THE COAST OF TEXAS—A STORM AT SEA—ARRIVAL AT BRAZOS DE SANTIAGO—IN MISTAKE WE SHELL THE MEXICAN TOWN OF BAGDAD—DISEMBARK AT POINT ISABEL—MEN DROWNED—REVOLUTIONS AT MATAMORAS—EXPEDITION AND CAPTURE OF THE WORKS ON MUSTANG ISLAND—ON DETACHED SERVICE—EXPEDITION AND CAPTURE OF MADISONVILLE—ACTIVITY OF COTTON SPECULATORS—GEN. BANKS' RED RIVER EXPEDITION—DISASTERS CAUSED BY CAVALRY BLUNDERS AND COTTON DEALERS—FAILURE OF THE CAMPAIGN—RETURN OF GEN. BANKS.

WE remained at Carrollton until October 23d, when Gen. Banks' preparations for a campaign on the Gulf Coast of Texas being completed, our own and the 4th division of the 13th, and a portion of the 19th corps embarked on vessels—the 20th Iowa and 20th Wisconsin being put (or rather packed) on board the *T. A. Scott*, a vessel of the largest class. The fleet consisted of sixteen large vessels, and many schooners, all heavily loaded with troops, munitions of war, and provisions, under convoy of gunboats.

On the 27th we sailed through Southwest-Pass, and came to anchor outside the bar to await the arrival of Gen. Banks, who joined us on the 29th when we at once went to sea. Immediately on leaving our anchorage the vessel began to be tossed about in the waves, which was

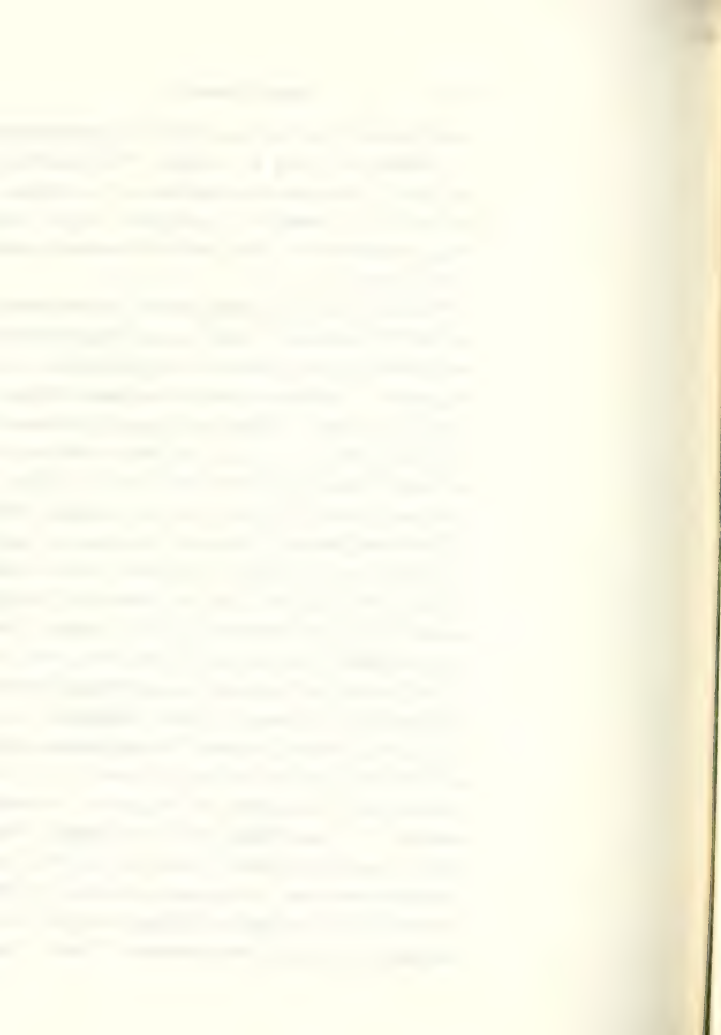
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soon followed by sea-sickness, and the scene presented on our crowded decks may be imagined. The sensations produced by this disease are unpleasant in the extreme, and may be best described by saying, that "in the first stages a man *fears he will die*, and in the second *regrets that he didn't!*"

The wind, which had blown steadily from the north, on the 30th increased to a gale, and our vessel labored and strained in such a manner as to produce fears of a shipwreck. A schooner we had in tow, loaded with provisions, broke loose and went adrift—one of the seamen was swept overboard and lost, and with a crash one of our masts suddenly "went by the board." All for a time was confusion on board, and the shouting of the ship's officers, howling of the wind, snapping of ropes and rigging, and roaring of the waves, which made almost "clean breaches" over our decks, told plainly enough that we had encountered a storm at sea. The spectacle, aside from our sea-sick men, was grand, of course, but we didn't enjoy it—especially Major THOMPSON, who lay in his hammock below, suffering also from sea-sickness, but with determined bravery seeking relief in an energetic abuse of the man who wrote "A life on the ocean wave," etc., whom he indignantly characterized as a —— "man without taste." By slightly altering our course, the schooner we had lost was picked up, but again broke loose. After again overhauling her she was found to be in a sinking condition, when her crew were taken off, and she was abandoned. Some of the



other vessels of the fleet fared worse than our own, being compelled to throw overboard mules, provisions and ordnance, to escape being wrecked. The wind subsided somewhat about sunset, and the fleet, which had been dispersed by the storm, again united, but many of the schooners were found to have been lost.

On the 1st of November we came in sight of land, and in the evening lay at anchor off the bar of Brazos de Santiago. On the following morning our vessel, by order of Gen. BANKS, ran in and opened fire on the Mexican town of Bagdad, a small village at the mouth of the Rio Grande. After a few shots had been fired, the French flag was hoisted in the town, and we withdrew for further instructions. On reporting back to the flagship, the commander of our vessel was informed that he had committed a blunder—having fired on the *wrong town*—and was again dispatched, this time with more definite instructions, to “feel” the Texan side of the river. We accordingly approached the coast in the vicinity of Point Isabel, and again opened with shell—this time on another village, opposite Bagdad—and had the satisfaction of seeing a number of confederates leave hurriedly in the direction of Brownsville.

The 19th Iowa then landed, and moved a short distance inland, and the remainder of the forces made preparations to disembark on the Island of Brazos, in surf-boats. This undertaking proved a failure—the first trip resulting in the boats being capsized in the surf, and the drowning of two men belonging to Company

the first of the year, the weather was very cold, and the
ground was covered with snow. The people were
dressed in heavy coats, and the children were
wearing their winter hats. The children were
playing in the snow, and the men were
working in the fields.

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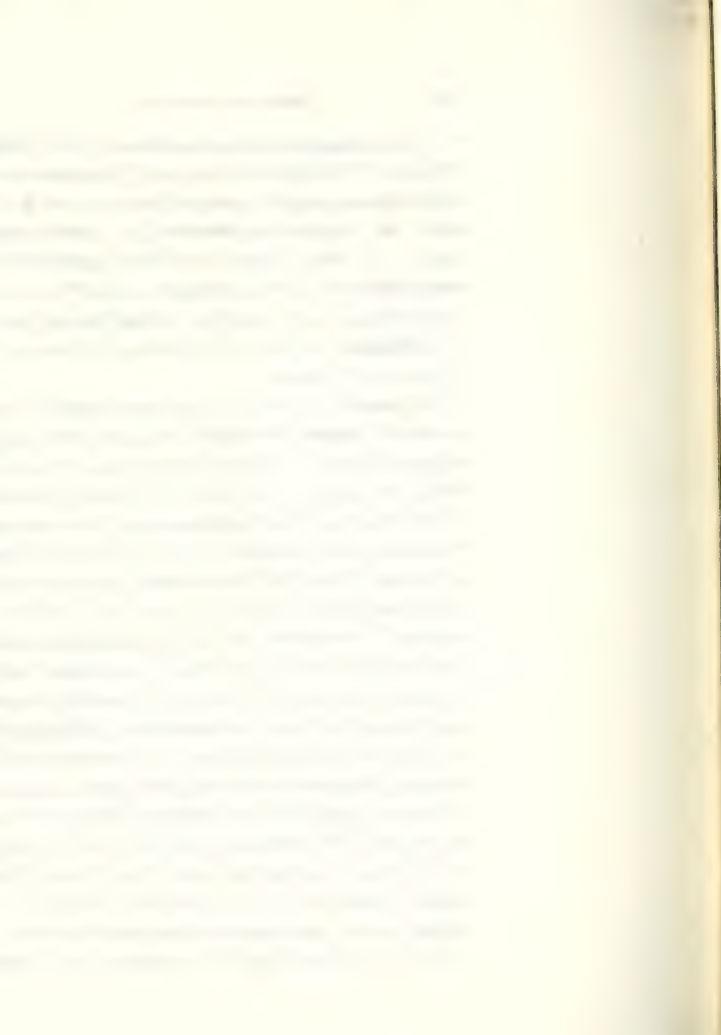
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working in the fields.

"F" of our regiment with several others of the 20th Wisconsin. The captain of the vessel then abandoned further attempts, weighed anchor and ran out to the fleet, where our regiment was transferred to a small coast steamer (the *Wm. Bagley*) and finally succeeded in landing near Point Isabel, in vicinity of Gen. TAYLOR's old commissary depot, established during the early part of the Mexican war, and on the following day were carried across to Clarksville.

Gen. BANKS, with some of our forces, moved up to Brownsville, distant thirty-eight miles, and after communication between our camps and that place was established, our attention was occupied by daily rumors received, detailing events then transpiring in the town of Matamoras, where revolutions were said to be of daily occurrence. *Three* had already taken place since our arrival, and others, according to report, were being inaugurated. On the first day of our appearance on the coast, the Mexican Governor (Ruiez) was deposed and imprisoned, and the office usurped by another, whose name we could not learn; on the second day the usurper was shot, and Ruiez reinstated, and on the third day the fluctuating fortunes of the unlucky Ruiez again changed, and he was compelled to take refuge in Brownsville to save his life. The Governor of the State was then sent for in haste, and pending his arrival, Gen. Cortinas, the military commandant, assumed authority. These revolutions, however, were attended by but little bloodshed—only one or two men being killed in effecting them. But



great excitement existed as usual on such occasions, which from the law of sympathy finally extended to our forces on the opposite side of the river, and Gen. BANKS on application of our Minister at that place, threw part of the 20th Wisconsin across, under command of Col. BERTRAM, to restore order, but the tumult having subsided it was supposed the body politic had not yet arrived at a condition requiring phlebotomy, and they were withdrawn.

All these commotions, revolutions, and excitements, in a great measure sprung from the mistake made by the commander of our vessel in firing on the town of Bagdad, then in possession of the French, which the Mexicans at Matamoras interpreted as a demonstration in favor of the Liberals, and forthwith proceeded to adopt "*revolutionizing*" as a means best calculated to give expression to their feelings.

This state of affairs at Matamoras, however, culminated on the 19th in a general "three-cornered" fight, between Cortinas' men, Mexican "greasers" and French residents, which having terminated matters assumed a more quiet attitude.

Gen. BANKS returned from Brownsville on the 13th, accompanied by a battalion of cavalry composed of loyal Texans which had been recruited and organized since his arrival, and sailed for New Orleans on the following day, leaving Gen. DANA in command.

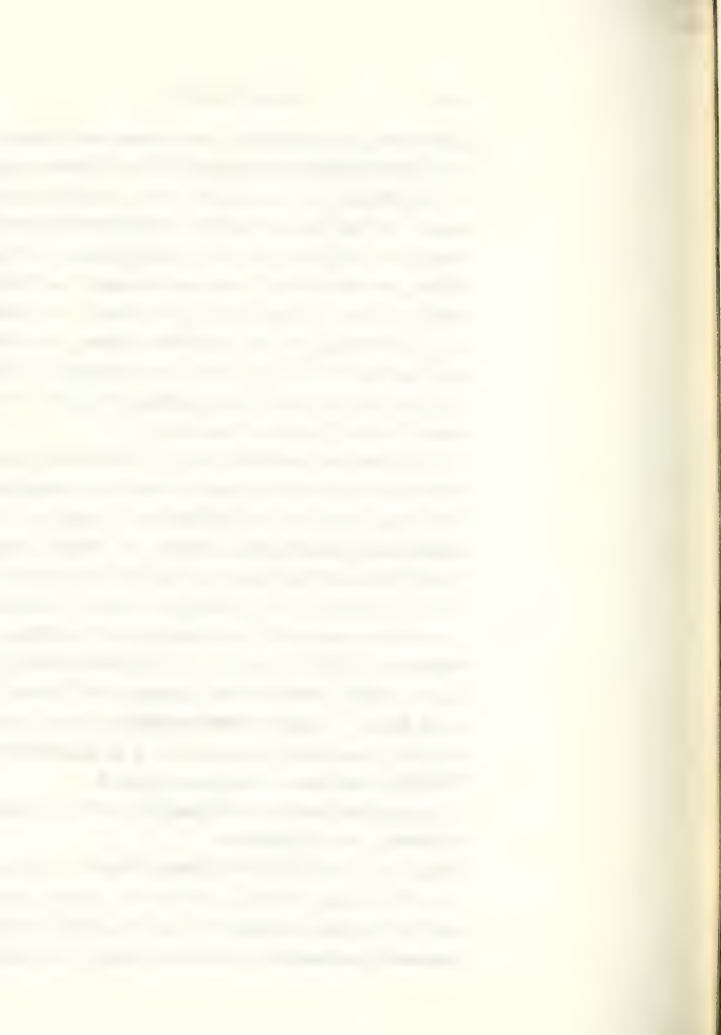
On the 15th the 20th Iowa, in company with the 13th Maine, embarked on the steamship "*Planter*," and sailed

up the coast, accompanied by other vessels, which, however, left us during the same night. Late in the evening of the following day we came to anchor, and both regiments, with two pieces of artillery, disembarked in small boats on the southern point of Mustang Island. After landing, we immediately started up the beach, the 13th Maine in advance, while our men took charge of the battery—performing the duty of artillery horses. As this was the first occasion on which they had acted in this capacity, the duty was found extremely laborious—the route of march being over loose sand.

The march was continued until 11 o'clock next day, when we came in sight of the rebel works, consisting of three large guns mounted behind sand banks, and so placed as to command the entrance to Aransas Bay. One of the vessels had preceded us, and at the time of our arrival was vigorously shelling the works. Preparations were at once made for a charge by the 13th Maine, which was gallantly done at a "*right-shoulder-shift*," a few moments after the rebel garrison had hoisted a white flag, and resulted in the wounding of an old man who had come outside the works and in an unmistakably friendly manner was awaiting their approach.

The capture consisted of the works, 85 rifles, 3 pieces of artillery, and 100 prisoners.

On Jan. 23d, 1864, Maj. Gen. HERRON, who had been absent since October, returned and assumed command of the post at Brownsville, and Maj. Gen. DANA, temporarily commanding the corps, removed his head-

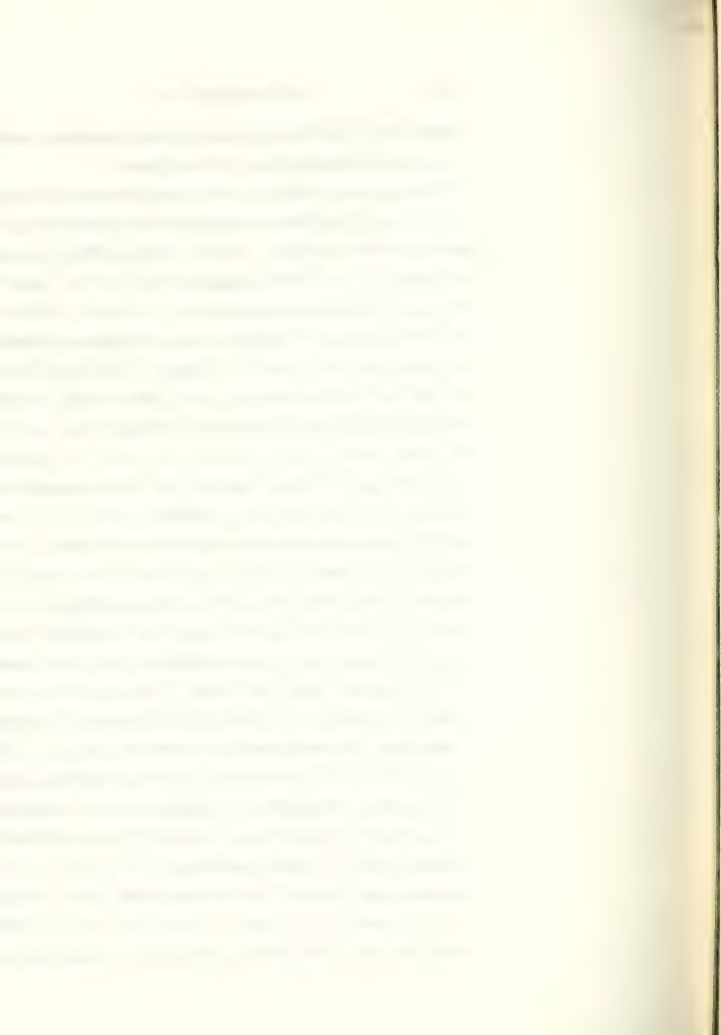


quarters to Pass Cavallo. Gen. DANA was relieved however after a few days by Gen. E. O. C. ORD, the permanent commander of the corps. Gen. DANA then assumed command of the forces in the field. Our regiment, with the exception of one company, was left as a garrison at Post Aransas—Company "G" being detached as Provost Guard at Gen. DANA'S headquarters. The other troops were distributed at various points along the coast, where they quietly prepared to await the developments of another expedition by the remainder of our own and 19th corps, which was to co-operate with us under the immediate command of Gen. BANKS, by ascending Red River.

At the time our division embarked for Texas, I was detached by order of Major-General J. J. REYNOLDS, commanding Defences New Orleans, and assigned to command of a camp in the city where men of the 13th corps discharged from hospital, and stragglers, could be collected and forwarded to their regiments. I continued on this duty until December 24th, 1863, when I received orders to arm and equip four hundred of the most efficient men then in camp and accompany Col. W. K. KIMBALL, of the 12th Maine, on an expedition against Madisonville, La. We embarked the following day on the cars of the Ponchartrain Railroad, and proceeded to the Lake, six miles distant from the city, where we were detained from various causes until January 2d, 1864, when the entire command, consisting of the 12th Maine, 9th Connecticut, one battalion 2d Louisiana Cavalry, one

section 16th Ohio Battery, and my own detachment were put on board transports, and at once sailed.

The night set in with a cold wind, accompanied by sleet and rain, and being exposed to the storm on the upper deck without shelter, we came near perishing during the night. When morning dawned we found our vessel, the *Kate Dale*, hard a-ground near shore, with no abatement of the storm. During the day all the steam vessels composing our fleet made ineffectual efforts to pull her off, and late in the evening a joint effort by the entire fleet, assisted by three gunboats, alike proved unsuccessful, when further efforts were deferred until next morning. During the night, however, the wind changed to south-west, and the tide rose sufficient to float us off. On the following morning we proceeded on our course, arriving at the mouth of the *Chafunktee* River about 11 o'clock A. M., when the gunboats took a position in advance, and after shelling the woods in the vicinity we proceeded up the river towards Madisonville, which was six miles distant from the Lake. On approaching the town a white flag was seen displayed at the landing, when I was ordered to disembark my detachment and ascertain if there were any Confederate forces in the neighborhood. After landing, a skirmish line was formed under command of Capt. H. B. DOOLITTLE, of the 20th Iowa, which advanced through the town, capturing a few prisoners and driving a small force of rebels back on the road leading to Covington. We advanced some two miles on that road, with slight skirmishing, momentarily expecting to



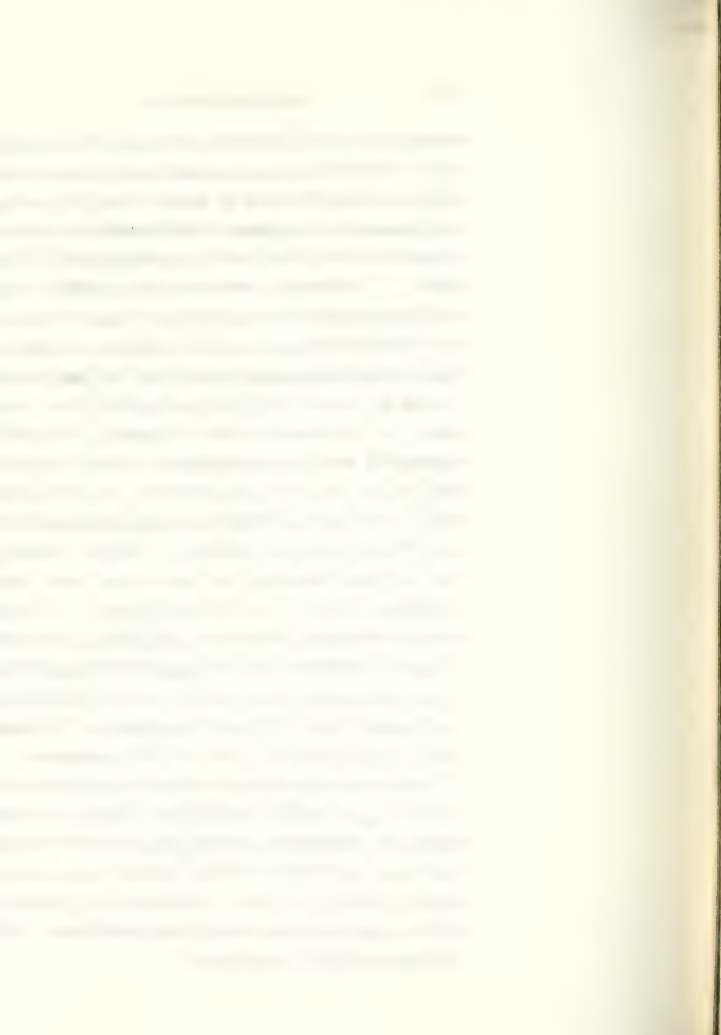
come in contact with a larger force whom we supposed this small one was falling back on. But no others being encountered, as night had set in we halted and made dispositions to hold the ground already gained until the remainder of our troops disembarked. During the night one platoon of cavalry landed, and a small squad were sent out to assist us on picket duty, whom we three out as videttes in the direction of Covington.

As day dawned next morning we were startled by volleys of musketry, and in a few moments the cavalry squad came dashing back in great panic, and reported a large force of the enemy advancing on us. After despatching a messenger with the information to headquarters, our men were deployed in the timber on either side of the road, and we anxiously awaited the approach of the enemy. In the meantime Col. KIMBALL, on being notified of the affair, promptly hurried to our assistance with two pieces of artillery supported by the 12th Maine. The guns were planted on the road in our rear, and in a position better calculated to rake us than the enemy; as the rebels, however, declined approaching within range, we escaped the fire from this battery.

Scouting parties of cavalry were sent in various directions daily, by means of which a good knowledge of the country was soon gained. The locality not having before been visited by federal troops, no efforts had been made by the planters to secrete or destroy their cotton, and large quantities of it was found on the plantations. This event, however, was not unprovided for, as our expedition was

accompanied as usual by cotton speculators, who, although not so numerous as on some similar occasions, made up in activity and zeal their lack of numbers, and the landing soon presented an appearance which would have done no discredit to New Orleans in the palmiest days of "King Cotton." This business was scarcely begun before it met with a check—the owners preferring to consign their cotton to the flames rather than see it pass into the hands of these sharks, who not only robbed them but the government of the United States, and conflagrations were soon blazing in all directions over the country. When this incendiarism was once inaugurated it continued to spread, until no kind of property was exempt; men fired their cotton, grain-stacks and mills, seeming to contemplate the work of destruction with feelings of delight, believing they were thus damaging our government more than themselves. This idea no doubt originated in the fact that there was always more activity displayed by the hosts of legalized plunderers accompanying military expeditions in this Department than by the military themselves, which usually gave the troops the appearance of being simply an escort for the protection of the speculators.

There were several large saw-mills situated in the vicinity of Covington, on the Ponchatoula River, seven miles distant from Madisonville, where a large amount of lumber was stored, and which latter Gen. BANKS was anxious to secure, for military and other purposes, at New Orleans; but when our intention to remove it was made known, both the lumber and mills were burned.



On the 4th of Feb. Gens. MCGINNIS and GROVER, with the third Division of the 13th army corps arrived and we were ordered back to New Orleans, where we arrived on the 7th.

On our return we found much commotion among the troops in the vicinity, as the great Red River expedition was being organized, and the army was concentrating at Brashear City and Franklin. This was to be the crowning blow, by which not only the confederate army in the State was to be annihilated, but a permanent State Government organized, and civil law once more established. All were sanguine of success—grand reviews paraded the streets by day, and splendid illuminations of fireworks decked the heavens at night; magnificent fetes and sumptuous banquets were given; the evening air was vocal with sounds of music by immense brass bands on the streets, and the grandeur of Gen. BANKS' military genius was rehearsed in songs at places of public entertainment. Enthusiasm was at its height, and who will be so uncharitable as to censure Gen. BANKS, if, under such overwhelming ovations, he too should become infected, and yield to the weakness of joining in the universal outpouring of enthusiasm in honor of his own greatness! But with all his vanity, Gen. BANKS proved himself unselfish at least, by allowing his family to some extent, to share his honors—even permitting his youthful daughter to occupy a lofty seat on the Clay Monument, while the gallant DUDLEY passed his cavalry

brigade in review before her—the General himself standing at her feet, weeping in excess of gratified pride.

As spring approached, however, these scenes of festivity were succeeded by the hurry and bustle of preparations for a speedy departure on the great mission of reorganization.

Early in March Gen. BANKS joined his army at Brashear City, and at once put it in motion towards Franklin, which was reached without opposition; here a delay was necessary in order to allow him time to issue a proclamation and hold an election for State officers. The pause here was so well improved by the cotton buyers who accompanied the expedition in droves, that 1,600 bales were secured and stored, to be taken back to New Orleans on their return. This early success gave promise of a brilliant harvest in the future, when the army should enter the rich cotton districts of the Red River, and they forthwith commenced seizing all the wagons on the route in order to be able to transport their cotton to shipping points on the river. These cotton-buyers—more numerous than “money-changers in the temple,” or ants on a crumb—literally *covered* every movement of troops in the Department. No expedition was permitted to move—none planned, or considered complete in its appointments, without them. They hung about Gen. BANKS’ every movement like wolves around a carcass. The result was that in a few days their train nearly equalled that of the army, which was an unusual large one. Their manner of *buying* cotton, was peculiar, and I will



venture to give it. Each firm consisted of three partners, and each partner performed his own special duty ; one traveled with the advance of the army, whose duty consisted in looking up such cotton as was not branded by the mark of the confederate government and marked it as the property of the firm. The next gave his attention to such as had been seized by our Government Agents as property of the confederate government, and branded as property of our own ; he transferred this to the firm by crossing the mark " U. S.," and making his own beneath it. The third attended to collecting and loading the bales thus *purchased* on the wagons. No doubt this systematic robbery would have been suppressed had it come to the knowledge of Gen. BANKS, but he was too much occupied with the weightier matters of politics to give it his attention, and his staff probably were interested to some extent in the speculation themselves.

Fort " Derusha " was reached, and after a sharp engagement captured, by troops of the 13th corps, when another pause was made, and another proclamation issued, followed by another election. Gen. LEE, commanding the cavalry force of the expedition, whose counsels, to a great extent in military matters, governed the movements of the army, now injudiciously moved his huge transportation trains in advance of the infantry, in order, as he said, that it might be " under his immediate protection ;" by some shrewd *strategy* on the part of the cotton dealers, their wagons also gained an ad-

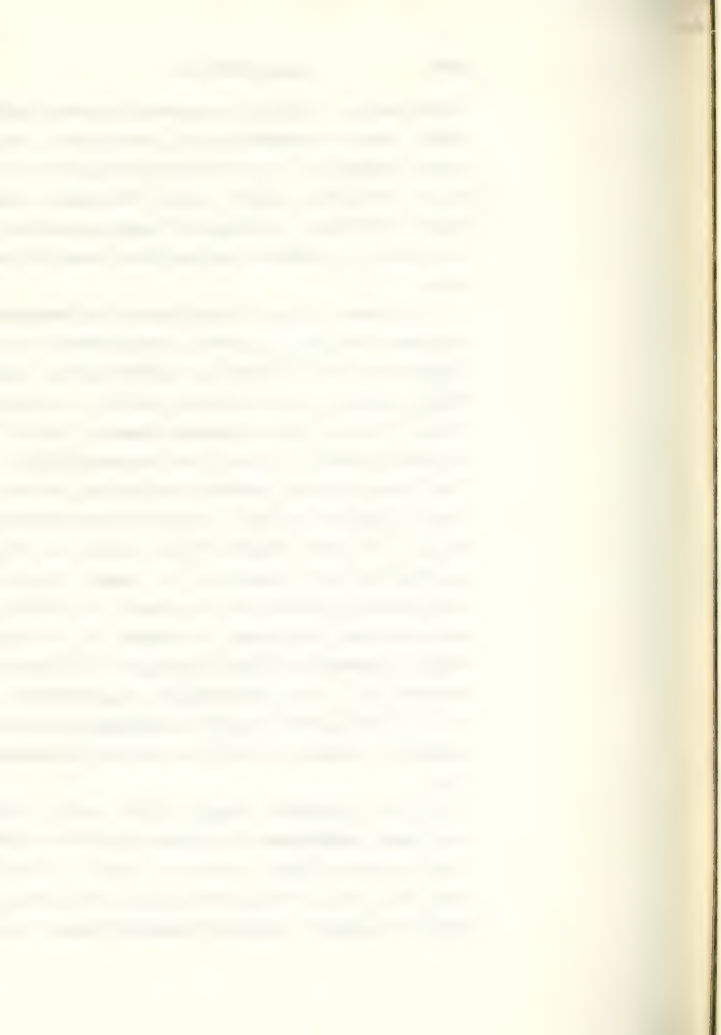
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a volume of great value, and which has been
repeatedly reprinted. It contains a full and
correct account of the proceedings of the
Synod, from the year 1560, to the present
time. It is a work of great utility, and is
highly recommended to all who are
interested in the history of the Church of
Scotland.

vanced position. By this arrangement the cavalry and infantry were so separated as to be entirely out of supporting distance, and in case an attack should be made on the cavalry by a superior force of the enemy, these wagon trains formed an impassable barrier against their own retreat or assistance reaching them from the infantry.

In due course of time the army reached and occupied Alexandria, with slight opposition, where another proclamation was issued, followed by another election, and immense success in the cotton department of the expedition. Bulletins, giving glowing accounts of the triumphant progress of the army, were transmitted daily to New Orleans, scattered broadcast over the city, and continued to heighten the public expectation of its ultimate success. The rebel General Taylor, however, in the meantime was busy concentrating his army at Shreveport, and closely watching the progress of Gen. BANKS' *military-political* movements, determined on the first favorable opportunity to check his progress. The indiscretion of Gen. LEE in interposing his wagon trains between the cavalry and infantry forces furnished the rebel general this opportunity, and he at once took advantage of it.

The short ineffectual struggle of the cavalry, who were almost annihilated—the capture and burning of their own and the cotton trains—the rout of the 19th corps, which was pulverized, and slaughter of the gallant 13th who heroically interposed themselves between the



enemy and our panic-stricken cavalry and the 19th—fighting manfully against ten times their own number until nearly two-thirds were either killed or wounded—has become history, and need not be repeated here in detail. The carnage was terrible—the disaster irreparable—and the rout complete.

With the remnant of this once splendid army, now thoroughly demoralized, broken into fragments, and pursued by a relentless enemy, Gen. BANKS reached, and by the aid of a bridge of boats crossed the Atchafalaya, while Gen. A. J. SMITH paused at Yellow Bayou; and as the rebel army, flushed with victory, came up, attacked them with such fury that their pursuit was soon changed to flight.

The first intimation of the disaster received at New Orleans was the arrival of Gen. BANKS and his crest-fallen military advisers, with a large number of wounded officers. The revulsion of feeling caused by this totally unlooked for result, seemed at first to paralyze the public mind with astonishment, but this feeling gradually settled down into sullen murmurs of censure by those who had previously been loudest in their praise of the unfortunate General.

The agony of the unfortunate cotton speculators over their losses was extreme, but excited no compassion, as it was well known much of the disaster was attributable to their presence.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general
introduction of the subject. It is divided into two
main parts, the first of which is devoted to a
general introduction of the subject. The second
part is devoted to a more detailed treatment of
the subject.

The second part of the book is devoted to a
more detailed treatment of the subject. It is
divided into two main parts, the first of which
is devoted to a general introduction of the
subject. The second part is devoted to a more
detailed treatment of the subject.

The third part of the book is devoted to a
more detailed treatment of the subject. It is
divided into two main parts, the first of which
is devoted to a general introduction of the
subject. The second part is devoted to a more
detailed treatment of the subject.

The fourth part of the book is devoted to a
more detailed treatment of the subject. It is
divided into two main parts, the first of which
is devoted to a general introduction of the
subject. The second part is devoted to a more
detailed treatment of the subject.

CHAPTER XV.

REJOIN THE REGIMENT AT MUSTANG ISLAND—RESIGNATION OF MAJOR WILLIAM G. THOMPSON—SCOUTING EXPEDITION ON THE COAST—CAPTURE THE COMMANDER OF A BLOCKADE RUNNER—OUT IN A STORM—EXPEDITION TO LAMAR AND ST. MARYS—CAPTURE A REBEL GUNBOAT OFFICER, A SCHOONER AND A TOWN—REFUGEES, AND SOME OF THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

IN company with Capt. M. L. THOMSON and Lt. (now Capt.) C. S. SQUIRES, of our regiment, I embarked on the U. S. steam propeller *Alliance*, and left New Orleans on the 24th of May, arriving at Mustang Island, Texas, on the 29th. I found most of the men occupying small frame houses which had been erected from lumber procured by tearing down houses at various points in the vicinity on the coast, and brought to the island on small boats which they had procured from fishermen. Company C were occupying the fort in the capacity of artillerymen—whilst Lt. JOHNSTON of the same company was filling the responsible position of commodore, and in command of the fleet. Major W. G. THOMPSON still commanded the regiment, although at that time in bad health. Among other comforts and luxuries of the camp, I observed that Dr. H. HOWEY, who had succeeded Dr. RISTINE as Surgeon, had established a *Dairy*, which was in successful operation, but located in too close proximity to the hospital for the welfare of the patients. A

large number of refugees were also collected at the post, and occupying comfortable quarters—rations being sold to them by the quartermaster on the Major's requisition; the male portion were in the employ of the commodore as ship-carpenters, and the females principally in the dairy and the Major's kitchen—the latter conducted on a scale of magnificence which done credit to the locality. The officers spent much of their time in seeking shells along the beach, and getting up social parties, which were graced by the presence of the fair refugees; while the men generally occupied their leisure hours in fishing and bathing in the surf, stealing milk from the doctor's dairy, and watching from the summit of a sand-hill for the appearance of a vessel by which they hoped to receive letters from home.

Capt. CHAS. ALTMAN, of company G, having been relieved from duty at Gen. DANA's headquarters, had rejoined the regiment with his company, and was now filling the position of Provost Marshal at the post. Lt. J. O. STEWART, of Company B, (recently promoted) a very efficient officer, was acting as Adjutant.

I will here relate an incident which, although it may disparage Major THOMPSON's reputation as a "*Martinet*" in discipline, will nevertheless illustrate the perfect freedom with which he was at all times approached by men of the regiment; his uniform kindness, gentlemanly deportment, and coolness and bravery on the battlefield, had long since secured for him the friendship of every member of the command, and, notwithstanding

the undue familiarity sometimes indulged by the men and line officers, it would be difficult to find a regimental commander whose orders were more cheerfully obeyed than were his.

A picket post was established about one mile west of camp, and much care taken by the Major that picket duty was performed in strict accordance with "regulations." When the men were supposed to have become perfect in this duty, he one morning visited the line of pickets with a friend, in order to show him how well they were instructed, and performed this duty. On approaching the sentinel, who was lying down on a sand-hill, they were greeted with the following salutation, addressed to the Major: "Hallo, Bill, got any whisky?" Being thrown off his guard, he replied: "No, really now, I forgot that canteen."

I was somewhat surprised to learn upon my arrival that Capt. E. COULTER, of Company B, and Capt. D. TORREY, of Company D, since the occupation of the post by the regiment had been captured by the enemy. I was never able to learn the particulars of their capture, further than that it occurred on the 14th December, 1863, while they were returning to the regiment from Pass Cavallo, whither they had been on business.

On the 9th of May I received permission to use one of the small boats in an expedition to "Ingleside," a small town on the point at the eastern entrance to Corpus Christi Bay, fifteen miles distant from the post at Mustang, for the purpose of procuring lumber with which

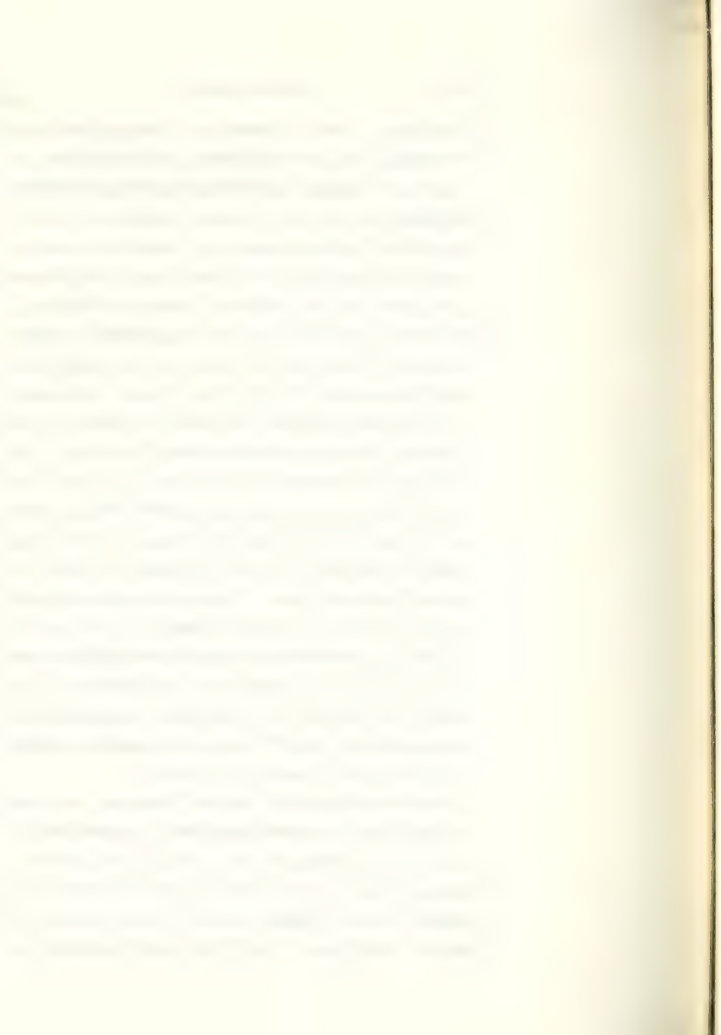


to build myself a house. I selected twenty men of Company E, and we embarked and sailed at 2 o'clock, P. M. of the same day. Owing to adverse winds and our imperfect knowledge of the manner of handling a sailing vessel, we were compelled to land after nightfall at a small island near the "Ship Channel" where we bivouacked for the night. Large quantities of gull's eggs were found on this island, which afforded us an excellent supper.

We resumed our voyage early on the following morning, arriving at Ingleside at 11 o'clock, A. M. We found a few of the houses occupied by professedly loyal families, but many others deserted; those which were unoccupied, we were informed belonged to men absent in the rebel army, and, selecting one located near the landing, we at once set to work taking it down and loading the lumber on our boat. While thus engaged a citizen came up and informed us that he had seen a horseman ride up and enter a house about one mile distant, whom he supposed was a confederate soldier who had been for some time lurking in the neighborhood. In company with four of the men I at once started with the intention of capturing him. We approached the house cautiously, and on entering the front door discovered a gentleman in the act of leaving hastily at the rear of the house. On a peremptory order to halt, he obeyed, and returned to the room. He informed us that his name was ANDREW J. PARMELE, commander of the blockade-running schooner *Lizzie Bacon* then lying at St. Marys.

After some further conversation I learned with some astonishment that he was formerly a citizen of Iowa, and at one time connected with railroad enterprizes at Clinton and McGregor; had left Iowa and removed to New Orleans, where he had become part owner of a vessel engaged in the slave trade, which was lying at New Orleans at the opening of the rebellion. After the capture of that place by Gen. BUTLER, he was permitted to retain possession of his vessel, and operate in the cotton trade on the Texan coast. On his first voyage to Galveston the confederates detained his vessel, but permitted him to continue his business under their jurisdiction. On our arrival and occupation of the coast, his vessel was lying at Lamar, on Copano Bay, near St. Marys, where he had come just previously for a cargo of cotton, since which time he had been unable to evade our battery at Aransas Pass to get away. One or two expeditions by officers and men of our regiment intended for her capture had failed from various causes, and he had finally removed her to St. Marys for safety, where she then was. The object of his present visit to Ingleside was to procure an additional anchor, when he intended to make an attempt to get her to sea by running our battery.

After returning to the town we found the men had completed their cargo of lumber, and as evening was approaching we re-embarked and started on our return to Mustang Island. We experienced much difficulty from contrary winds in getting around the point which here juts out into Corpus Christi Bay, being compelled, in



order to do so to make long "tacks" far out into the Bay. Late in the evening, while making one of these tacks, we encountered a sudden wind storm which came up from the north with such violence as nearly to capsize our little boat. With the assistance of our prisoner, however, who was much alarmed for the safety of the boat, we succeeded in getting back to the main land after losing most of our sails and rigging—the violence of the storm forcing our boat through the breakers almost to the beach.

The remembrance of this storm and our imminent peril will perhaps never be forgotten by those who composed the crew of our little vessel. On its first appearance I was standing on the deck leaning carelessly against the mainmast, admiring the velocity with which our little craft was cleaving the waves under the wind already strong from the south-east, the men sitting about conversing with their usual gaiety, and shielding themselves from the volumes of spray thrown up from the bow of the boat and which occasionally dashed entirely over our deck. It was already quite dark, and as the wind still increased we found some difficulty in keeping our boat trimmed; suddenly, as she careened more than usual, I heard some one call from the hatchway, and turning around saw Capt. Parmele standing bareheaded on the stairway, his long hair streaming in the wind, while he pointed away to the north. As he seemed anxious and alarmed, I enquired of him what he thought of the weather. He replied that "he had been almost bred

on the sea, and had seen first-class vessels go down in less severe storms than that now coming." Looking in the direction indicated I now observed a dense gloom had settled down in that direction, through which large yellowish lights occasionally flashed, and could hear the deep moaning of the storm as it swept on towards us. All was activity in a moment; down came the mainsail, and with our jib the boat was brought about and stood in for the coast. Another moment and we would have been too late. We had scarcely changed our course when the storm was upon us with all its fury—tearing into ribbons our jibsail and almost plunging the boat bow first beneath the waves. I shall always remember the wild race which now commenced. We were going directly before the wind—each man clinging to the vessel to prevent being blown overboard—the vessel herself groaning in every seam from the action of the waves and violence of the wind—while sheets of spray in masses deluged our boat. As we approached the breakers which here lined the coast, the vessel was moving with such speed as to render any attempt at anchoring outside useless, and we allowed her to run in upon them, intending if she struck to save ourselves by swimming to shore. But she passed safely through without accident, and we anchored near the beach. After making her secure against the storm, we lost no time in wading to the shore where we bivouacked for the night.

Capt. Parmele proposed during the night that if we would get up an expedition to capture his vessel at St.

Marys he would accompany and assist us ; informing me at the same time that there was a spy lurking about the neighborhood of Ingleside, who would, on ascertaining he had been captured, immediately report the fact to the confederates at St. Marys and that the vessel would be at once burned to prevent her capture. After some reflection we assented to his proposition, but determined to return to the town next morning by a march through the chapparal, and capture the individual who seemed to cause so much uneasiness.

Accordingly at daybreak we were on the march, and soon approached the town. After carefully searching the chapparal in the vicinity we were rewarded by finding the object of our search concealed in a dense thicket, where he had constructed a shelter and laid in a supply of provisions sufficient to last one individual six months. He left his "rancho" with reluctance—deprecating the loss of his bacon and corn meal more seriously than his liberty. He gave his name as "Jim Hatch," and told us that he had enjoyed the pleasure of seeing the "*Yanks cleaned out*" at Bull Run, and had subsequently been three times taken prisoner, taken the oath of allegiance *four times*, and proposed to do so again now if we would release him. Private D. FOLEY told him, however, that we were not then doing the "*oath of allegiance*" business—that had "played out," and hemp was now considered a safer investment. But a threat of hanging made no impression on him, as he simply ridiculed the idea of "Yankees" doing anything so rash as


to hang a "southern gentleman." The fellow's impudence saved his life for we were induced from it to believe him insane—otherwise I should certainly have undeceived his mind as to the forbearance of one "Yank," at least.

We returned to our boat and proceeded to camp, where we arrived late in the evening. During our absence Major THOMPSON had resigned and left for his home in Marion, Iowa. Although not a strict disciplinarian, Major THOMPSON by his gentlemanly kindness and generous treatment of the men had endeared himself to all, and he left behind him at his departure the regret of every man in the regiment. In the absence of all our field officers, Capt. M. L. THOMSON assumed command of the regiment.

We commenced preparations for our expedition to St. Marys the same night, and were ready to sail early on the following morning. Capt. DOOLITTLE, with twenty-five men of Company K, accompanied me on this expedition, as there was great probability that the confederates would dispute our landing and remove the vessel. We embarked on two small vessels—twenty-five men on each—and left Mustang Island at 2 o'clock P. M.

Capt. Parmele accompanied us, in the capacity of pilot, but recommended that as we would have to pass Lamar, a small town on the coast, between Mustang Island and St. Marys, that it would be advisable to anchor at "Live Oak Point," and await the approach of night, when by running in and landing at Lamar we

could probably capture a rebel gunboat officer then at that place on a visit. We accordingly landed in a position where our boats were secure from observation at the town by the point of land which here juts out between Aransas and Copano Bays, and as night set in resumed our voyage.

After passing the point, which we did after dark, we found ourselves among the oyster reefs, which are very numerous on this part of the coast, and so obstruct the channel as to render an approach to the entrance of Copano Bay difficult to the most experienced pilots. We ran upon one after another until near 1 o'clock next morning, when our patience being exhausted we finally disembarked, and by keeping on the course of the reefs avoided the quicksands—reaching the beach in safety after wading waist-deep in water nearly a mile. 

All was quiet in the town, and I almost regretted the necessity which would compel us in a few moments to arouse the unconscious inhabitants to a scene of alarm and panic. We decided that Capt. DOOLITTLE, with the main body of the men, should occupy and patrol the streets of the town, while with a small force, I could gain the suburbs beyond, and endeavor to capture Capt. R. Jordan, of the rebel gunboat *Osceola*, at his house. Our plans worked well, and I had the satisfaction of finding the captain at home and in bed. He was very much surprised, and hesitated some time, before opening his door, whether to surrender or fight. However, on an intimation that if the door was not immediately opened

we should use force to gain admittance, he decided to submit to his fate quietly, and at once opened the door and surrendered.

In the meantime, Capt. DOOLITTLE not finding any opposition, occupied his time in searching the houses for arms, and succeeded in finding quite a number of shot-guns, besides two Enfield rifles, which had been some time previously captured from two men belonging to Company G, of our regiment. Owing to our ignorance of the channel, and the darkness, we decided to remain here until daybreak, and then run to St. Marys, which, with a fair wind, we would be able to reach at sunrise. By this time the whole town was in commotion, and the excitement, especially among the women, was high. Very few men showed themselves, and such as did were of course, if we could believe their declaration, "sound Union men," but we were beset by a few women, (no doubt the wives or daughters of these same "sound Union men") who abused us without mercy, as "nigger stealing Yankees," "thieves," "robbers," "Lincoln hirelings," and assured us that our "*sculps*" would be taken off "*quick'rn that*"—(with a snap of the finger). However, we lay down and soon fell asleep. On awaking in the morning, we were much gratified to find our "*sculps*" still safe on our heads.

At daybreak we signalled Lt. E. E. DAVIS, who had been left in charge of the boats, to run in and land at the wharf, and we were soon again on our way to St. Marys with a fair wind. The chief object of our expedition

(the schooner) was now in plain view, with her tall masts, now magnified by the sun just rising beyond her, into three times their actual height. Capt. DOOLITTLE's boat unfortunately again became fastened on a reef, but as our success now depended on reaching the schooner before our approach was discovered by those who had been directed to burn her in case there was danger of the Yankees capturing her, we determined to hurry forward at once with my boat, and depend on Capt. D.'s arriving in time to assist us in case of much resistance from the rebels.

Rifles were now carefully loaded—ammunition inspected, and the men kept as much concealed from view as possible. All eyes were fixed on the schooner, which we were now rapidly approaching, and the beach and landing closely watched for the appearance of rebel soldiers. Lt. E. E. DAVIS with four men were detailed as a boarding party—the remaining twenty to accompany me as skirmishers into the town, at the instant we reached the landing.

The wharf here, as elsewhere on the coast, was at the terminus of a wooden causeway built on piers formed of timber set perpendicularly in the water, which was covered by planks, making a good roadway fourteen feet in width, and extending about a quarter of a mile into the bay. There had formerly been a railroad track constructed on this causeway, leading from the warehouses on the beach to its terminus at the ship-landing, by which freight, etc., was carried out, but the iron rails

had been removed to be used in building fortifications at Galveston. The hand-cars, however, still remained, and were standing near the schooner.

As we approached the vessel, our gunboat prisoner looked anxiously towards the beach, occasionally uttering an impatient oath at the want of vigilance on the part of his associates at St. Marys, whom his female friends at Lamar had assured us would rescue him and relieve us of our "sculps." When within about one hundred and fifty yards of the schooner our approach was discovered by those on board, and a great commotion took place. In a few moments longer we ran along side, our boarding party climbed up the side and took possession of the schooner, and with the main body I disembarked on the causeway and started on "double-quick" towards the town—casting an anxious look, however, towards Lamar, to ascertain if Capt. DOOLITTLE's party were likely to arrive in time to assist us in case we met resistance.

On passing the warehouses on the beach and ascending a slight elevation beyond, the streets of the town were gained, and horsemen, men in buggies and footmen were seen flying in every direction. Our men immediately separated into small parties and started in pursuit. A wild scene of confusion now ensued—rifles were cracking, women running and screaming, and a few frightened rebels seen scampering towards the chapparal, pursued by our men with cries of "halt," and rifle shots—the rebels occasionally replying with their shot-guns.

In the course of half an hour the entire town was in

our possession, when we posted pickets in the suburbs to watch the rebels who had halted after entering the chaparral, and were still keeping up some firing with their shot-guns.

After returning to the schooner we gave Capt. Parmele permission to go into the town for the purpose of procuring his private property from the house at which he had boarded previous to his capture, but as a precaution against his escaping sent one of the men with him as guard. While in the house the landlady stepped to the door for some purpose, when she was accosted by a man who came riding up at furious speed, and asked if there were any soldiers in town, (meaning confederates). She, supposing he meant Federal soldiers, replied that there was. "Glad of it," he responded, "for there is a boat-load of d——d Yankees coming—and they are nearly at the landing already." CHARLES BELKIN, the man acting as guard, and who had been watching the proceedings from the window, now stepped out, pointed his rifle at him, and ordered him to dismount, which he did with haste. The Yankees referred to as just coming were Capt. DOOLITTLE and party, who had been detained on the reef, and had now arrived.

The man thus captured proved to be a notorious character named "Tom. Club," the same who had destroyed the dredge-boats used for repairing the ship channel at Corpus Christi Bay, on the appearance of our fleet at Brazos de Santiago the previous winter, and had now come to St. Marys for the purpose of burning the

schooner—having learned that Capt. Parmele, the owner, had fallen into our hands. He was well known all along the coast, as the most rabid secessionist, and best pilot in Texas. His capture, therefore, gave us great pleasure, as a pilot was necessary to enable us to get the schooner past the reefs on our return to camp. By exciting his fears with threats of hanging, he consented to do so.

With fifty men we felt secure in being able to hold the town, unless the rebel Col. Ford should come down from the Nueces River with his brigade of home-guards, and occupied the afternoon in taking down a warehouse belonging to Major Colt, (the inventor of the revolver bearing his name,) and transferring the lumber to our boat.

During the night the rebels in the chapparal made unsuccessful efforts to drive in our pickets, and at one time succeeded in gaining the streets, but were driven back after a sharp skirmish during which some of the houses were riddled by rifle-balls. On the following morning the firing from the chapparal increased, and we could now distinguish the sharp crack of rifles mingled with the reports from shot-guns, and the whistling of Minnie balls admonished us that the rebels were being reinforced. The firing was sharply maintained during the day and up to a late hour at night, when it suddenly ceased. Soon after daybreak next morning numerous parties of rebels on horseback made their appearance at different points in the vicinity, and as their forces now seemed rapidly increasing—already outnumbering our own—we deemed it

most prudent to evacuate the place. Accordingly after filling our water-casks we embarked and sailed out of the harbor at 11 o'clock A. M. We were fired into while passing Lamar by a party concealed behind a sand-hill, but the only person injured on board was one of our prisoners, who received a slight wound in the face.

We arrived at camp on the ensuing evening, intending to present our captured vessel to the Commodore with a due regard to ceremony, but were forestalled by orders that she should go into the quartermaster's hands, that individual having usurped the functions of the Commodore's office, much to the disgust of the latter, who keenly felt the indignity.

Refugees coming from various points on the coast and interior counties of the State, were constantly arriving at the post—bringing their families and household goods in ox-carts, and also driving large numbers of cattle and horses. Both sexes were armed, and, judging from their lithe sinewy forms, and numerous weapons peeping out from beneath their uncouth garments, well prepared and able to defend themselves in any ordinary "rough-and-tumble" fight. They reported a strong Union sentiment existing in the localities from which they had come, and also on the route, but settlements being separated by long intervals, rebel cavalry patrols were enabled to prevent any public expression of the dislike existing among the people to Confederate rule.

On the Island, south of our camp about one mile, was

good pasturage and fresh water, and the site of the colony was here established.

We spent much of our leisure time in conversation with these hardy backwoodsmen, who regaled us with accounts of their numerous fights with Comanche Indians and wild beasts. They were all enthusiastic admirers of the great Texan hero and liberator, SAM. HOUSTON, who they informed us remained "true to the old flag" until his death, which occurred sometime after the opening of the rebellion. Most of the women, in point of physical strength, were nearly equal with the men, but their knowledge of domestic affairs was confined to baking "hoe-cake," "jerking meat," and smoking cob-pipes—which latter avocation they plied with a diligence and zeal "worthy a better cause."

Some of us having tired of washing our own linen, made arrangements with these Texan ladies to relieve us of the burthen, but the shirts coming back in a worse condition than when sent, we abandoned the undertaking. Some of them had never seen an andiron, and were somewhat sarcastic in their comments on this article of domestic usefulness when we had given them a description of it—declaring that "they couldn't see the use of so much fuss and bother about washing things, and then scraping them to pieces with a hot iron, *just for looks!*" On some of the large stock farms in Texas, where cattle are raised by thousands, the proprietor purchases his butter in kegs, which is shipped from New York to Galveston—simply,

I suppose, from the fact that his wife "can't see the use of all the fuss and bother" of milking cows.

But this want of refinement on the part of the women living on the southern frontier of Texas, may be accounted for in the fact that they are bred and educated amid scenes of continual excitement and danger—where the use of the rifle and bowie-knife, and development of muscle, is considered infinitely more essential than the usages of polite society, and where the savage yell of the Comanche and scream of the panther demand altogether different nerves than those possessed by persons educated under the sound of the guitar and piano.

CHAPTER XVI.

ORDERED TO BROWNSVILLE—EVACUATION OF THE ISLAND
—ON THE WAY—THE RIO GRANDE RIVER—CHARACTER
OF THE INHABITANTS ON ITS BANKS—ARRIVAL AT
BROWNSVILLE—ON DUTY THERE—ALARMS AND SKIR-
MISHING—FORTS ARMSTRONG AND BROWN—FOURTH OF
JULY—EVACUATION OF BROWNSVILLE AND VOYAGE TO
NEW ORLEANS.

On the 23d of June orders were unexpectedly received to evacuate the Island at once, and proceed to Brownsville. This order reached us at the time the greater portion of the men in our regiment had completed building comfortable quarters, and with much difficulty had furnished them with articles of comfort, and even luxury. The little frame huts, many of them, contained mahogany and rosewood furniture of the richest description—procured, during scouting expeditions to various places on the coast, by *confiscation* from houses abandoned by the rebels.

Our preparations for leaving the Island were completed at an early hour on the morning of the 24th, and we embarked on board the steamship *Alabama*, leaving our quarters in most part uninjured, for the accommodation of such of the refugees as still remained.

We had a pleasant voyage to Brazos de Santiago, which place we reached early on the morning of the 26th where we disembarked, and after placing our camp



and garrison equipment on wagons, started on the march to Clarksville, where it was thought we should re-embark on Rio Grande river steamers for Brownsville. On arriving at Clarksville, however, it was found there had been no boat provided sufficiently large to accommodate us, and we therefore made preparations to continue the march to Brownsville, taking the old river road. Those of the men who were unable to march the distance, (38 miles), as also the knapsacks and camp equipment of the entire regiment, were put on board the steamer *Matamoras*, to go by river, and started off immediately.

We found a large number of French and English vessels lying off the bar, and the French garrison at Bagdad withdrawn since our previous visit to the locality. No movement had as yet been made towards the capture of Matamoras since the failure of December. There seemed to be a strong sympathy existing here between the confederates and Mexicans, as large numbers of the former were in the town, while at Matamoras the same state of feeling was manifested between the American speculators and Mexicans. Politics was here made subservient to interest. While the Mexicans held Matamoras, which was the receiving point for cotton crossing the Rio Grande from Texas between Brownsville and El Paso, the people gave the confederates their sympathies in return for their cotton trade. When the cotton arrived from Matamoras at Bagdad it likewise produced the same harmonizing effect in that locality, where the English traders were by some means enabled to hood-

wink the French authorities, and get possession of it, thus evading complication with either the French or American Governments.

While detained here, cooking our dinner, we had leisure to observe the active cotton trade carried on between the confederate government and English traders through the medium of the Mexicans. Boats in great numbers were busily engaged in carrying this coveted staple across the bar to vessels lying outside waiting to receive it. In doing this they run directly under the guns of our own blockading fleet, and past the French squadron, without hindrance from either, and discharged their cargoes on board English vessels. While contemplating this proceeding we could not refrain indulging in some admiration of the shrewdness displayed by our English friends in thus outwitting the agents of the two governments who had been placed there to guard against it.

The country lying between the mouth of the Rio Grande and Brownsville is all low—the highest elevation above the level of the Gulf being perhaps not over twenty-five feet—while the soil is composed in large part of land, with a light growth of large thorn-covered bushes at intervals along the route, known as *chapparal*. There are a few *ranchos* (or residences) along the banks of the river, inhabited by the native Mexican Indians, called "*Greasers*," which appellation seemed peculiarly appropriate from the fact that as they usually went in an almost nude state, their bright copper-colored skins had very much the appearance of being *greased*. The ter-

ritory lying between the two rivers, Rio Grande and Nueces, was formerly the Mexican province of *Tamaulipas*—the Nueces being the southern boundary of Texas previous to its becoming a State in our own Union.

Gen. BANKS, ever alive to "progress," and endowed with an unusual degree of enterprize, had ordered the construction of a railroad through this almost barren desert of sand from the sea-coast to Brownsville, and we found it nearly completed on our arrival. The few *Greasers*, however, who inhabited the country, seemed oblivious of the *vastness* of the enterprize, or incalculable benefits likely to result to them by this "internal improvement" affair, and Gen. HERRON, in order to prevent them tearing up the track for boat timbers and coyote-traps, was compelled to maintain a large cavalry patrol for its protection.

After our dinner of "hard tack" and so——bacon had been prepared, and "disposed of in the usual way," we resumed our march towards Brownsville—leaving the Rio Grande, as we supposed, in our rear; but after proceeding a few miles, unexpectedly again found ourselves on its banks; again we left it, but after passing through a thicket of chapparal were somewhat surprised to find ourselves still on its banks. This circumstance puzzled us, and produced a feeling of curiosity to know if it was possible for one river to flow in a channel distracted by such tortuous abrupt windings, or whether there were not really a great number of rivers whirling about us in interminable confusion. We soon arrived on an exten-

sive sand prairie, where the view was unobstructed by chapparal, and were enabled to trace its course, when two facts became apparent, viz: that there was but one river, and that one the very embodiment of *crookedness*. In running a distance of five miles in a direct line a vessel on the Rio Grande travels twenty. This fact explained the apparently contradictory reports we had received as to the distance from Brazos to Brownsville—the natives on shore assuring us that it was only thirty-eight miles, while the boatmen gave the distance as eighty-five. The current in this river was very rapid, the water a compromise between mud and fluid, the banks soft clay and perpendicular, while the scenery consisted of long dry grass, which a few half-starved cattle were vainly endeavoring to pull off for food.

Occasionally a picturesque mansion, built of mud and reeds, peeped out from a clump of chapparal, among which a close observer might detect the tawny hides of the *Greasers* as they lay stretched out in the sunshine, taking their afternoon *siesta*, or quietly sitting on the ground, surrounded by their youthful progeny, munching *tor-tillas*. When we addressed one of these natives, he either paid no attention, or looking up lazily replied, "*Senor meno entiende Americano*," and resumed his tortilla or drowsy sleep, from which no second attempt at conversation could distract his attention.

After wandering about until nightfall among the chapparal and windings of the river, Capt. THOMSON, who was in command of the regiment, became confused by

the intricacies of the route, and concluding we had lost our way, decided to bivouack for the night, which we accordingly did on the banks of the river—(because we couldn't get away from it,) at a place called "White Rancho," having only marched, in a direct line, seven miles from Point Isabel.

On the following morning we resumed our march at daybreak, still following the course of the river, and proceeded steadily until 3 o'clock P. M., when we again bivouacked—this time among timber, and at a wood-yard. As we had now arrived in a locality where the *Centipede* and *Tarantula* abounded, and the bark of the coyote and hoot of the owl filled the air, our slumbers were somewhat unrefreshing from a fear of the one and annoyance of the other. We accordingly set out at 2 o'clock next morning, reaching Brownsville at nine, after passing over the old batte-fields of *Palo Alto* and *Ressaca de la Palma*.

Marching through the town past Gen. HERRON'S headquarters, we encamped one mile beyond on the banks of the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras, Mexico, and a short distance south of Fort Armstrong. We here found ourselves in a new Brigade, composed of the 20th and 38th Iowa, and 91st Illinois, but still under command of Col. McE. DYE, whose headquarters were established in the fort. The other regiments composing our Division—the 19th and 34th Iowa, 20th Wisconsin, 94th Illinois, and one battalion of the 1st Texas cavalry,

On page 278—preceding—in line 22 from top, read "sand" for "land."

—were occupying grounds in the vicinity of Fort Brown, on the river and north of the city.

We found but few American residents in the city, the greater portion having left it at the time Gen. Bee evacuated the place on the first landing of our forces at Brazos. The inhabitants remaining were in most part "Greasers," who occupied their time, and earned a livelihood by rolling barrels of the muddy Rio Grande water through the streets for sale—going in an almost entirely nude state. The market was attended by a few of the more enterprising of the same class from the Mexican side of the river, who sold "tortillas" and red peppers during the early part of the day, and a very poor quality of vegetables in the evening. Saloons abounded here, and the natives seemed to divide their time equally between rolling water casks, munching "tortillas," drinking whisky, and sleeping.

During our stay, we made frequent visits to Matamoras, where we met many confederate officers and soldiers, who seemed to congregate here for the purpose of gambling. A number of our own soldiers also imitated their example in this, and the monte-tables were nightly surrounded by eager crowds of Federal, Confederate, and Mexican soldiers, who staked, lost, won, drank, quarreled and sometimes fought all night, parting in the morning after losing all their ready money, to repeat the same scenes on the ensuing night.

Col. Ford, commander of the confederate forces in this section since the flight of Gen. Bee to Galveston,



frequently relieved the monotony of our camp life by making sudden attacks on our picket-line. At such times all the disposable forces at the post were promptly turned out, and after "double-quickening" some two miles to the chapparal, arrived in time to witness the activity of our new cavalry recruits—the *Greasers*—in getting back into town out of danger. These attacks by the rebels, however, were not without an object, as we could see on the day following, when long trains of cotton-wagons came past on the opposite side of the river, on their way to Matamoras—the cotton being taken across the river from Texas, between El Paso and Brownsville, while our attention was diverted by the attack on our pickets. This ruse by the confederate colonel was perfectly transparent, and there was not a man in the army who did not fully understand it; yet our commanders persisted in falling into the error of believing that Ford seriously designed attacking, with a force of perhaps 800 undisciplined men, a fortified position defended by 6,000 thoroughly equipped veterans!

The construction of Fort Brown being nearly completed, it was *dedicated* by hoisting the American flag over the works, on July 4th, accompanied by a national salute, and a review of the army by Gen. HERRON. The observance of the day was concluded by a ball at the *Market-house* in the evening, which was attended by the Mexican ladies from Matamoras. This terminated, however, as such affairs usually do in that locality, in a general dissatisfaction, and a slight *melee*—the latter oc-

casioned perhaps by a too free indulgence in *lemonade*, and the former doubtless arising from the inability of either party to understand the language of the other.

Gen. CANBY, having assumed command of military affairs in the Department, perhaps failed to appreciate the importance of retaining so large a force where no necessity for it existed, and on the 20th of July Gen. HERRON received orders to evacuate the coast, and move his command to New Orleans. Accordingly, after partially destroying the works at Brownsville, and turning the railroad enterprize over to the *Greasers*, we left Brownsville on the 29th, and took up our line of march for Brazos de Santiago, where we arrived at noon on the 31st, bivouacking on the beach.

On the 1st of August we embarked on the sailing ship *Panama*, and started on our return voyage to New Orleans, the ship being towed by the steamer *City of Richmond*. We arrived at South West Pass on the evening of the 4th where our ship ran on the bar, and the hawser by which she was attached to the steamer parted, killing and wounding a number of men belonging to the 38th Iowa, who were on board the steamer. She continued her course, however, leaving us hard aground, where we remained until a tug-boat arrived from New Orleans and pulled us off on the following evening. We arrived at Carrollton on the 6th, and with the remainder of our Division encamped on the shell-road.

Soon after going into camp we were gratified by the arrival of Lt. Col. LEAKE, who had been released from cap-

the first of these is the fact that the
 country is not only a fertile one, but
 also a well-watered one. The
 rivers of the country are numerous
 and the climate is temperate. The
 soil is fertile and the people are
 industrious. The country is well
 governed and the people are
 happy. The country is a good
 one for the people to live in.

The second of these is the fact that
 the country is a good one for the
 people to live in. The country is
 well governed and the people are
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 one for the people to live in.

tivity at Tyler, Texas, and reached New Orleans a few days previously. His appearance was hailed by the regiment in a spontaneous outburst of welcome in deafening cheers. Corporal ROBERT TROOP, of company E, who was captured at the same time with Col. L., also rejoined the regiment on the same day. Capts. COULTER and TORREY, who had shared prison life with the Colonel, had also been released, but did not join us until a few days subsequently. All the released prisoners who had been incarcerated at Tyler—among whom were our comrades of the 19th Iowa and 26th Indiana—had arrived in the city. The whole appearance of these men bore unmistakable evidence to the hardships they had suffered while in the hands of the rebels—eliciting compassion even among rebel sympathizers in New Orleans.

CHAPTER XVII.

RE-EMBARK FOR MOBILE BAY—CAPTURE OF FORT GAINES
—FORT POWELL BLOWN UP BY THE ENEMY—OUR FLEET
PASSING THE FORTS—CAPTURE OF THE REBEL RAM
TENNESSEE—SIEGE OF FORT MORGAN—BOMBARDMENT
—THE FORT ON FIRE—ITS SURRENDER.

ON our arrival we found the city denuded of troops, as the forces were being sent forward to Dauphin Island, where active preparations were in progress under Com. FARRAGUT and Gen. GRANGER to get possession of the forts guarding the entrance to Mobile Bay. We received orders late on the same night of our arrival to be prepared to embark on the following morning, at 7 o'clock, and that hour accordingly found us again on the levee, in a severe rain storm, where transports were awaiting us. Owing to the rain much time was consumed in getting all the troops on board, but the embarkation was completed and we left the landing at 12 o'clock, M., turning our course once more down stream. We crossed the bar at South-West Pass on the morning of August 8th, and proceeded at once towards Mobile Bay, arriving at Dauphin Island on the same day, and a few hours subsequent to the surrender of Fort Gaines to Admiral FARRAGUT, where we came to anchor.

On the morning of Aug. 7th, preceding our arrival, Gen. GRANGER disembarked troops on the western extremity of Dauphin Island and moved up to assault Fort

Gaines in the rear, while the fleet under Admiral FARRAGUT opened a furious bombardment from the sea side. The result of these operations was correctly given in a Mobile paper two days subsequently, as follows :

“ On Friday night Lieut. Col. Williams, commanding Fort Powell, evacuated and blew up the fort. Yesterday and to-day the enemy are shelling Fort Gaines. The people of Mobile are all ready for the fray. Great confidence prevails ; the people are satisfied with the conduct of Lieuts. Buchanan, Maury and Burnett of the navy.”

On Monday, Aug. 8th, the following account of operations up to that date was published :

“ It is painfully humiliating to announce the shameful surrender of Fort Gaines, at 9:30 o'clock this morning, by Col. Chas. Anderson, of the 21st Alabama regiment. This powerful work was provisioned for six months, and with a garrison of 900 men. He communicated with the enemy's fleet by a flag of truce, without the sanction of Gen. Page, who inquired by signal what his purpose was, but received no answer. His attention was attracted by signal guns. Page repeatedly telegraphed, “ hold on to your fort.” The same night he visited Fort Gaines, and found Anderson on board the Yankee fleet, arranging the terms of capitulation. He left peremptory orders for Anderson on his return not to surrender the fort, and relieved him of his command. Fort Morgan signalled this morning, but no answer was received, except the hoisting of the Yankee flag over the ramparts of Fort

Gaines. Anderson's conduct is officially pronounced inexplicable and shameful."

In order to convey a clear understanding of the obstacles overcome in the preceding operations by our fleet it will perhaps be well here to glance hastily at the locality. A vessel of any considerable size, in entering Mobile Bay, must pass between Forts Morgan and Gaines, and close under the guns of the former. Mobile Point on the western extremity of which stands Fort Morgan, is a long peninsula which juts out from the main land, extending due west a distance of seventeen miles. Fort Morgan, known as *Fort Boyer* in the war of 1812, is a pentagon tract, built upon regular angles, and protected upon the sea-front by a strong battery of masonry and turf. The ditch being protected by a low and close grove of the bayonet palm, forming a natural and almost impregnable abattis. Three miles north-west from Mobile Point across the strait which forms the principal ship entrance, is the eastern extremity of Dauphin Island, on which stands Fort Gaines. This is a less important work than Fort Morgan, although if it had been finished as originally designed by the National Government would have mounted twice as many guns as the latter.

The entrance to the Bay, between Forts Morgan and Gaines, was defended also by a strong abattis formed of "spiles" which extended across in such a manner as to leave a narrow channel on either side, through which vessels in entering were compelled to pass, thus bringing

them immediately under the guns of the forts. These channels were also guarded by innumerable torpedoes, so placed, however, as to permit blockade running vessels, guided by pilots possessing a thorough knowledge of their locality, to pass in and out with perfect safety. An officer possessing less than *iron* nerves would have been dismayed by obstacles so formidable. The concentrated fire of sixty guns of the heaviest calibre, in easy range, and the network of torpedoes *might be* successfully overcome by wooden vessels, but when these obstacles were passed, there remained another and still more dangerous one in the iron monster—the double-turreted monitor *Tennessee*, covered with seven-inch wrought iron casing, armed with six 15-inch guns, and a huge iron ram capable of crushing in the sides of any ordinary wooden vessel—which lay beyond the entrance, exulting in conscious power, awaiting in silence the moment the fleet should pass the other barriers and enter the arena in which she held sway, when she would join in the fray, and carry death and destruction among her more frail antagonists.

Nothing daunted by the difficulties and dangers which lay before him in overcoming these obstacles, Admiral FARAGUT, ever foremost where dangers were thickest, after forming his line of battle on the morning of the 7th, mounted to the rigging of his own vessel, where two small howitzers were placed to rake the enemy's water-batteries as he passed, and gave the signal for the fleet to advance. Gallantly and in silence they moved up to

the work, amidst thunders of artillery from the forts—until the narrow pass under the enemy's guns were reached, when our gallant fleet also opened—slowly at first, but gradually increasing the rapidity of their fire, until the intervals of time were all filled by one continuous roar, as broadside after broadside was poured in upon the fort. A few minutes of suspense followed, as the fleet was obscured from view in clouds of smoke, through which the bright flashes of the guns alone could be seen, and the unflinching shouts of the gallant seamen heard, when suddenly the curtain of smoke was drawn aside, disclosing the heroic commander still in the rigging, with his two guns pouring their rapid discharges of grape-shot down into the enemy's water-batteries, while he swung his hat in the air, cheering on his already damaged fleet. Another moment and the fort was passed, when the *Tennessee* joined the melee. Firing her huge guns with great rapidity, she suddenly dashed her ponderous prow against the side of the *Hartford*, crushing it in as if it were an egg-shell. Again she drew back, gathering force to repeat the blow, when the flag-ship closed with her. Shots glanced harmlessly from her iron casing; the *Brooklyn* after closing with her lay close up—broadside against her—while she rained heavy two hundred pound solid shot point-blank on her roofing at a distance of only *nine* feet, without avail; our huge ships, with a full headway of steam, attempted again and again to run her down by forcing themselves on her back; she seemed invulnerable at all points, when by



mere chance a solid shot from the *Brooklyn* struck the only exposed spot—(the opening through which her rudder chain passed)—jamming the iron casing in on the chain, and rendering her unmanageable—when she surrendered. Half an hour's work put her in complete repair, and within three hours from her capture she was manned by a crew from our own fleet, lying in easy range, and her guns working with great effect against the fort. The daring bravery and unflinching determination displayed by Admiral FARRAGUT, and his gallant officers and men, in this action were never surpassed. The admiration elicited by it from those who were mere spectators was unbounded, and we could not avoid a feeling of pride when we reflected that the feat was accomplished by our own gallant navy—destined, ere long, if not already, to be master of the seas.

The success of the fleet in passing these forts, and the surrender of one of them, gave us possession of the Bay.

Our transports, after the surrender of Fort Gainos, were enabled to pass the guns of Fort Morgan by running through the channel on the north-east side of the strait, by which the troops ascended to Pilot Town, six miles east of Fort Morgan, where our regiment, the 94th Illinois, and 20th Wisconsin landed on the 9th. A skirmish line consisting of the left wing of our regiment was at once thrown out, and we advanced towards the fort some distance, when we were relieved by the 94th Illinois and ordered to the rear on picket duty. During

this time our monitors, assisted by the monitor *Tennessee*, were engaging the water-batteries, while the remainder of the fleet lay off some three miles in the Bay—occasionally firing broadsides at the fort.

The remainder of the troops having disembarked we moved down on the 11th within two miles of the fort, where we encamped, and immediately constructed “bomb-proofs” to protect us from the fire of the enemy’s large guns. A “banquette” was then commenced within six hundred yards of the fort, extending across the peninsula from the sea-side to the Bay. This was completed on the 20th, and our batteries, consisting of sixteen mortars, ten heavy siege guns, and eight field pieces, being in position at short intervals in rear of the “banquette,” the bombardment was ready to begin. During the construction of the “banquette” our camp was several times furiously shelled by the large guns of the fort, but most of the shots passed entirely over us, exploding some distance in our rear, and doing little damage beside frightening away our colored servants. Some, however, fell among our tents—one nearly demolishing the bomb-proof occupied by Company B.

On the morning of the 22d, at sunrise, the monitors were seen slowly approaching the fort, while the vessels of the fleet were quietly taking their position in line of battle. The night previous we had been unable to sleep, owing to the incessant fire from the fort, and were consequently on the *qui vive*, as we knew the bombardment would soon commence, and thereby relieve us from the

annoyance which we were suffering. Approaching within four hundred yards of the fort the *Tennessee* fired the signal shot, which was at once followed from all the land batteries and fleet. Moving up within easy range, the monitors, flag-ship, *Roanoke*, *Brooklyn*, *Seneca*, and other large vessels, poured in broadsides with a precision and effect we had never seen equalled. The bursting of shells inside and over the fort was constant, and during the day the rebel garrison received an average of two shells per minute. As night closed in the fort was discovered to be on fire, when the bombardment was redoubled. The heavens were illuminated at times by the flash of guns and bursting shells, which fell like hailstones in the works, while the earth trembled under the explosions.

On the morning of the 24th, at daybreak a white flag was seen displayed on the parapet, and the bombardment ceased. Gen. GRANGER at once ran down with his boat and received the surrender from Gen. Page, who was in command of the works. Two o'clock P. M. being the hour specified at which our forces could take possession, the rebel garrison were accordingly transferred to transports at that hour and sent off to New Orleans.

Four companies from our regiment, (B, E, F and K,) were detached to take command and moved down to the fort the same evening.

The works were found badly damaged by our batteries—portions of the fort being nearly demolished.

A few days subsequent to the surrender two English

vessels, not being aware of events which had recently transpired in the vicinity, supposing the rebels still held the fort, came in with large cargoes, on their way to Mobile, and were quietly taken possession of by our vessels, much to the surprise and indignation of the owners, who of course indulged in some laughable threats of vengeance by the "English Lion." The growls of that animal, however, had long since lost the power of terrifying our "jolly tars," who proceeded at once to estimate the probable amount each would be entitled to as "prize money."

During the bombardment of Fort Morgan, Capt M. L. THOMSON, of our regiment, with Company C, worked a battery of four mortars, and were highly complimented by Gen. GRANGER for the efficient manner in which they performed their work.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RETURN TO NEW ORLEANS—ORDERED TO MORGANZIA—
EXPEDITION TO SIMMSPORT—SKIRMISHING WITH GUER-
RILLAS, AND BURNING OF SIMMSPORT—RETURN TO MOR-
GANZIA, AND EMBARK FOR WHITE RIVER—ARRIVAL AT
DUVAL'S BLUFF.

WE remained encamped on Mobile Point until the 7th of Sept., when six companies of our regiment embarked for New Orleans. The remaining four—B, E, G and K, —followed on the steamship *Josephine* on the succeeding day. On arriving at New Orleans we learned that the other portion of the regiment had proceeded to Morganzia, and that WM. PRESTON and THOMAS WINEY, of Company C, had been drowned on the passage.

We left New Orleans for Morganzia on the evening of the 9th. Rumors were current in the city that the rebel General Dick Taylor had massed a heavy force of troops at some point on the Mississippi below the mouth of Red River, where he designed crossing to the eastern bank. We therefore felt some apprehensions that our progress would meet with a check from his batteries, supposed to be planted at some point on our route. Arriving in the vicinity of Morganzia, however, without encountering any obstacle—our apprehensions had nearly subsided, when suddenly the booming of artillery, followed by the flippity-whiz of shell directly in advance,

at once aroused us, and set the teeth of our ship captain chattering in mortal fear. A scene of confusion at once ensued on board. Officers, men, sailors—every one became clamorous. Shouts of “stop her,” “go ahead,” “back water,” etc., soon completely dissipated what little steadiness remained in our captain’s nerves after the first fire, and being perhaps at a loss for words, or unable to be heard if he had attempted to speak, he adopted the alternative of opening the steam-whistle—which had the effect of quieting the confusion of voices on board, and at the same time causing a general outburst of merriment at his visible alarm. Some fears were entertained that the firing indicated a *battle* in progress at that point, and not being confident as to which side of the river our forces were on, we approached the place cautiously. Our apprehensions were relieved soon after by the appearance of a squad of cavalry on the bank of the river—from whom we learned the firing was by one of our own batteries. We disembarked at once, and went into camp in rear of the levee on the ground occupied by the portion of our regiment which had preceded us.

We remained in camp here until October 1st, many of our men suffering severely from the effects of scurvy contracted while at Mobile Bay. On the morning of the 1st, our brigade—now consisting of the 20th and 23d Iowa, 35th Wisconsin, one section of the 2d New York Light Artillery, and one battalion 1st Texas cavalry—under command of Col. WM. McE. DYE, started on an expedition to Simmsport—distant thirty-five miles.

Arriving at a point on the Atchafalaya four miles above Simmsport on the afternoon of the following day, we encountered some opposition from a force of rebels who had taken up a position on the opposite side of the river and opened a heavy musketry fire on our advance. A halt was immediately made, and a line of sharpshooters formed behind the levee, who returned the enemy's fire with great spirit. Both parties, however, being protected by embankments on either side of the stream, no advantage was gained by our skirmishers, and it soon became necessary to place one piece of our artillery in position. A few shots from this overawed the rebels, who withdrew.

We remained here until one o'clock next morning, when a detachment of one hundred men, under command of Capt. M. L. THOMSON, were embarked on small boats which had been brought with us—the enemy in the meantime opening a heavy fire on the detachment as they entered the boats. While the men were embarking, the regiments formed in rear of the levee, with the artillery and cavalry in advance, and prepared to move on Simmsport—keeping parallel with the boats as they descended the stream. The order to start was given, and we silently moved off, marching rapidly until we arrived at a point opposite Simmsport, which we reached at day-break. The detachment under Capt. THOMSON disembarked on the opposite side of the stream without opposition, where a picket line was established.

The object of the expedition being to communicate

with the rebels at Shreveport, in reference to an exchange of prisoners, Col. DYE forwarded dispatches under a flag of truce to the rebel works at Yellow Bayou on the morning of the 4th, and we prepared to await in camp the reply, which came back on the evening of the 7th. During the interval our attention was occupied by skirmishing with the enemy, who had collected in considerable force, and maintained sharp firing on our pickets in vicinity of Simmsport, where a man belonging to Company H of the 23d Iowa was killed on the morning of the 7th. In consequence of this a squad of our men were sent across the river, and the town burned on the same day, as a retaliatory measure.

On the afternoon of the 7th, Capt. GRAY, in command of a detachment, scoured the country in vicinity of the town, and succeeded in capturing a small lot of sugar and cotton, which was brought to camp.

We left camp at Simmsport, on the morning of the 9th, and after a rapid march arrived in camp at Morganzia on the following morning. Our stay here, however, was brief, as orders were received on the same evening to prepare again for moving.

Active measures were sometime previously taken by our surgeon, Dr. H. HOWEY, to procure vegetables, which had resulted in securing a small quantity of onions, and their salutary effects were already developed in restoring the health of many who had been suffering under the effects of scurvy.

Capt. M. L. THOMSON and others, however, were cor-

responding with the friends of the regiment at home, where the condition of our men soon became known, and additional supplies were at once forwarded to us. On our arrival subsequently at Brownsville, Arkansas, these supplies were received in large quantities by the hands of GEORGE W. SMITH, Esq., of Davenport, and served to eradicate the disease entirely.

Lt. Col. J. B. LEAKE resumed command of the regiment on the 10th, on our return from Simmsport.

Our brigade embarked on board the transport *Nebraska* and left Morganzia on the morning of the 12th. After a temporary delay at Jackson's Point—to which place Col. DYE had preceded us a few days previously, on an expedition against a small rebel force reported to be crossing cattle and supplies for Hood's army—we proceeded to the mouth of White River, where we disembarked and went into camp on the evening of the 16th. During the same night, however, we were aroused by orders to re-embark, and left camp for Duval's Bluffs at daybreak on the morning of the 17th, where we arrived on the following morning and went into camp near the town.

Owing to incessant rains our stay at this place was rendered extremely unpleasant, although we were much gratified in again meeting our comrades of the 37th Illinois, who had been absent from the brigade since their re-enlistment as veterans the previous February.

Owing to ill-health, I resigned my commission and took leave of the regiment at this point. My regret at

parting from comrades whose friendship and sympathy I had shared—and which had been cemented by scenes of mutual hardship and danger—was mitigated by the unmistakable evidences of a speedy overthrow of the rebellion forshadowed in the brilliant campaign of General SHERMAN, and the prospect of soon again meeting them at home.

CHAPTER XIX.

VOYAGE TO PENSACOLA, FLORIDA—OPERATIONS AGAINST MOBILE—"POOR WHITE TRASH"—ASSAULT AND CAPTURE OF FORT BLAKELY—OCCUPATION OF MOBILE BY OUR FORCES—ON DUTY AS PROVOST GUARD—PROMOTIONS AND CHANGES—MUSTERED OUT—RETURN HOME—CONCLUSION.

The reader who has followed me thus far in my efforts to portray some of the scenes incident to the services of a regiment passing continually through successive campaigns, will doubtless pardon me if I now accompany my comrades, and endeavor imperfectly to sketch their gallant participation in the closing scenes of the struggle. Their record, in common with that of their associates in arms, is now become a record of glory—marred by no blot of shame, and belongs therefore to the public and to posterity. My only regret is that some more able writer than myself had not assumed the task.

I need not follow them in detail on the various marches, campings, embarkations, etc., which characterized their movements from Duval's Bluffs to Mobile Bay, and final landing on the coast of Florida, because they were all similar in character to those heretofore described.

I am under obligations to Lieut. J. WILKINS MOORE, of Company G, the popular correspondent of the *Davenport Gazette*, for information which enables me to give

the subsequent services of the regiment up to the time of its muster out of the service and arrival at home.

The forces in the field, operating against Mobile were under command of Major-General STEELE. The 20th Iowa were placed in the 3d Brigade of the 2d Division 13th Army Corps, under command of Col. MOORE, 83d Ohio; the Division commander was Brig. Gen. C. C. ANDREWS.

The 20th of March, 1865, found them moving north from Pensacola, Florida, on a road running parallel with the line of the Mobile and Great Northern Railroad—through rain and mud—building bridges, wading creeks, and throwing corduroy roads across swamps and bayous—until the 25th of March, when indications of resistance by the enemy was first detected.

On the 25th they moved at daybreak, and about 10 o'clock, A. M., skirmishing was heard in advance (which continued throughout the day,) between a portion of the cavalry of Gen. STEELE'S forces and a force of rebels under command of Brig. Gen. Clanton. The rebels were defeated with a loss of several killed and wounded, and a large number of prisoners, among whom were Gen. Clanton himself, and sixteen other officers. Our regiment resumed its march on the 26th and encamped in vicinity of Pollard, a station on the Mobile and Great Northern Railroad. The 2d brigade, however, moved into that place, where they captured a telegraph operator, and destroyed some three miles of railroad track; they also burned the rebel commissary buildings in the

town, after which the greater portion of the troops returned to camp. A cavalry force consisting of detachments from the 1st Florida, 2d Maine, 2d New York and 2d Illinois, returned the same evening from an expedition in the direction of Montgomery, having penetrated as far as Evergreen Station, where they captured two trains of cars loaded with supplies destined for the garrison at Mobile, together with 150 rebel soldiers.

On the 27th the 3d brigade moved to "Canoe Station" where eleven prisoners were captured. The troops were here placed upon half rations. On the 28th the 20th Iowa were detailed on fatigue duty and returned some three miles on the route of march of the previous day, where they were put to work building corduroy roads to enable the artillery and wagon trains to reach camp. They were relieved, however, at noon, and returned to Canoe Station, after having the following complimentary order read to them :

HEADQUARTERS 2D DIV. 13TH ARMY CORPS,

IN THE FIELD, March 28, 1865.

[General Orders No. 8.]

The General commanding appreciates the ready and generous efforts of the troops in promoting this difficult march. These labors assure future success, and every patriot will feel grateful to the soldiers who have endured them. The General particularly thanks Lieut. Col. J. B. LEAKE, commanding the 20th Iowa Volunteers, for the rapid and valuable services of his regiment this morning, showing by the amount done how much

can be accomplished by officers giving their personal interest and attention to their duty.

By order of Brigadier-General C. C. ANDREWS.
GEORGE MONROE, A. A. G.

On the 30th the brigade marched six miles—working all day on corduroy roads to enable the artillery and wagon trains to move. On the succeeding day, however, they came upon high ground, where less inconvenience was experienced from mud, and marched eighteen miles—encamping at Stockton, a short distance from the Texas River. The march was resumed on the 1st of April, at a late hour, and continued until 10 o'clock at night, when they bivouacked on the ground where a heavy skirmish had just previously taken place between our cavalry and a strong rebel force—resulting in the defeat of the enemy and capture of 77 prisoners by our cavalry.

On Sunday, the 2d, they broke camp and moved at half-past 4 o'clock in the morning. At daybreak heavy firing was again heard in front. They pushed forward in the direction of the firing until 9 o'clock, when they came upon the field of action and the brigade was immediately formed in line of battle. The cavalry were hotly engaged, and ambulances were busy going and returning from the front, loaded with wounded men. Everything now indicated a general engagement. The men were ordered to lie down, and all loud talking prohibited. After remaining here inactive about an hour, they again formed in line and moved forward by column of companies four hundred yards, when they halted, and compa-

nies B, D, E, G and K, were thrown out as skirmishers, and moved towards the front—the remainder of the regiment being held in reserve.

The enemy opened heavily on the skirmish line with artillery—shells plowing through the timber and exploding among the tree-tops in all directions, but doing little damage among the troops; the line steadily advanced, however, driving the enemy's advance and pickets before them. After moving forward about two miles, they suddenly came in view of the rebel fortifications, when a halt was ordered.

The investment of the fortifications around Mobile on the eastern shore of the Bay was now complete. Fort Blakeley which stood now only 900 yards in advance of our line of skirmishers, was the only formidable work which interposed between our forces on that side and the city of Mobile. Whether this was to be at once assaulted or taken by a regular siege, however, was yet unknown.

The country through which they had marched since leaving Pensacola, was very sparsely settled, and the inhabitants rude and uneducated—many of them possessing little knowledge of the world beyond the limits of their own immediate locality. They had, previously to the arrival of our troops, formed opinions from reports put in circulation among them by the more wealthy planters, as to the barbarous, blood-thirsty, and uncivilized character of "Yankees," which caused them to leave their rude habitations and flee from the approach of the Federal troops as they might have done from wild

beasts. These apprehensions being relieved, however, as to their personal safety, was followed by the usual manifestations of dislike to Northern men, characteristic of the large proportion of this rude uneducated class of people in the poorer region of country in the South. This "poor white trash" forms a large element in the population of the rural districts of Alabama, as also in Louisiana and Texas. They receive much less consideration from the wealthy class of citizens than the negroes—being regarded even by the latter as an inferior race. Many well authenticated instances are known of these men voluntarily selling themselves and children to the planters, as slaves, and afterwards intermarrying among the negroes until their descendants, by good conduct, after assuming proper shades of color, finally arrive at the dignity of being classed among the "colored population," into whose society they were then received, with proper restrictions. This circumstance will explain to some extent the frequent appearance among the actual negroes of the South many individuals whose skins and features are destitute of any semblance to the African.

Some instances are known, also, of the children of these men being forcibly seized by slaveholders, and held in bondage,—any attempt on the part of the parents for their recovery being overawed by the absolute power exercised by their kidnappers. Facts are abundant to prove that in some localities in Alabama the greater portion of the slave population is made up exclusively of descendants of these miserable and degraded whites.

The appellation given them by the negroes—" *Poor white trash* !"—is therefore peculiarly appropriate.

The 20th Iowa was relieved from picket duty on the same evening by the 34th Iowa, who had two men wounded while moving up to their position in front.

On the 23d the troops commenced throwing up entrenchments which were completed within nine hundred yards of the rebel works. The camp of the 20th Iowa being within easy range of the enemy's guns, was frequently shelled, but aside from the annoyance attending the necessity for constant watchfulness on these occasions, they suffered but little from the effects of the fire.

On the evening of April 4th the 2d brigade sent forward a large detail to advance their line of pits, which was accomplished under a heavy fire from the enemy's batteries and with a loss of only one man—a member of the 114th Ohio—who was wounded slightly in the arm.

On the morning of the 8th, the troops of the 2d brigade were roused at an early hour in consequence of a furious fire opening from the enemy's batteries. An attack by the rebels being apprehended, the brigade formed in line of battle and advanced to the front. While moving up private GEORGE BOLTON of Company K, 20th Iowa, was severely wounded by a musket ball. After gaining an advanced position, however, the firing partially ceased, and no indications being seen of the enemy's intention to leave their works, the brigade returned to camp.

On the evening of the same day Spanish Fort, at the

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mouth of the Tensas River, which Gen. GRANGER had been investing, was taken by assault, and with it 500 prisoners and 18 pieces of heavy artillery.

Indications along our line in front of Fort Blakeley now plainly indicated that an attempt would speedily be made to capture the works by assault, unless the success of Gen. GRANGER at Spanish Fort had the effect of compelling its surrender. The *morale* of our troops was never better than at this time, and the men all looked forward to the movement with an eagerness which gave assurance of complete success in case an assault was made. On the afternoon of the 9th preparations were observed going forward on the right and left of the line, for a general advance, but no movement took place until near sunset, when the reserve troops fell into line and formed in rear of a heavy force of skirmishers which were organized under command of Lieut. Col. WM. H. BALDWIN, 83d Ohio. After a short delay in completing preparations, the signal was given, and the skirmishers bounded forward with a cheer. The enemy opened on them immediately from all their batteries. But they pressed steadily forward, amid the storm of shots, without wavering or hesitation, sending up cheer upon cheer as they advanced. The nine hundred yards space intervening between their own and the rebel lines was soon passed, when the reserves were startled by a shout—*“they have reached the works!”* Looking over the top of the pits, the skirmishers were seen on the enemy’s works, engaged in an almost hand to hand contest, and

without awaiting the command the reserve line sprang from the pits and pressed forward. No hesitation or wavering was visible as they threaded their way amid torpedoes, wire fence, abattis, and a perfect storm of shells, until the fort was reached, when they dashed up the glacis and planted their colors on the works.

The troops participating in the charge were composed of the 2d division 13th Army Corps, 2d division 16th Army Corps, and one division U. S. colored infantry. The colored troops behaved with marked gallantry in the assault; although repulsed in their first assault they rallied under a heavy fire and charged the second time, and with complete success. The 20th Iowa, owing to the visible trepidation which marked the enemy's fire, met with no casualties—the shots for the most part passing entirely over the regiment. One shell, however, passed through the flag, which was carried in the charge as usual by Sergeant ANDREW I. GRAOE, of company C, who had carried the colors of the regiment on every campaign, battle, skirmish, and siege in which it had participated since leaving Iowa.

The second division lost in the charge but 250 killed and wounded.

With the fort 3,500 prisoners were captured, including Brigadier-General Cockrell, and a large number of other officers. The rebel gunboat *Nashville* was lying in the river opposite the fort when it was captured, but without firing a shot she hoisted a white flag and made her escape under it.

With the capture of this fort our troops secured complete possession of all the enemy's defences on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay, which compelled Gen. Maury to evacuate the city, and on the 12th it was entered and taken possession of by Gen. STEELE.

On the evening of the 9th following the assault and capture of the fort, Gen. CANBY sent the following brief despatch to Gen. STEELE :

HEADQUARTERS MIL. DIV. WEST MISS.,
IN THE FIELD, April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL STEELE :

General CANBY says, thanks and God bless you and your brave men, and the good cause for which we fight.

[Signed,]

C. T. CHRISTENSEN,

Lt Col., A. A. G.

On the 14th the 20th Iowa having received orders to enter upon duty as Provost Guards, embarked on transports and crossed over to the city, where they went into camp. While here the following promotions occurred :

Sergt. JOHN N. COLDRON was promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant.

Lieut. CHARLES E. SQUIRES, of company D, was promoted to the rank of Captain ; and 1st Sergeant GEORGE W. THOMPSON, was also promoted to be 1st Lieutenant of the same company.

First Lieutenant EDWARD E. DAVIS of company E, was promoted to be Captain ; and 1st Sergeant MENDON

F. WELLER, of the same company commissioned as 1st Lieutenant.

Many changes had also occurred among the non-commissioned officers, but owing to the difficulty of procuring correct information on this subject, I have been under the necessity of omitting their names. I regret this, from the fact that our regiment was particularly fortunate in having an unusually efficient corps of non-commissioned officers.

On entering upon their duties in the city as Provost Guards the excitement consequent upon the change of rulers had measurably subsided, and was accepted by the citizens in a spirit of seeming good will and friendliness. This resulted in securing them against scenes of pillage usually attending the entrance of an army into a captured city, and placed our men at once upon terms of friendly relations with the inhabitants.

"The city itself, for beauty of architecture in its buildings, and superior location, will bear favorable comparison with any other of like dimensions—offering as it does attractions alike to the man of business and the pleasure-seeker. Its connection with all parts of the country by railroad, steamboat, and sea vessels, is surpassed by no other in the land."

"Many years since a Spanish officer complained that the inhabitants of Mobile were "a gay, frolicking, devil-may-care set of people." For himself he said he "desired a church to be sent out from Spain, and erected in Mobile, but he believed the inhabitants would be de-

lighted *not to have one.*" In the last hundred and odd years, however, which have elapsed since these words were spoken, the city has materially improved in this respect. There are now about twenty places of public worship in the city, and among them many church edifices which would be creditable to any city in the Union, whilst all are neat, well built, well preserved, and well attended by—ladies. Charitable institutions are numerous—among them are the "Protestant and Catholic Orphan Asylums," in which the orphan children of the city are taken, nursed, clothed, and trained for useful callings. The "Female Benevolent Society" own a row of twelve brick houses, called the "Widows' Row," designed to rescue the "lone ones from the pangs of poverty and desolation." The "Samaritan Society" and "Can't-Get-Away-Club," are specially devoted to the sick and suffering. The city owns a Hospital—a large and commodious edifice—which is attended by highly competent and skillful physicians. The Government, also, has a "Marine Hospital," located in the city limits. Besides those named above there are numerous others, whose objects are all charitable.

"Within the city is a school edifice, which in cost of construction, extent and adaptation, will compare favorably with any edifice of the kind in the Union. It is two hundred feet long, three stories high, and eighty feet wide. The building is situated on Government Street, within the enclosure of an entire block, surrounded by a heavy and substantial iron railing, and shaded

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by a grove of live oaks. The architectural display in its facade and lofty dome makes it one of the chief ornaments of the city.

"We could, if space permitted, dwell on the Marine and Fire Insurance Offices, Chamber of Commerce, the Iron Foundries, the Cotton Factories, the Dry Dock, Saw Mills and Ship Yard. We could with delight linger along its beautiful avenues, shaded by live oaks, and lighted with gas, or again, *with a fast horse*, flit away on the shell road and visit the lovely suburban villas on the route to Spring Hill, or on the plank road, along the margin of the Bay, and brace ourselves against that "wind from the sweet South stealing and giving odor," but we are admonished that we have occupied space enough, and so bid farewell to the beauties of Mobile.

"Almost simultaneous with our arrival we entered upon our duties as Provost Guards in the city, and for a time did our duty in such a manner as to win from the citizens many testimonials of their appreciation of our good conduct. We therefore hoped we should be allowed to remain among them until the expiration of our term of service, but the fates apparently willed it otherwise. We received orders on the 22d of May to report at our Brigade Headquarters without delay, and consequently marched out of the city on the 23d, thus escaping from the effects of the terrible explosion which occurred two days afterwards. So terrible was this explosion, that eight entire blocks of buildings were blown down, and every house in the city more or less injured. We visited

the locality shortly after the explosion, and witnessed a scene of devastation and ruin it would be difficult to describe. Two-thirds of the buildings blown down were on fire, while every two or three minutes shells were exploding, sending their fragments in all directions. Added to the flames of the demolished buildings, many steamers lying at the levee, and from 8,000 to 10,000 bales of cotton were also burning, which rendered the scene still more grand and awful. Thousands of men worked hour after hour among the debris and brought forth one after another of the writhing and dead victims. Some had legs blown off; some an arm; some with heads crushed, and some in such a condition as to present anything but the semblance of a human being. The scene was agonizing beyond expression.

“A few days subsequent to the explosion of the Magazine our regiment was again marched into the city where we remained until we were mustered out of service. This important event in our history did not occur however, until we had been three times ordered to prepare for a journey and another campaign in Texas, and had the orders as often countermanded. But notwithstanding the hindrances thrown in our path we were finally mustered out on the 8th of July. On the 10th of the same month we marched down to the river and embarked on board the *Alice Vivian*, and about sundown were fairly started on our journey homeward.

“Many felt regret at leaving Mobile in consequence of having there formed pleasant associations with its citi-



zens, and although we were starting for our loved homes in "God's country," yet we bade farewell to Mobile and its friendly citizens with reluctance. Once out of sight and far away upon the Bay, however, the thought that were at last *going home* chased away all thoughts that were tinged with regret.

"Our journey north was without any incident worthy of note, save one which commenced in Cairo, Ill., and ended in Clinton, Iowa. It is a well known fact that when soldiers are so situated that they can procure other than Government rations they will do so, even though they incur personal risk thereby. The 20th Iowa was no exception to this general rule. On our arrival at Cairo a large number of our men desired to go ashore for the purpose of getting eatables. Permission could not be obtained at headquarters by the company commanders, for any of the men to go ashore for any purpose whatever. The consequence was that many company commanders, knowing the situation of their men in regard to rations, themselves took the responsibility of granting them permission to go into the city—provided the guards allowed them to pass off the boat. The men passed the guards without hindrance. Once ashore they started out through the city in search of such provisions as they deemed necessary for their use on the journey home, expecting to return, however, in time to get on board the boat before she was prepared to start. This they failed to do, and on their return to the wharf found the boat gone. They immediately repaired to the Soldiers' Home

and obtained an order for transportation to Clinton, Iowa, and left Cairo by the first train. They reached Clinton a few hours in advance of the regiment. Col. DYE deeming his authority disregarded in this matter and his orders disobeyed, on his arrival at Clinton placed them under arrest. His *authority* not having yet ceased as commander of the regiment, he was no doubt justified in the exercise of the power to inflict this punishment, yet the policy of doing so at that time is certainly questionable. The intimate and friendly relations he had borne to the regiment during three years hard service in the field, by whom his orders had always heretofore been strictly obeyed, was seriously disturbed by this unlooked for asperity. Yet the fates seemed to have decreed that on the same spot where we first encountered annoyance from "Red Tape" on our entrance into the army, we should bid farewell to the service under another exhibition of it.

"After leaving Cairo we proceeded by boat to St. Louis, at which point we were transferred to cars, and without delay sped along through the fertile fields of Illinois towards our rendezvous at Clinton, Iowa, greeted by a hearty welcome from the citizens along the route.

"On our arrival at Clinton we were met by a delegation of the citizens who, although the rain was pouring down in torrents, led us to a table spread with a wholesome repast. This considerate kindness, in consequence of our fatigue and scanty fare on the journey from St. Louis, will long be held in grateful remembrance by the

recipients of the bounty. After partaking of supper we went into camp a short distance from the city, where we remained until July 26th, when the business of paying off and discharging the Companies was commenced. This was completed on the 27th, when the disorganization of the 20th Iowa was perfected, and we immediately dispersed for our homes."

Having copied the remarks by the *Davenport Gazette* on the occasion of the regiment's departure to the field, I append the following notice of its return by the same Journal :

"ARRIVAL OF THE TWENTIETH.—The levee was alive with anxious relatives and friends, who thronged the shore the moment the boat landed, and grasped the returning soldiers as fast as they emerged from the gangway plank. Tears of joy were shed, not only by many of the mothers, and wives, and daughters, and sweethearts, but also by a number of the bronzed veterans. About 75 of the boys landed here, a number having left the boat at Princeton and Le Claire, and some having come overland by private conveyance. The intention was to receive them with an address of welcome, but it was found impossible to keep them together long enough for the purpose. They were snatched away, dragged along, carried off in all directions, and marched up town as soon as they touched *terra firma*. Rev. W. WINDSOR had been selected to receive them, but seeing the condition of things, concluded that the boys were receiving a reception indeed, and no words of his could add to the

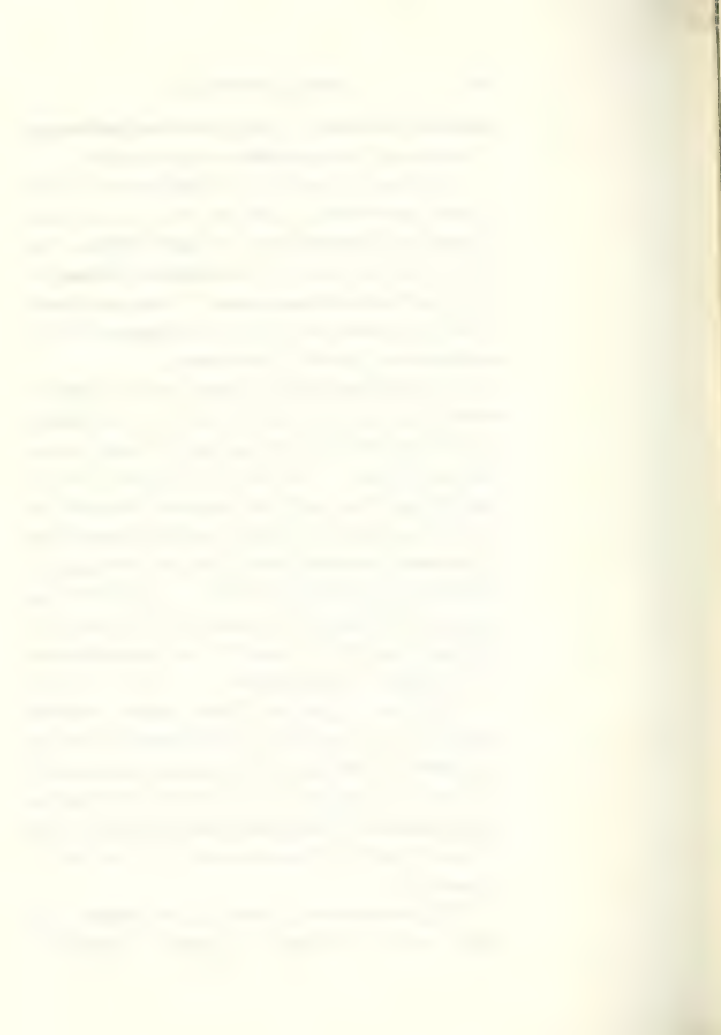
pleasure of the occasion. They had all they could attend to in receiving the congratulations of their friends.

“Col. LEAKE had with him the flag presented to the regiment by the ladies of this city over two years ago. It looked quite different now from what it did then. Its tattered folds were mute but unmistakable witnesses of many a hotly contested engagement. It had been pierced by numerous bullets and shells, but always waved in triumph wherever carried by the regiment.

“The crowd was about to disperse when Col. LEAKE was seen approaching. Three cheers were immediately given for him and Judge DILLON was prevailed upon to make a few remarks. He willingly acquiesced, saying that although it was not in the programme he could not refuse to speak when beholding the glorious banner, now torn to shreds, which had been borne aloft by the gallant Twentieth in so many fierce contests. He awarded just praise to the members of the regiment for their bravery, and complimented Col. LEAKE for the heroic deeds he and his command had performed.

“Col. LEAKE replied in a telling speech. He was glad again to meet with his fellow-citizens. He knew they rejoiced at the return of the regiment, but he assured them they could not feel more happy than he and his boys did at again arriving among the loved ones at home. His speech was lively, humorous and very appropriate to the occasion.

“At the conclusion of his remarks more cheers were given, and the band played a patriotic air while the



crowd dispersed. The reception was indeed the most enthusiastic yet given to any of the returning soldiers, and will long be remembered by all.

"The following lines of welcome were composed impromptu by a gentleman of this city upon learning that the regiment was about to arrive :

" WELCOME, WELCOME HOME.

We saw the brave boys of the 20th leaving,
For scenes that would last them, for life or for years ;
We saw them, with sadness, the farewells receiving,
Of friends who resigned them with sobbing and tears.

They left us with hearts that with ardor were burning,
To join in the fray and vanquish the foe ;
With hearts beating high, with the hope of returning,
When peace should appear and its blessings bestow.

They went to the front, they did the hard fighting,
Their foes though so brave, found it needful to yield ;
But they yielded like soldiers, their praises uniting,
Of the Iowa boys, who carried the field.

We see them returning, all covered with glory,
Though many we miss, who were noble and brave ;
But their country shall write them a name in her story,
And the dust shall be hallowed that makes them a grave.

To each we extend the warmest of greetings ;
We welcome you back, to your homes and your fires ;
Bespeaking for all the fondest of meetings
With wives, or with sweethearts, with children or sires.

H. P. H."

The following beautiful lines of welcome, from the pen of the gifted poetess MRS. TIRZAH T. M. CURRY, were published in the same paper on the day following the arrival of the regiment at Davenport :

WELCOME TO THE TWENTIETH IOWA INFANTRY.

Ring out a welcome! Lo! they come,
Our heroes from the war.
They bear their banners seamed and rent;
They wear the victor's scar!

Three times the harvest moon hath smiled
On fields of golden grain,
Since they went forth at duty's call,
Our freedom to maintain.

And fairer hands have bound the sheaves
And gathered in the corn,
While hearts all true and hopeful looked
And waited for the morn.

The morn *has come*. Our hearts go out
To meet the "boys in blue,"
As homeward, homeward, still they come,
The loyal, brave and true.

Pleas for those who bear aloft
Our banner without stain!
Dirges for those who sleep to-day
Amid the honored slain!

The first of these is the fact that the
population of the country has increased
very rapidly since the year 1850. This
has been due to a number of causes,
including the discovery of gold and silver
mines, the opening of the great
interior, and the immigration of
people from other countries.

THE INCREASED POPULATION OF THE COUNTRY

The first of these is the fact that the
population of the country has increased
very rapidly since the year 1850. This
has been due to a number of causes,
including the discovery of gold and silver
mines, the opening of the great
interior, and the immigration of
people from other countries.

Oh! hallowed field of Prairie Grove,
Where nineteen heroes fell!
They sleep beneath *one* spreading tree,
Which marks their slumber well.

And other fields and hill-sides fair
Are hallowed by the dust
Of those we sent with blessings forth,
High hope and holy trust.

Some feet grew weary on the march
Across Missouri's plains;
Some fainted on Arkansas' hills
Where desolation reigns.

And some in dungeons, dark and damp,
And noisome, pined for home,
While others breathed their lives away
Where sea waves fret and foam.

All did their "life-work," nobly, well,
Each fills a patriot's grave,
Each grave a precious legacy
To the land they died to save.

Then Pæans to those who bear aloft
Our banner without stain!
Dirges for those who sleep to-day
Amid the honored slain!

DAVENPORT, JULY 28, 1865.



In taking leave of my comrades, I should not do justice to my feelings did I fail to address directly those who served in the ranks as enlisted men. In awarding honors to the gallant defenders of our national existence posterity will not stop to enquire "was he a Captain," or "Colonel," or "General," but the meed of praise and gratitude will rest alike upon *all* who have done their duty in this great crisis. When a few years shall have elapsed, you, my comrades, whose brave exploits and patient endurance of the vicissitudes and hardships incident to the weary march and the rude hospital, and whose unflinching determination on the battle-field, have so often come under my own observation, will be understood and appreciated. The public will also, if they do not already, understand these things. When the simple test of *merit* shall rest alone in the question, "did he do his whole duty in the place assigned him?" *rank* and distinction will weigh but little in the award of honors. You have not thus exposed your lives in defence of your country for wealth or for honor. You, who have suffered the most, endured the greatest hardships, and sacrificed more in your lofty devotion to your country's weal, will one day receive in the gratitude of those whose safety and prosperity you have thus secured, more than you have lost in making the sacrifice. Serving as enlisted men, you have also the proud satisfaction of knowing that your *motives* were unimpeachable—and the public already well know that preferment comes less from actual merit than intrigue. In making its award of honors,

history will not fail to contrast your lofty devotion to your flag and country with the dastardly behavior of those officers who, in the outbreak of the war, betrayed their commands and deserted to the enemy. Your past record is unsullied by one act of disloyalty—one thought of treason. Believing that your future lives and actions as private citizens will be such as to add lustre to your glorious career as patriot soldiers, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

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